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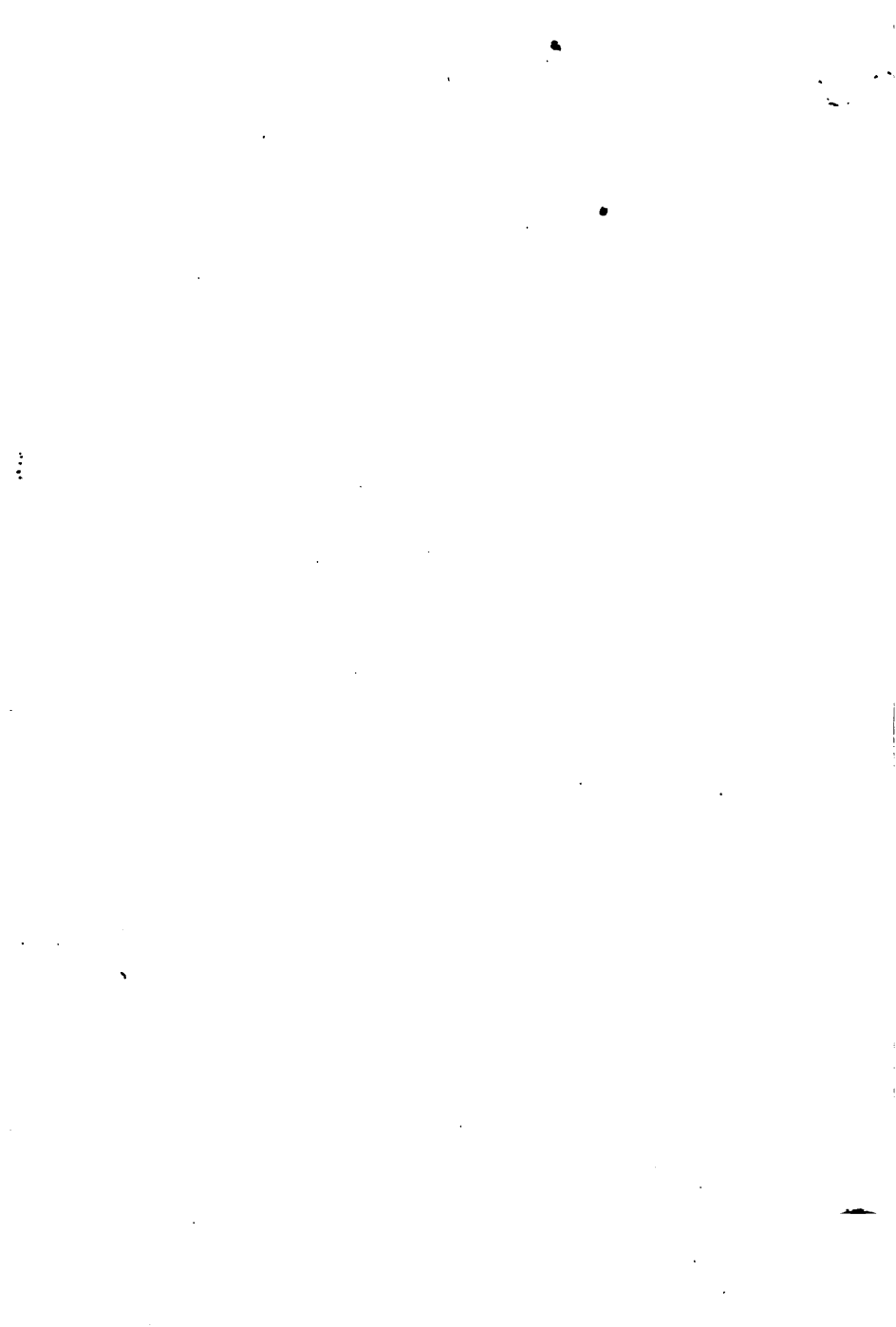


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SOCIAL CONSCIENCE

OR

HOMOCRACY

VERSUS

MONOCRACY

IN

STORY, VERSE *and* ESSAY

BY

ADAM ABET



1920

CO-OPERATIVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

INCORPORATED

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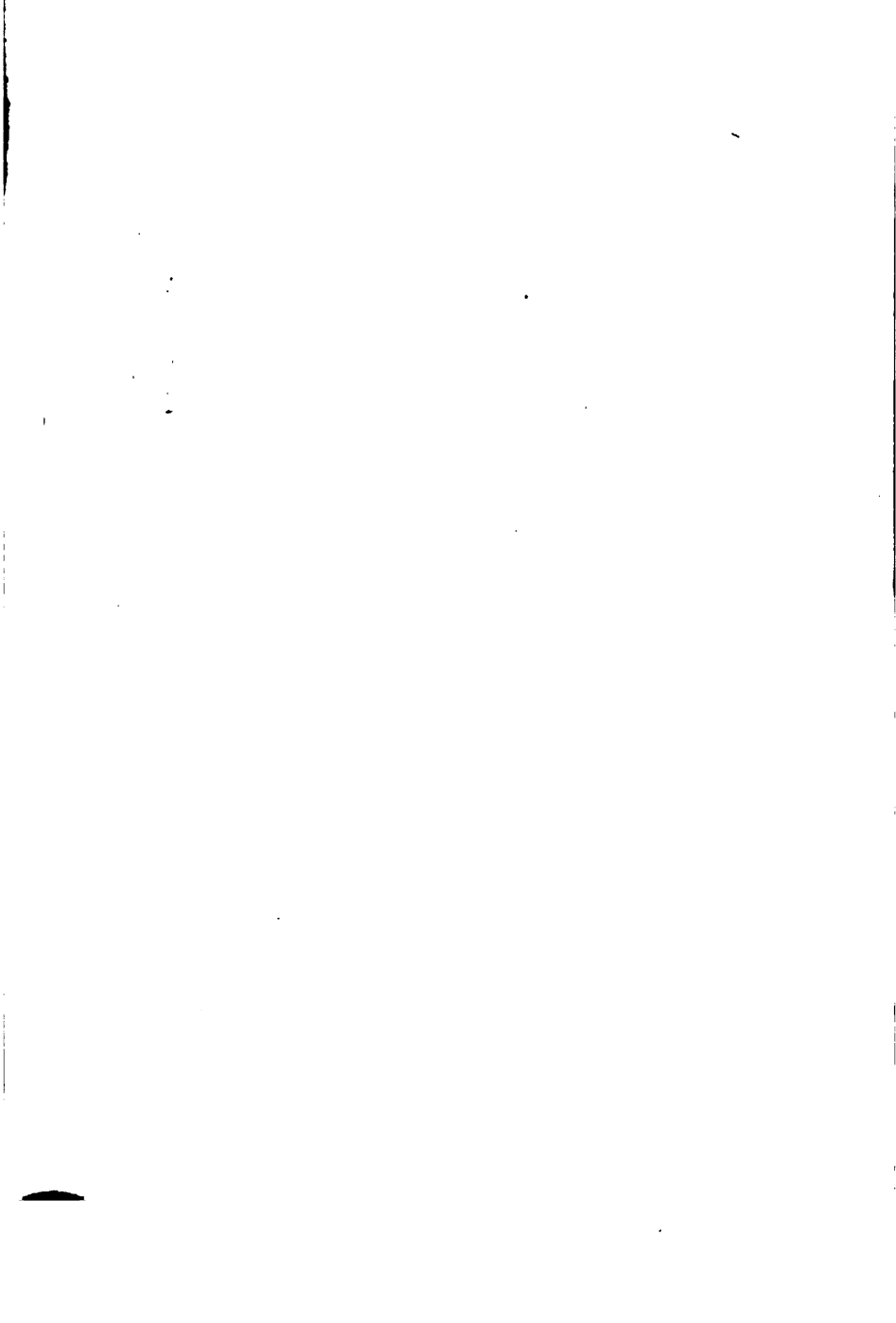


FOREWORD

The reading of this book may well be commenced in the middle or toward the end—as its several parts are separate compositions. They were written at various intervals and present different topics in divers keys and forms. Hence, each part—so to speak—craves for a hearing or a reading of its own.

Unity in the work, however, is not entirely lacking. There are connecting strains throughout, close-twilled cord and loose-flying tassel of ideas and ideals, all running into one pattern; even as all sprung from the selfsame social conscience. This accounts for the primary title of the volume. The secondary title is clearly postulated in Part Six and Part Eight. But, for reasons already stated, it is not necessary to read these first.

Esteemed reader, you may safely and justly turn to the division which by its superscription, mould or subject-matter most attracts your interest.



CONTENTS

PART ONE

THE PROBLEM OF HOPE

A Short Novel Containing Little Fiction, Much Truth
and Some Philosophy

	PAGE
I. A Spray From the Sea of Enmities....	8
II. A City and More in Danger.....	6
III. The Soleamancer	8
IV. How Love Laughs at the Locksmith...	10
V. Intra-national War Maps	18
VI. Split Between Generals	16
VII. Indirect Action	20
VIII. Mischief Bred Mischief Breeder.....	24
IX. Board of Censorship	26
X. Temptation Abroad	29
XI. Soleascope or Divination by Shoes....	33
XII. Events in the Moulding	37
XIII. Unlooked-for Ambition	41
XIV. The Victim of Battle	43
XV. Tangle of Nationalities	46
XVI. Love Conquers Prejudice	50
XVII. Sunshine and Clouds	53
XVIII. A Source of Strength	56
XIX. Powers Against Power	59
XX. Champions of Labor—So-called.....	64
XXI. Light On and From a Puzzling Character	68
XXII. Ill-will and Good Intention Meet....	75
XXIII. Waves of a Mass Meeting.....	76
XXIV. Lost and Found.....	83

PART TWO

BROAD VIEW

Sonnets on Life, Love and Justice

	PAGE
I. For All That	89
II. Grand River	89
III. Ancestry	90
IV. Progress	90
V. Power	91
VI. Newcomer	91
VII. Cause of War	92
VIII. Plea to Posterity	92
IX. Americanism	93
X. New Year Spirit	93
XI. Sex and Peace	94
XII. Call of Love	94
XIII. Light of Love	95
XIV. Test of Love	95
XV. The Sonnet	96
XVI. Her Temptation	96
XVII. His Temptation	97
XVIII. Shakespeare	97
XIX. Babel of Doctrines	98
XX. Polyglot Philosophy	98
XXI. Blame	99
XXII. Caste	99
XXIII. Hope	100
XXIV. Independence	100
XXV. Religion	101
XXVI. Immortality	101
XXVII. Wisdom	102
XXVIII. The Last Discount	102
XXIX. Success	103

CONTENTS

ix

	PAGE
XXX. Answer to All Queries	108
XXXI. First Cause	104
XXXII. Temple of Thought	104
XXXIII. Wants of Life	105
XXXIV. Human Tax	105
XXXV. The War and After	106
XXXVI. Advance	106
XXXVII. Kindness of the Storm.....	107
XXXVIII. Thanksgiving	107
XXXIX. Fame—What For?	108
XL. Song of the Library	108
XLI. What is Truth?	109
XLII. Work and Art	109
XLIII. Literature	110
XLIV. Tragedy of Greed	110
XLV. Penalty of Ingratitude	111
XLVI. Wisdom Come	111
XLVII. Neo-Patriotism	112
XLVIII. Well-Being	112
XLIX. Destiny of Evil	118
L. A Request	118

PART THREE

OMARIA

An Appreciation of the Rubaiyat, Their Author,
Omar Khayyam, and His Translators....115-141

PART FOUR

HUMANE HUMANITY

Quatrains in the Style of Omar Khayyam

	PAGE
I. Fields and Woods	145
II. Dialogues	150
III. City Corner	155
IV. Within the Hub	160
V. At a Banquet	166
VI. Lady Ship	171
VII. Reformers' Den	176
VIII. Hall of the Dead	181
IX. Love and Hope	186
X. Truth and Wisdom	192

*PART FIVE*JOHN DOE THOUGHT AND HIS SEARCH FOR
STYLE

A Study of Expression Cast Into Story Form.... 199

PART SIX

CABALS OF MONOCRACY

A Disclosure of the Means of Enslavement in Communications Tapped From and Through Telepathic Connections or What Are Supposed to Be Such

	PAGE
Prayer	243
A	245
A 1	245
A 2	247
A 3	248
B	251
B 1	252
B 2	254
B 3	255
C	257
C 1	258
C 2	261
C 3	264
D	266
D 1	267
D 2	269
D 3	271
E	273
E 1	277
E 2	278
E 3	280
F	282
F 1	284
F 2	285
F 3	286
G	286

	PAGE
G 1	290
G 2	292
G 3	293
H	295
H I	297
H 2	300
H 3	302
I	303
I 1	306
I 2	308
I 3	309

PART SEVEN

EAST AND WEST

Sonnets on Friendship, Peace and Good Will

I. Easternmost Friend	317
II. Here and There	317
III. The Soul's Choice	318
IV. Homology	318
V. The Color Line	319
VI. Intermarriage	319
VII. Life's Net	320
VIII. War in Forty Years	320
IX. Sword and Pen	321
X. Rosewreaths	321
XI. Test of Life	322
XII. Warning	322
XIII. Cohesion	323
XIV. Difference	323
XV. Bittersweet	324

	PAGE
XVI. Responsibility	324
XVII. War and Life	325
XVIII. Saul Slew His Thousands.....	325
XIX. Burden Sharing	326
XX. Applied Prayer	326
XXI. Victim of Victims	327
XXII. The Heart Rebellious	327
XXIII. Remember	328
XXIV. Consolation	328
XXV. A Day of War	329
XXVI. Destiny	329
XXVII. Through the Mill	330
XXVIII. The Cheer in the Tear.....	330
XXIX. Love Unconfined	331
XXX. Patriotism	331
XXXI. The World Beautiful	332
XXXII. Writer's Plight	332
XXXIII. Rhyme and Reason	333
XXXIV. Convincing Argument	333
XXXV. League of Nations	334
XXXVI. Thought of Peace	334
XXXVII. Ambition to Rise	335
XXXVIII. Solubility of Greatness	335
XXXIX. Substance of Pride	336
XL. Non-vicarious Merit	336
XLI. An Apple and Its Tree	337
XLII. Psychology	337
XLIII. The Classes	338
XLIV. Glory Supreme	338
XLV. The Flag Invisible	339
XLVI. Reason for Existence	339
XLVII. Rendezvous	340
XLVIII. One More	340
XLIX. Humanity Proud	341
L. Aircastle	341

PART EIGHT

SOCIAL TRANQUILLITY

A Program Toward Its Attainment

	PAGE
Introduction	345
I. The Reverse Side of the Medal.....	347
II. Danger of Defenselessness	354
III. Governmental War Prevention Policy.....	360
IV. Industrial Army of National Service and De- fense	372
V. Individual Action for Cooperative Success..	383

PART NINE

MISCELLANEOUS

Newspaper Articles

Recognition for Nationalities	393
Concerning Americanization	395
Votes for Women—How to Obtain Them.....	396
Taking the Terror Out of Revolution.....	398
Is Competition the Life of Trade?.....	399
Referendum on League Covenant.....	401
Prohibition—By Whom?	403
Social Equality	409
League Covenant—Yes and No	412
Universal Language—Why Not English?.....	415

CONTENTS

xv

Other Miscellanies:	PAGE
New Year's Day	418
Pleadings in Greetings—1913—1921	419
Literary Preparedness	425
Song of the Few	428
Friendship by Thought	429
A Baby Born	430
Month of May	431
Song of Proletarian Patriots	432
New Liberty	433
Taxpayers' Complaint	438
Allied Operation	442

PART TEN

FROM SUNRISE TO SUNDOWN

A Series of Songs, Fusing Sense and Sentiment

The Roamer	453
Unison	454
Love's Longing	456
Every Duty in Due Order	457
Factory Romance	457
Home Founding	458
Sometimes I Fear	460
Build a Nest	461
Perhaps You Know Not	462
Cradle Song	463
Gossip Town	464
Troubled World	465
Farewell	466

	PAGE
Shine, Morning Star	467
Hymn of Labor	467
Fall-Time Hours	469
Neighborliness	470
Three Leaves	471
The Soul at Peace	472
Remembrance	478

PART ONE

THE PROBLEM OF HOPE

**A short novel containing little fiction, much truth
and some philosophy**

THE PROBLEM OF HOPE

I

A SPRAY FROM THE SEA OF ENMITIES

Verily, most complex is the loom on which ever busy Fate patterns forth the destiny of each single heart. Threads in the texture twist and cross, then twist again in so many ways, they come from so many sides and go in so many directions that the tiniest prospect for a new design becomes the concern of all who know anything about it. In fact, long before eugenics became a popular theme for fanciful lectures and discussions, general interest in the subject and close attention to its minutest bearings were, as they still remain, manifested by the innumerable boards of censorship—meeting daily in homes, at the grocers', the butchers' and the bakery stores, to pass judgment on all things under the sun and, quite especially, on budding love affairs.

At one of these meetings, presided over by a kind-hearted woman, Mrs. Dora Parker, in her well-appointed bakery store, gossip rose to the level of deliberation—sometimes. Even so, let no one underestimate the value of such sessions, for opinions there formed (be they in regard to the sinking of a steamship or the floating of a courtship) constitute real,

directive power in society. Ideas sounded in such places turn, not seldom, into tone-giving thought-waves of which platform eloquence is but the reflex and echo, albeit an artistic rendition.

Now, the two kinds of ships were not mentioned for the mere style of playing with words, but because the sinking of merchant vessels in one part of the world caused deep resentment; in another part, against the courtship of Gustave Kromer, who first saw the light somewhere in Central Europe, for Clara Milton, a girl of Scotch-English descent.

Besides the hundred and one questions of social, economic, and individual fitness, usually argued about from a score of viewpoints, there entered into the story of Gustave and Clara a consideration which, through the course taken by the world's history, had risen from a somewhat obscure or subdued corner of the mind to a badly inflamed and unpleasantly glaring prominence. The smouldering embers of tribal, racial, and national feelings had been rekindled, and both their fairies and their furies—more especially the latter—received a new lease on life with preferential clauses for public exposition.

Somehow, Mrs. Parker withstood the contagion of warlike feelings which swept from old Europe, across the ocean, to the new country. She had a kind word for all. Her sympathy found expression, more in the absence of the parties favored than in their presence, by a word of defense for the accused or a pointed question for the side claiming holiness. Here was a person everybody wanted to convince of something, and so her store became a favorite place

for venting opinions. She was not surprised when a customer—Mrs. Clancy by name, a lady tall and stout, with gall-filled temper and ample lungs to let it loose—on entering the store broke out in denunciation of people who “do not know their place.”

“Oh, you got out of bed on the wrong side, this morning,” soothed Mrs. Parker. “I hope you didn’t spank Tommy.”

“Yes, I did, and Kathleen, too, and I gave Georgie his first beating. He is the worst of the three, he pulled my hair as if I had ever so much of it.”

“Well, that’s handing it out liberally,” laughed the storekeeper, “but, then, you ought to be satisfied. How many loaves to-day?”

“Satisfied? No. I’d like to spank a big fellow and give it to him good and hard!”

“Your husband?”

“Not him—to-day. It’s that lanky star-boarder of Mrs.-what-you-may-call-her across the street.”

“You mean Mrs. Switzer. Will you have two loaves or three?”

“I mean her star-boarder; the rascal is angling for Clara Milton. I say a Dutch dog shouldn’t prowl around an English household these days!”

The last sentence was overheard by the very Mrs. Switzer, from across the street, who had come for her bread and cake supply. She took up the challenge; sniffing defiance for a breath or two, she said, with stress on every word: “I have seen a Dutch dane choke an English collie.”

“Have you?” exclaimed Mrs. Clancy, motioning to the other woman, half her size. “Now, see how it feels!”

Mrs. Clancy's arms stretched out for battle. There was a shuffling of feet. Mrs. Parker, with a wrapped parcel, wedged herself between the two women. "You are not English!" she said, to the one and to the other: "You are not Dutch! Here, I have packed in three loaves. Never mind, you'll pay me tomorrow." With the agility of a gymnast, she managed, pushing or pulling, to bring Mrs. Clancy to the door, and dexterously manipulated her out of the place.

II

A CITY AND MORE IN DANGER

Mrs. Parker drew a breath of relief as she found herself behind the counter wrapping up some raisin cake, after a hair-breadth escape from witnessing a fight in her own store.

"Such is the irony of fate," she reflected. "I am ever trying to promote friendships and here women get to fighting." Then turning to Mrs. Switzer, she remarked: "You ought not to have taken offense. Sometimes people say things worse than they intend."

"Sometimes," rejoined the other, "but more often the thought is blacker than the words in which they express it. It was the fourth time to-day I had heard sentiments like that. You couldn't stand so much. Anyhow, what was the matter? I never put a straw in her way!"

"She didn't mean you. I suppose you know she lost a cousin on one of the sunken boats and now she is hot against all Germans. This morning she

is grouchy because your boarder, Mr. Kromer, courts her friend Mrs. Milton's daughter Clara."

"My boarder, Gustave Kromer," exclaimed Mrs. Switzer, "is a good enough man for any girl on earth!" Then she launched into lauding his virtues and kept on praising the fellow, undisturbed by the entrance of several other customers.

Mrs. Parker obligingly related to the new arrivals the subject-matter under discussion, whereupon they joined the conversation.

"You must not blame her too much," mollified one of the company. "She is ambitious for her children and is trying to please some high-toned friends. Yes, she is on visiting terms with Mrs. Clorin, wife of Dr. Clorin, who is in with the rich —. He is a good doctor, though."

Another quoted the Shakespearian pronouncement as to the course of true love, and wanted to tell her own experience; however, the others managed to hold fast the case of Gustave and Clara. Now, discussion became good-naturedly animated, pros and cons coming thick and fast. Suddenly the talk ceased and each stood still in the grip of a terrible presentiment.

Fire-fighting apparatus, with its incidental clang and bang, was tearing by in front of the place. From the sound of the rattle they knew its direction. The women in the bakery store remained still, causing a quietness in which one might hear the heart-beats of the others; certainly, each heart there was thumping overtime.

Mrs. Parker stepped to the telephone. "Central,"

she inquired, in full anticipation of the answer, "where is the fire?" Then, turning back and nodding sadly, she declared: "Sure enough, the fire is at Nanglow & Stillmansworth's."

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Switzer, "both Gustave and Clara are working there."

"Six thousand people are working in those plants!" exclaimed another.

"If the fire gets to the powder stores, it will be the end of the city," said a third.

"And the end of who knows what else!" intoned a fourth body.

This last remark brought to each mind present a train of thoughts poignantly painful, yet too inarticulate for expression. Again stillness ensued, a suspense of fear in the vacuum of helplessness.

III

THE SOLEAMANCER

It was a fortunate turn for the five ladies standing speechless in the bakery store when a man entered whose very appearance eased the tension. There was something in him or about him that radiated strength and confidence with the very first impression of his athletic though somewhat bent figure. His sharp features and penetrating look proclaimed him a thinker, but his hands, chapped and brown, showed him to be one who does not live by his wits and need not be feared on that account.

Before asking his wants, Mrs. Parker asked his opinion: "Oh, Mr. Frank, I am glad to see you. What do you think of the fire!—it's in the Powder Plant—now, the second time—isn't it awful?"

The man answered with a calmness that gradually brought the other hearts back to normal beating. "Sad it is and bad it is," he said, "but the world has passed through many dark days, yet the sunshine lost none of its glory."

"Full of hope as ever!"

"Why, friends, hope is but another name for life. Where there is life there is hope. Every day is the forerunner of another day and every breath holds the promise of another breath. In the last day at the last breath there is still hope, or more than hope—there is assurance of immortality, be it one kind or another."

His eloquence was cut short by the pleasant news that the fire was under control.

"You ought to be a preacher," remarked one of the ladies.

"Most everybody is," the man answered, "and it's a heap more joy to preach for fun than for money."

"Are you still in the fortune-telling business?" asked Mrs. Parker laughingly.

"No, but I am still in business and do some fortune-telling. Look, this is the way some of my clients got even with me." He opened a roll of heavy white paper. It was a drawing executed by one of no mean ability. The picture showed a cobbler at work, and three other persons, seated, watching, not his hands, but his mouth. The customers appeared, differently but pleasantly, affected by

what they heard. Underneath the picture fancy lettering conveyed the legend:

"Soling and heeling while you wait."

Mrs. Parker playfully lifted her foot. "Now, go on, tell me my fortune, if you are so wise."

Mr. Frank looked at the foot or the footgear quite a while, compelling Mrs. Parker to lean against the counter and dance on one foot — this furnishing hilarious entertainment for the others.

"All right," he said, after the lapse of half a minute, then added gravely: "You are putting your foot in too many love affairs. If you don't watch out, somebody will fall in love with you."

The other ladies laughed uproariously; then, starting into a sort of protracted cancan dance, each clamored for a morsel of Mr. Frank's occultry. Compassionate, as usual, Mrs. Parker hurriedly gave Frank his parcel and let him escape, then to pacify her company led them to resume the original discussion.

IV

HOW LOVE LAUGHS AT THE LOCKSMITH

With no thought for gossip, but deeply concerned for the mother whom she knew was awaiting her anxiously, Clara Milton hastened home after the close of a busy day's work. Indeed, the mother was happy to see her daughter step in as cheerful as usual. There was more fervor than usual in their kiss of greeting.

"Was it a bad fire?" asked the mother, half afraid of receiving a reply in the affirmative.

"There was scarcely any damage, only smoke; the worst thing about the fire is that nobody knows how it started."

"I am afraid of mischief, aren't you?"

"Afraid? Oh, mother, haven't you told me I should fear nothing but my own weakness and negligence?"

"So I did, Bonny. I wonder if the others are as careful as they should be?"

"Mr. Stillmansworth certainly is. He was downstairs and noticed the smoke coming, no thicker than the curl of a cigarette, through a crevice in the floor. Say, mother, I am perfectly sure that my pay will be raised again; but do you know, I would work for the man if the pay envelope grew the other way."

"Bonny, it is good to feel that way, but watch the ledger of your heart; watch what you are giving credit for."

"Watch! Watch! Oh, mother, sometimes I am tired watching. I suppose, though, I'll always have to."

"It will be ever easier. By and by you needn't watch your own steps at all, but only the road on which you walk."

"I suppose the road leading to the lecture hall to-night is good and safe, is it?"

"Yes, Bonny dear. We'll go after supper. I prepared a good meal. How is your appetite?"

"Don't you worry—I can eat for two, though I can't vote for one."

Soon mother and daughter were on their way to

the lecture hall. The mind of Mrs. Milton certainly needed diversion. "Bonny," she said, "I think you had better quit working at Nanglow's. The place is in danger and I can't bear the thought of harm to you."

"Oh, I couldn't think of leaving Mr. Stillmansworth; he works so hard, he seems to carry on his shoulders the burden of the entire plant. I just like to help him and he says I am his right-hand——"

They arrived at the hall in good time. Gustave Kromer was at the door handing out programs.

On seeing Clara, his face lit up and the girl noticed it. Her heart beat a little faster and she nodded a greeting—perhaps friendlier than she knew, but it affected the fellow with full force and he dreamed rosy dreams that night.

The tiny flutter of these two hearts was observed by Clara's mother and Frank, the amateur fortune-teller, who stood nearby. (Of course, the keenness of his clairvoyancy increased just that much.)

Mother and daughter heard a fine lecture on "Responsibility," discussed it on their way home, and agreed that responsibility should not be confined to only one of the sexes.

"Well, who is responsible for the greeting you gave to that man in the hall?"

Clara laughed. "I suppose both of us," and then she told her mother what she knew of the man and it was a rather favorable report.

At home the mother petted Clara again: "Are you watching yourself closely?"

"Yes, yes, yes, mother dear," replied the girl, and in her thoughts she added: "I need to."

They kissed good-night ("Early to bed" was a law in their household), and with no thought for the many minds that might hold an interest in the concern of her life, Clara slipped underneath a dainty cover. She always minded the advice of her mother religiously. She watched herself now, and to ward off certain insistent thoughts, she closed her eyes, took to deep breathing, and in a few minutes was sound asleep. Then the watching ceased. The tall figure of Kromer stood beside her. With an imploring look in his eyes he bent over her, and she unresistingly let him kiss her lips, once—twice; then she fought to escape, woke up and took to deep breathing again.

V

INTRA-NATIONAL WAR MAPS

That self-same evening, Clara was considered to have a bearing on matters of general and grave importance. No less a personage than Fairchild Nanglow, senior head of the largest industrial plant in the state, held a report in his hand pertaining to No. 4678, which meant Clara Milton. To be spoken of amongst one's acquaintances is nothing unusual, but she was the subject of serious consideration in a most beautiful palace, the far-famed residence of the Nanglows. How could she have thought of that?

With the report in hand, Mr. Nanglow paced the floor of a well-appointed studio adjoining his richly furnished library. A large desk stood covered with papers like the one he held in his hand. All these

were reports that had come from the Industrial Reserve Association, giving a full account of the record, standing, and activities of persons employed by Nanglow & Stillmansworth. A sprinkling of red-colored slips called for special and immediate attention.

Such a one was No. 4678. Nanglow was pondering over it for several minutes. Though used to decide quickly, he could not make up his mind at all, in this case.

After several vain efforts to reach a conclusion, he called Mrs. Nanglow from her own studio across the hallway.

"Sweetheart," he said, "Woodberry says I had better play a strong hand. Must we, I wonder? Have you communicated with the Credolins?"

"Yes, of course. The dinner they gave, night before last, was the most sumptuous affair we ever attended. Don't you think so?"

"Yes."

"It was arranged with the intention to impress their social standing on Stillmansworth, but I suppose he is still obstinate."

"Yes, and there may be a woman in the case."

"What? Does Woodberry say so?"

Nanglow took a letter from the top drawer of the desk and read it.

"FAIRCHILD NANGLOW, Esq.

"*Dear Sir:*—The full force contracted for is in readiness. Though we receive no more pay for action after strike has been declared, we urge you not to postpone operations. Surprising and overawing

the enemy always disconcerts him, while even a seeming achievement lures and steels him to fight on. You must realize that extraordinary circumstances hold possibilities unpleasant to contemplate.

"We send you special reports Nos. 4678 and 1867. These, in conjunction with 1892 and 2981, carefully reviewed, may show proper course.

"Yours obediently,

"INDUSTRIAL RESERVE ASSOCIATION,

"ARTHUR WOODBERRY,

"President."

"Where is the woman in the case?"

Nanglow proceeded to read the red slip he still held in his hand:

"'No. 4678 promoted for diligence; good-looking, thinks the world of No. 9.' Number 9, you know, is Stillmansworth."

"Well, we know he believes in making employees like him."

Nanglow took another red slip from the desk. "Now, listen to this:

"'No. 9 amiable to employees as ever. Especially fond of No. 4678. Given to occasional reveries. Raised pay of a chief malcontent.'"

"That does sound suspicious. But can you depend on these reports, when it comes to fine shadings like that?"

"Implicitly. We do not know the men who furnish information. They do not know us personally, and they do not know each other. People in our employ serve the Woodberry Association for small pay and large hope. . . . Their reports are checked

by each other, and so every statement we receive is really more and better than an affidavit."

"I see, of course, we pay for it all. Wouldn't that much money added to the pay-roll fetch peace in the plant?"

"My gracious, no! The agitators, like the poor, are always with us."

After a few moments' thinking, Mrs. Nanglow asked for information in regard to other numbers mentioned in the Woodberry letter.

"I will discuss those with Stillmansworth; he is to be here presently." They looked out from the window and saw his car rolling toward their gate.

"He can be depended on for keeping appointments on time," remarked Mrs. Nanglow. Mr. Nanglow hastily jotted names on a few red slips from cards with corresponding numbers. Both entered the library to receive Mr. Stillmansworth.

VI

SPLIT BETWEEN GENERALS

The two men shook hands in friendly yet reserved manner.

"Please stay with us," said Mr. Nanglow to his wife, "we may have to have the services of an umpire to-night." And he forced a laugh.

"Oh, you must not go to extremes."

"We are already in a sore extremity. Be seated, sir. Can you feel portents in the air or see signs in the sky favorable to us?"

"All my attention is riveted to the matter in hand."

"And don't you feel it slip?"

"There is no use fooling ourselves. If we do not make some concessions, the men may ask too much; and if we do not pacify them before to-morrow evening, it may be too late. I believe the safest method for averting trouble is to cut ahead of firebrands; publish what we grant, and depend upon the common sense of most of the men for good results."

"Of course, you would grant off your shirt and do business on the naked skin——"

"Out of order," ruled Mrs. Nanglow.

"Thank you," said Stillmansworth, "I have been able to patch up differences through these many years by treating men with consideration. I propose to apply the same method now."

"This time it may bring on disaster. A little gain will only serve them as a base for further attack. Shooting a few of the fools and jailing the rascals will settle matters all right, I think."

"What if it won't? What if they seize weapons of desperation?"

"If you think defeat, you are lost!"

"If we don't, we may be lost and damned besides."

"Out of order!" warned again Mrs. Nanglow.

"Pardon, madam, but see, from a comparatively small institution our plant has grown to be one of the very largest."

"We always appreciated your help in our success; and, I hope, you perceived our disposition to share it with you."

"Indeed, I appreciate the position you permitted

me to reach, and even more your kindness to my family. I am striving, with mind and heart, to bring the firm through this crisis strong, hale and hearty."

"But what have you done," exclaimed Mr. Nanglow impatiently, "to break or dissuade the miserable vandals who would break their own necks for the pleasure of wrecking us?"

"We have time till to-morrow night. Until then something may happen to allay the storm. Have you thought of anything? I mean other than defiance."

"That is the only way. Here is this fellow"—Nanglow glanced at one of the slips—"Norling, who nurtures political ambitions. Now, he is heading the mob to gain popularity. Had you discharged him, the man would stand discredited by this time. Instead, you encouraged him in his folly."

"That is the least dangerous hobby for talented fellows like him. One who learns the trickeries necessary and the jealousies unavoidable in the political game has little of the fanatic left in him. If he gets anywhere, he can be easily dealt with."

"And this fellow Clancy, his brother is president of the Masons' Union——"

"One of the sensible men who will not be swayed by hot-heads."

"And this fellow Kontar, handy-man of the leaders——"

"Entirely harmless fellow."

"And this man Kromer, under the influence of a mysterious person, is he, too, harmless?"

"Who is that person?" Stillmansworth asked with interest.

"Frank, shoemaker; could be most anything, but sticks to his last. Refuses to tell race, creed or nationality. Well liked in his neighborhood. A puzzling character!"

"This is news to me and I shall run it down."

"But you increased the man's wages instead of discharging him, as I requested in my telegram."

"He is an excellent and industrious workman. Besides, I wanted him to feel that we mean to be fair."

"There again! You risk our fortune on their sense of fairness."

Nanglow laughed a few spasms. "It is all rot. We must bend them or break them into submission. That is the policy I have determined upon, and now I insist on its being carried out."

"I do not want to be responsible for carrying out that program."

"What? Will you stand aside and suffer the consequences?"

Stillmansworth remained silent. Mrs. Nanglow knew the trend of his thoughts. "For heaven's sake," she implored both men, "do not shatter, in a moment of anger, a friendship built by the toil and attention of a lifetime." Then she addressed Stillmansworth: "You have grown to a man's full stature and you can afford to reap as you sow, but think of your wife and daughter. Have a heart for them. Think of Eleanor, poor girl; if your—if your income ceases, what is to become of her? Surely, you cannot expect young Credolini to marry a pauper—no, no, no, I do not mean to insult you; but why should you wreck the happiness of your own flesh

and blood for the benefit of no one in particular?"

Stillmansworth swallowed a lump. "I would gladly die to make her happy," he said.

"But you can't help her by dying—you can only help her by maintaining your position, by heightening it rather than by falling for the mob."

Stillmansworth rose to go; holding fast to hope, he spoke consolingly: "There is still a chance that the thing will blow over. Even their meeting to-morrow evening may miscarry, and that would end the matter for a while."

"One more thing," exclaimed Nanglow; "I received an unfavorable report on—Clara Milton. I want you to turn her out of the office as soon as she enters in the morning."

The other man was taken aback. For several moments he was speechless. Nanglow seemed fighting him instead of with him. His face flushed in resentment. Observing this sign of emotion, Mr. and Mrs. Nanglow glanced at each other understandingly. Stillmansworth tried to avert, with a joke, the shaft thrust at him. "No, no," he said, "we are in love with each other. Where I am there she is bound to be. Meet me at the office to-morrow before closing."

VII

INDIRECT ACTION

"Well?" asked Nanglow, on being left alone with his lady.

"He always worshipped his daughter, and if his heart cannot be reached through her it must have

changed. . . . Is it possible that a man like him will become infatuated with a simpleton of a woman not half his age?" "Yes," the lady answered herself, "There is no fool like an old fool."

"Right you are, Jenny!" Nanglow exclaimed. The gall in him was irritated. He began to drum on the slips lying before him, then paced the spacious library room from one end to the other, while venting his thoughts aloud. "Right you are, Jenny! 'No fool like an old fool,' and shall I—shall we be beaten to pulp by fools, young or old? He may be a scoundrel like the rest of the gutterlings, only he was able to hide his lawless disposition longer. He may want a crash to get rid of his family. It is a case of the cultured specimen reverting to its type. That's so. He may be craving to wallow with his fellows in the gutter, but he shall not drag us down with him. I—we'll fight them all, won't we?"

Nanglow turned to his wife for support and inspiration, which came forth, as throughout the thirty-five years of their wedded life, in an overflowing measure.

"I will be with you to the death!" she said earnestly. "But what is to become of all this? It seems as if the end of the world had come."

"No, it is only a castigation fully deserved, but I—we shall not allow them to throw us on the scrap-heap."

"Shall we break with Stillmansworth?"

"I will see him once more, to-morrow."

"Suppose he remains stubborn?"

"Yes, we must prepare for that. Do you know anything about that fellow Norling?"

"He lives in one of the Credolini tenements. I understand their child is sick. They called our doctor, Dr. Clorin, who is somewhat loath to go—perhaps for fear it would offend us."

The lips of Nanglow curved a fraction of a smile; of course, his wife noticed it. "Have you an idea?" she inquired.

"Yes," he answered, stepped to the telephone, and spoke into the transmitter: "Tell the doctor to come as soon as possible." Then he turned to his wife again: "Do you know anything about this mysterious fellow Frank?"

"John (the chauffeur) takes work there once in a while. He is quite taken with the ways of the man—I have a way of finding out what's in him."

"You are my brave old comrade! No, you are my ever young sweetheart,"—then there was a pastoral spell lasting until Dr. Clorin arrived. Mrs. Nanglow discreetly left the room.

The usual questions and ceremonies over, the doctor told Mr. Nanglow that what he needed was a vacation from all worry.

"You are right, Doctor Clorin, I need a vacation from all worry, but especially from one that's hanging fire now. . . . Yes, I have an idea that you could help me get relief. . . . You have a call to the Norlings. . . . My gracious, no! Nothing unethical. . . . You told me some time ago that there is nothing new in New Thought—that half of medical science is psychology. Now, what I would have you do is to go there and hypnotize the man into shutting his mouth for a couple of days. . . . No, no, no! Nothing improper, either. I would not have

you do anything that might compromise you in the least. It is a case of psychology, pure and simple. Throw a dream or a fear into him that will silence the man to-morrow—for his own good and the good of the community.”

“I will try to serve you.”

“Good of you. Here I have another fellow, a Dutchman; his name is Gustave Kromer,” said Nanglow, consulting his notes. “Perhaps you could find a way to dope that fellow also, psychologically, of course. . . .”

The doctor thought for a while, then broke out laughing. “Why, yes, Mrs. Clorin is acquainted with a lady, a Mrs. Clancy, who knows the girl that has the fellow dangling on her string.”

“Good boy!” exclaimed Nanglow. He wrote a check for five hundred dollars and handed it to the physician with the words: “That much more if your psychology works on the first man and twice as much if you succeed in both cases.” Then he called Mrs. Nanglow. “I am feeling fine already,” he said to her. “The doctor is a wonder! Let us celebrate.” Mrs. Nanglow opened the mahogany cellarette and the two men had much more than just a taste of the several exquisite liquors presented to them.

“I am going right now to the party to be treated,” spoke the doctor with a heavy tongue, and he went. . . .

VIII

MISCHIEF BRED MISCHIEF BREEDER

The following morning, Mrs. Parker went about opening her store as usual.

This lady had been married over fifteen years without the stork coming her way. Some mothers envied, others pitied her. She merited neither one sentiment nor the other. By transferring her maternal interest to the common fund of society, her mind was ever occupied with the affairs of others, and so her heart received its full share of sorrow and of joy. Indeed, her sympathetic character was the chief asset of the business: she radiating good will and attracting returns in kind. Now, the task of such a character grew hourly more difficult. People became more and more surly; tolerance vanished and life-long friendships were shattered by a contemptuous remark on this or that side of the warring powers. Love, too, withered, in many an instance, even as civilization crumbled in the jumble of bitterly impassioned accusations and complaints.

"How about Gustave and Clara?" she mused, while dusting counters, chairs and showcases. "They speak of each other fondly, with warmth and longing. Theirs would be a real, blessed love-match, but with all the burning odds against their union, can they, should they, hope?"

Opening the door and looking up the street, she saw white crêpe hanging on a door. The sight made

her sick nigh to fainting. "So the darling baby died!" she muttered to herself, and tears filled her eyes. Thinking of a sweet little toddler, who but day before yesterday was full of life and play, now lying stiff and cold, and of the grief-stricken parents, steeped her in their sorrow. She cried a long while for all three.

The pearls of compassion still glistened on her face when a customer entered. "What are you crying for?" asked the fellow, as he took the package Mrs. Parker handed over to him.

"The Norlings' baby died overnight."

The man, in frightened surprise, dropped his package to the floor. "What!" he exclaimed, "Mr. Norling in such trouble?"

Mrs. Parker could offer only more tears.

The man, a stockily built, swarthy-faced fellow, with mustache curled like the letter O, stood silent for half a minute or more before bending down to pick up the parcel he had dropped.

"Do you know the Norlings?" Mrs. Parker asked, somewhat touched by the way the man seemed to feel.

"Sure I know Mr. Norling. He is head man of labor movement. To-night is big meeting at Clarendon Hall. How can he come?"

"I shouldn't think he would be there."

This opinion of Mrs. Parker seemed to affect the man even more tragically than the sad news of a while ago. Sadness, disappointment and anger were registered in his face. He turned this way and that, clenched his fists, raised his arms as for a fight, all the while uttering unintelligible words in a tone

that might have denoted anything but praise of the Lord. At length he calmed down.

"To-night meeting sure," the fellow said; "no cry, everybody come, we fix everything, everything."

Mrs. Parker smiled through her tears. "It will be well," she said, "if your meeting will fix anything that can be mended. Do you expect Gustave Kromer to be there?"

"Sure, Gustave is one head man in shop committee. Do I not say everybody come? We fix everything."

The features and even the gestures of the man indicated sinister thoughts.

"Why, Thomas—Mr. Kontar, you do not expect any trouble, big trouble, do you?"

"No trouble," answered the man with a leer on his face and his fingers formed as to light a fuse.

This Mrs. Parker did not notice, for other customers took up her attention. They were glad to see the fellow depart, as he would not have been a fit member of the company which now turned to discuss the case of Gustave and Clara once again.

IX

BOARD OF CENSORSHIP

Mrs. Clancy was present to lead the attack, also Mrs. Switzer to bring it on.

"See this?" warned Mrs. Parker. The object pointed to was a little card displayed in many places. It carried the legend "Nix on war talk."

"All right," acquiesced Mrs. Clancy. "All I have to say is Gustave Kromer is crazy like all the Germans. He is one of the ringleaders trying to close up the works of Nanglow & Stillmansworth. And do you know, he is fooling Clara Milton. She is working in the office, and I guess he wants to get the best of her in more ways than one."

"Clara can well take care of herself; and it may be no fooling. He is old enough to marry and makes big enough pay," pleaded one, evidently in favor of this romance being enacted on the screen of life.

"I wouldn't want a German for son-in-law if he had a million dollars."

"There are others to take him with less."

"It's a shame."

"More shame," remarked Mrs. Switzer; "what some people carry on here to have Germans killed in the old country."

"Well," ejaculated Mrs. Clancy, with a spark of fire in her eyes, "they cannot kill them fast enough to suit me."

Mrs. Parker pointed at her frail little shield.

"Now," said a new voice, "I wouldn't mind his being this or that, but his looks are against him, much as he tries to make of himself."

The champion of the pair was ready with an answer. "One good-looking person is enough in a family of two, and you all must allow that Clara has a cute little figure and a pretty face."

Just at this moment the object of their solicitude entered the store. Mrs. Parker greeted her cordially. "How did you like the lecture last night?"

"It was very good, indeed," replied the girl.

"I understand," put in Mrs. Clancy, "many foreigners, like Gustave Kromer, go there."

Clara's face flushed slightly, while the ladies exchanged a round of knowing looks. The girl thought a few moments, then spoke up defiantly: "I like foreigners like Gustave Kromer!"

"Now what have you to say," inquired the champion after the girl had hurried off.

"I say the right kind of people should flock together, and that fellow Kromer isn't one of them," answered Mrs. Clancy in a bellicose manner; then continued her speech, parrying whatever objections the company offered. "It makes no difference if he did work there before the war, now he is there scheming to do his worst. Like the rest of disloyal foreigners, he is but a manikin of the Kaiser. The Kaiser pulls the strings and the whole set of them jump to suit him—I am not in love with the English, but the Kaiser beats all the brutes in creation, murdering defenceless men, women and children. Yes, America ought to declare war on Germany."

"Oh, please," pleaded Mrs. Parker, "don't forget Clara."

"If she were my daughter," said Mrs. Clancy, her voice trembling with anger, "I would wring her neck all around before I let her put up with that ugly Dutchman! It isn't as if she could not find something better to hook onto. . . . Mrs. Clorin thinks the same way. . . . Because we like the girl. . . ."

The sympathetic ring in Mrs. Clancy's last sentence caused all the ladies to ponder a few moments, but they were still unconvinced.

"I wonder," exclaimed yet a new voice, "I wonder what Frank thinks about it."

"Who is Frank?" inquired a greenhorn there.

Mrs. Parker, glad to get over the war-talk, hastened to explain:

"Why," she said, "Frank is the shoemaker on Gardner Street, near the park, who speaks seven different languages. He can read your character from your worn shoes better than the palmist from your hand, and he can tell the future from blank paper as well as any clairvoyant from the cards. I really believe he is a mind reader."

"Pshaw!" sneered Mrs. Clancy, "if he is so very smart, why is he working?"

"Ask him, he'll tell you," said one of the company, then added: "but we want his opinion regarding Kromer and Clara."

Mrs. Clancy volunteered to bring in a report and the meeting dispersed in pleasurable expectation of the next conference.

X

TEMPTATION ABROAD

Whether or not Frank was a smart man, he certainly was peculiar. He would speak his mind just as he felt, whether people liked it or not. This repelled some but attracted others. People came to his shop when they wanted his opinion on public or even private matters.

Sometimes they would drop in without any excuse, just for an argument. Often he would scold

his visitors, but they seemed to like it and came back for more, feeling the personal disinterestedness of his talks and also sensing truth in the cobbler's philosophy.

He was not surprised when, in the morning, about nine o'clock, a luxurious Locomobile halted before his place. It was the new car of the Nanglows, whose chauffeur brought work to Frank occasionally. But this time it was not the stalwart young man in a Norfolk coat of sombre whipcord alighting from the vehicle. Instead, the main door opened and an old lady, well preserved, elegantly dressed, and painstakingly groomed, emerged from the car and came toward the shop.

Frank surmised that she was Mrs. Nanglow. He hastened to shove aside a few signs of disorder, hurriedly wiped off a part of the dust from the old office chair that served for customers while waiting, and also for visitors while discussing anything under or beyond the sun.

"Thank you, I will not sit down," replied the lady to the cobbler's most courteous offer of a seat. "I just came in to ask if you care to sign this card." She handed him a slip, the heavy print on which propounded the question: "WILL YOU STAND FOR AMERICA FIRST?"

Philosophical though he was, the cobbler's heart beat in resentment. It was like questioning his honesty, integrity and rectitude, like doubting his very purpose in life! He deliberated for a few moments, then said, slowly and decisively: "Why, this is a fine way to make certain people add lying to their disloyalty. Do you think that rascals balk at

falsehood? But if you meant to honor me by your visit, I may as well tell you that I will stand for humanity first of all!"

"Don't you think America stands for that?"

"As much as it does, I certainly do. But what about those who don't? One of your neighbors, who was first to turn his front lawn into a potato patch, sued some company for four million dollars commission—mind you, just commission—on a single French war contract. Do you know anything about that? Do such fellows mean to serve humanity?"

Mrs. Nanglow knew all about that affair. Her husband was one of a closely interested group and the court's award went against the defendants to the not insignificant sum of \$800,000. Still, she had a word of defence for the transaction.

"Big industry works on a big scale. Gains seem big but losses are big in proportion. Anyhow, we all must stick together to protect our country and this slip only means——"

"For the country! I'll give my shirt and then my skin for the country, but I want to know it's for the country, not for million dollar commissions. Where a man's treasure is, there is his heart also. Profiting by the miseries of other lands, planning to capture foreign markets or other nations' jobs and scheming military protection for such acquisition—do you call that humanity?"

It was much easier for Frank to start his flow of speech than to stop it, and though he saw that Mrs. Nanglow felt uncomfortable, he went on without a pause. "Similar slogans urged other nations to exterminate each other and to devastate the earth.

When it comes to building a skimpy shelter for decrepits we vote three times, but in spending billions for a campaign of slaughter, somebody else will do the voting for me and you, too, for that matter!"

"Now, you listen to me for a second," Mrs. Nanglow said, as she prepared to leave. "If you want to get on and up in this world you must know its ways. I leave this slip here for you to sign. If you do, mail it to me and soon you may find yourself the owner of this building."

"What?—this building is held at twenty thousand dollars!"

"Whatever the cost, Mr. Nanglow will turn it over to you in recognition of your services."

Frank touched his head to feel if he was awake. "What services?"

"Keep your friend Kromer from being a trouble-maker." With that, the lady left.

For half a minute or more Frank stood dazed at so bold an expression of bribery. An impulse of resentment made him reach for the paper slip, but instead of tearing it into shreds, he took the missive from his work-table and put it on his little writing desk.

It was his habit, when overwhelmed with disgust or misery, to seek for his own share of fault in the case. If he could discern the least particle of wrong in his own attitude, or trace negligence in his own conduct, the most painful consequence immediately lost its bitterness. Such suffering seemed a just punishment, to be borne almost gladly, because out of it grew the light of just conceptions.

How, and when, and to whom did he ever convey

the notion of his being open to a bribe? And all for this! The cobbler sank on his stool and took to work, which for him was a sure means of consolation. His thoughts kept a-whirring. His eyes grew damp, then a tear trickled down his cheek, a by-product of the brain process which turns a bitter experience into a pearl of wisdom.

"People can see only with the eyes they have," he murmured. "I will see with mine." With so much of a decision reached, his arm grew lighter and he worked on rapidly.

XI

SOLEASCOPE, OR DIVINATION BY SHOES

Chief among Frank's peculiarities was his disposition and ability to tell one's fortune by his or her worn shoes. Really, as literary critics would state the situation, this was the fulcrum of his fame—the main prop of his reputation.

On finding him talkative, people asked his opinion on astrology. They brought in readings or horoscopes, not altogether void of sense. These prognostications filled two sheets in imitation typewriting and contained allusions to jealousies, rivalries and annoyances, also they alluded to expectations, modes of help and lucky turns within general experience. But throughout the small talk there were dispersed fine deductions of sound principles. Seeing the people and knowing them, Frank could do still more and better. Mostly for the fun of it, he attributed the information he gave to the tale-telling

worn shoes. However, the claim was not entirely void of justification.

"Look," he would say, "the Astrologer has only a dozen constellations, all in practically changeless position, and scores of light years away by which to make up his deductions concerning traits of character that have nothing to do with stars of the heavenly kind; whereas, a worn shoe bears a thousand direct individual marks, including choice, size, etc., also the very strongest imprint of the user's personality."

Soon people came, without shoes, to have their fortunes told, offering pay for the service; but Frank refused, preferring to stick to his last and indulge his "propensity for the occult" when person, time and circumstances combinedly produced a reason and a mood for it.

Scarcely half an hour after Mrs. Nanglow left his place, Mrs. Clancy entered, bringing a pair of old shoes to be repaired. "I recommended you to Mrs. Clorin, the fashionable physician's wife; now, I want you to do something for me," pleaded Mrs. Clancy, with all the charm she could muster. "What can you tell by these shoes?"

"I am obliged to you for your disinterested kindness," answered Frank. "I would rather not talk this morning. I have received a tough jolt and more of it seems coming. Maybe some other time."

"Just try, Mrs. Dora Parker thought you would."

"Mrs. Dora Parker," said Frank, in a softened voice. "I do not want to disappoint you two. Sit over here in the easy chair. I'll try my best." Then he examined the shoes or pretended to do so.

"The owner of these shoes," the cobbler began, "feels that she is as good as any lady in this city."

"You struck it," broke in Mrs. Clancy.

"By the style of the shoes I can see that their owner has occasion to appear in high-toned society, or at least before some of its members."

"Struck it again."

"By some other thing I see that she cannot well afford such acquaintanceship."

"That's true, too."

"Owing to dissatisfaction on this score, her temper lacks sweetness."

"Is that so?"

"And whoever happens to cross it gets a tongue-lashing or worse."

"Don't let them be cross."

"Life holds for the owner of these shoes great surprises, some of them very pleasant——"

"That's lovely."

"Some of them were best avoided."

"What do you mean?"

"The soles of these shoes carry the mark of asphalt, freshly laid a week ago, just before noon hour, in front of the Elite Clubhouse."

"What of it?"

"Hubby was told not to come home for dinner."

"What's the matter with you?"

"Only this, that I say what I should. One who will tell people what they want to hear, in a manner which they are accustomed to regard with awe and confidence, can keep three dozen stenographers busy sending out ready forms from a sumptuous office, and employ a man, for days at a time in

the post office, signing for registered letters bringing the money. I am not of that kind. We can quit right now."

"No, no, no, go on."

"So, in a roundabout way, the ambition of the wife may bring on dizziness in the head of the husband, which dizziness occurring in certain altitudes, may bring on fatal results."

"Now, you shut up! My husband works on the third floor of the new addition at Nanglow's."

"Shut up! That's the thanks I receive! Please remember that I am a shoemaker, not a clairvoyant."

"You seem to be both, and you may be something else besides! Is it true that Gustave Kromer is a friend of yours?"

"Yes, he is passing a dozen repair shops to bring me work; surely that is a friend. Besides, he is a good fellow with rather less faults than the average person must own up to."

"Good enough to marry Clara Milton?"

"If she thinks so, and I think she does."

"Nonsense; a girl of twenty does not know her own mind, much less how to judge a man right."

"Some never learn as much as that. Kromer——" as if by conjuration, the man mentioned just then entered the cobbler's place. The young man's face had a troubled expression. He was careworn and in a dejected mood. He greeted the cobbler with a quiet, sober "Hello, Frank," then settled down on one of the stools. Both Frank and Mrs. Clancy felt that Kromer had something very serious on his mind. The lady could not very well continue with her task. Besides, a chord of pity was touched in

her heart by the young man's love-sick appearance (though the real matter with him just then was altogether different). She bade the cobbler "Good-day," and after leaving the place she pondered whether the sadness in Kromer's face was a sign of true love, and if so, whether or not it should be thwarted after all.

XII

EVENTS IN THE MOULDING

"Come over here," called Frank to his young visitor immersed in sadness, "maybe the easy-chair will ease your mind."

Kromer dropped in the proffered seat and murmured: "No use, no earthly use."

"What painted the world all blue for you to-day?"

"It isn't painted, it is blue through and through!"

"Vision is deceiving sometimes—perhaps I can help adjust your glasses."

Kromer smiled wearily. He remembered how often he went out of Frank's place wiser than he came in, and he felt a sort of satisfaction that he could confront him with a hopeless situation.

"Haven't I tried and tried? For years the men have been grumbling and planning to unionize the place. Unionize! It is one of the things for which you are blamed if you do it and blamed if you don't. Your talks made me choose as I did. But for your arguments, I could have never stood all I had to stand from Americans and greenhorns alike. At last Dave Norling—you know him, don't you?—at last he took hold of matters. He was born and raised

in this city and everybody has confidence in him. After a lot of work we managed to get all nationalities together and arranged for a big mass meeting in Clarendon Hall to-night, but I guess it's all gone to smash——"

"Smash! why?"

"I told you Dave Norling is the one man in whom all have confidence. Last night his baby died, and with his baby he lost his heart and head. He says he doesn't care a rap for the whole world and wants to be let alone. Now our movement will end in a fizzle and people will say, "Gustave, I told you that you were crazy!"

"Will that prove their saying true? The thing isn't so hollow that it must cave in. Norling, of course, is overcome now, but he may rally somewhat by to-night. If not, there must be others to take his place. Why, if the first line of defense fails, are all the others thereby obliterated?"

"We have no others. Before the war the green-horns, mostly Hungarians, worked cheap, lowering the American standard of living, while others, especially the Canadians, talked about industrial unionism, sabotage and the like. Now the Hungarians are wild for a strike, and make wild demands, whereas the Canadians are sullen and want to prevent it by all means. I like my own people, but at the same time I want to do what is right. These men talk about labor problems when all they care for is their little selves or small nationality. No sense, no solidarity, no leader—it's all a fizzle, wasted time and effort; no use, no use!"

"Hush," cried the cobbler, and the quickening

strokes of his hammer gave a musical accompaniment to his impatience. "Humanity worked and fought its way from out the jungle and the cave, and would you now, all of a sudden, have everything finished complete and nothing to improve, nothing to do but to float with the sound-waves of a self-playing heavenly harp? What would you——"

"I haven't told you the worst yet."

"Perhaps I should not know it."

"Well, the information may come to you with an awful bang!"

The cobbler's hammer paused again. "What? I have heard rumors about blowing up the plant; do you have a hand in that?"

"Why should I? How could I? You know that I do not believe in breaking a head to make it whole. My livelihood is in the plant and——"

"A certain young lady. I believe you. Potentates would declare war less often if their own lives and the lives of their loved ones were to be forfeited in the opening of the game. What makes you fear foul play?"

"I can scarcely tell. Twice I saw a fellow, Thomas Kontar, prowling around the building when he had no business to be there. If the plants close, he gets a free hand, and how can I tell what comes of it?"

"So much the more reason for you to take hold."

"You are a good jollier. I wonder if you are always as cheerful, contented and brave as you seem when I see you."

"I know other feelings besides cheer and I do not brag about my bravery, and I am far from being satisfied with everything under the sun. But I do

not believe in throwing up the sponge while I can swing the hammer like this."

Frank pounded a few strokes in strong crescendo, then continued: "You are younger and stronger than I. Failure should not come for lack of a leader while you are around."

"Me? I was born in Marburg. They would say that I am Prussian and that I was paid by the German Government!"

"I know of one who besides saying all that and more, would pay twenty thousand dollars to keep you from doing what you can——"

"You know what you mean by that; I don't. Can't you see that Canadians and Italians would break away and that would be the end of it?"

"Talk to them."

"They won't believe me, they can't understand. They are ignorant, stupid and so blinded by silly selfishness that they could not recognize their true benefit if it floated in a magnifying bowl. No use trying to do anything for the crowds; they are doomed to misery and will stay there forever."

Frank's hammering ceased. Now he spoke deliberately: "Why not try conclusions? Explain to them that they are not organized to serve one government or the other, but for furthering their own interest and the general well-being of the community. Tell them that if it took a world war to make some workers bold enough to strive for better conditions, it should not make others bury their righteous demands."

"You are the man!" Kromer exclaimed, and his face lit up as a sea captain's when he finds a way

to save the sinking ship. "You can speak French and German. You can counsel one to go ahead and the other not to rush at breakneck speed. I will have a committee officially invite you. Now, Frank, prove your talks by helping us to-night. Will you?"

The two men clasped hands.

"I am not accustomed to public speaking," said Frank, "but now it is a case of must. I'll think things over. Come in after a while, then we may talk things over."

"Oh, you are all right."

XIII

UNLOOKED-FOR AMBITION

Thomas Kontar was the last man on earth whom you would have thought a schemer of destruction and—a dreamer of royal emoluments; yet, he was both in no small degree. He was employed in one of the shops as a sweeper. From the meagre pay of one dollar and thirty-five cents a day he accumulated the incredible sum of two thousand dollars. He intended to work but a few more years, then retire and live on the interest of his capital, which was ample to support him in one of the villages of his native land. Economically, he would have been on a footing with the notary, the store-keeper, and the priest; why could he not overcome the social barriers also?

Stretched on a cot in a dilapidated shanty on the outskirts of the town, Thomas speculated on his problem. One morning it occurred to him that the

war brought many obscure persons into social prominence. Why not seek advancement along that track?

War is war, he reasoned, but if nations must fight each other, it is certainly best that one's own people should win out. All the world seems to respect a fighter, no matter what he fights about; why should he not take a hand, especially since he could accomplish much with scarcely any risk at all? He had access to the cellars of a munition plant and knew every nook and corner of the complicated labyrinth. A timely explosion would stop the manufacturing of munitions, which were turned out in staggering quantities and shipped to the enemy nations. Who knows but this stroke might make them all throw up their hands? Suppose it happens so. He would go home and be received with public celebrations. Newspapers throughout the country would extol his deed. Men, women and children would gaze at him in wonderment and awe. Why not? Had he not saved the country and the crown? He might be made a Baron or raised to even higher dignity and enter the Casino of the Nobility as *Count Kontar!* Under the intensity of his thoughts his lips pronounced the name aloud, and startled by his own voice, he woke up from his day-dream, then pondered realities.

The outlying powder-shed could be touched off easily, but to accomplish the desired end the office buildings had to be wrecked also. In preparing for this, Kontar was continually handicapped by a fellow employee who was always nosing nearby. A cessation of work, even if only for a few days, might bring on the longed-for opportunity. Therefore, he

concentrated his energies to help bring about a strike. He worked indefatigably, ingratiating himself in the favor of the leaders by doing any amount of work required for the cause and urging them onward by his own exemplary devotion.

Now, the day of deciding had arrived, but the prospects were not too alluring. Thomas made up his mind not to let Norling succumb to the blow that had fallen upon him. For the first time since he had been employed in the large plant, Thomas asked for a day off. At eleven o'clock he started on a visit to Norling. His way led him through Gardner Street. Passing the cobbler, Thomas was amazed to see Stillmansworth leave the place in a rush (which was his usual manner). The cobbler appeared in the door with a yellow piece of paper in his hand as if wanting to hand it to the man who was leaving, and who, by this time, was in his automobile whisking away in the distance. Thomas, trembling for his cherished plans and elated at having some special report to make, hastened on his delicate errand.

XIV

THE VICTIM OF BATTLE

The home of Norling was bleak and desolate. Thomas hardly dared to venture a knock on the hallway door at the backstairs of the second floor in a frame tenement where the leader was mourning his loss. But urged on by his cause the visitor rapped a few times slowly; receiving no answer, he ventured to open the door a little. Peeping in, he

saw the leader with stooping head and parched lips, pacing the floor in the hallway. He waited till Norling came his way. Hat in hand Thomas advanced a few steps softly and said: "Mr. Norling, I always like you much. What may please you that I can do?"

It happened to be a moment when a fresh torrent of tears had gathered in the eyes of the unfortunate father. He tried to master them with a gulping throat. "Thomas, good fellow, come in," he said and led his visitor into a small room where, on a little bed, lay the cold body of a perfectly formed child. At the sight of his dead baby, Norling broke out sobbing convulsively. Thomas hung his head; when he looked up, his eyes, too, were filled with tears.

"But boy was all right few days ago; what is the doctors say?"

"The doctors say what they please and we must take their word for it," replied Norling with bitterness; then, as if his accusation might not be just, he related the case. "Yes, a few days ago my child was prancing around full of vitality. Day before yesterday, he was taken sick—maybe, if we had called a doctor right then he could have saved the little fellow. But we didn't think the trouble serious. Yesterday we called in Dr. Clorin; he treats prominent people and Mrs. Clancy said he was the best man to call. Maybe, if he had come right away, it would have been better. He came late in the evening, gave the child some medicine and told me to be on the watch and if I notice puffs appearing under baby's eyes to call him again. I called him at two o'clock in the night. He came. I could see by his face that

my child was lost. He seemed to feel as badly as I. He told me to watch and hope and——” Norling broke out sobbing again.

Thomas wept in sympathy. Once upon a time he had buried a baby of his own. He remembered the agony of those days. The body unfit to take nourishment, the heart in hopeless revolt against powers that cannot be assailed, the throbbing brain strangled by darkness and despair. The memory of it all made him cry even as the other man.

Norling was deeply affected by the presence of sympathy which appeared as genuine as it was unexpected. It was like putting an additional lever under a weight nearly crushing his mind. He quieted down, invited Thomas to the other room, offered him a seat and asked, “Good Thomas, what can I do for you?”

“You always can do for everybody and nobody can do something for you,” said Thomas, drying his tears. “Me lose a baby because have no coal; maybe your nice boy could live in better house.”

“Maybe, who knows?”

“Mr. Norling, is not more sure to live for every baby in better house? Kromer say you not care any more. I don’t believe. Will you not please help for the many babies depending for success to-night?”

The human chords in Norling’s heart were touched by the primitive pleadings of Thomas, who adroitly drew the interest of the leader back to the wonted channels of his life. “You can make better chance to thousand babies and more—Everybody believe you—Not say a word, if men see you they hold together—Kromer, I like him but his shoemaker friend is funny—when I come here I see the boss come out

from Frank's store—Yes, sure, Mr. Stillmansworth. Sure, I know him, I work there fifteen years. I see him, the boss; and I see the shoemaker in the door, he have money in his hand. . . . Yes, yellow money. Sure, I believe Kromer is all right, but you please not leave us in trouble to lose!"

"Well, Thomas, I will try my best. Tell the delegates they may expect me and you go and keep an eye on the cobbler's place."

XV

TANGLE OF NATIONALITIES

Thomas attended to his duties like a seasoned detective. . . . He patrolled Gardner Street without making himself conspicuous and utilized his time by contemplating all the possibilities of his case. Even if his actions were found out before he could leave these shores and he were caught and jailed, he could expect a better living than he had had. The greater the crash he could bring about, the more his country men would admire him. They would send him comforting letters, collect money for his defense, procure for him all the comforts possible to have, manipulate their votes to liberate him, and if the worst were to happen he would be celebrated as a hero for ages to come! If only in the carrying out of his plans he might not be thwarted—and by whom? Another sweeper, Giordano Credolini. The longer Thomas thought of the fellow, the more he hated the grinning Italian. As Thomas remembered Credolini's

nosing around, his jaunty manners, his boasting of a rich uncle, his parading in stylish clothes, everything about the man was disgusting. Should such a man stand between him and a career of glory? . . . Sinister thoughts bubbled up in his mind. For a time they sank back into the mysterious reservoir from which they had sprung. A strike would keep Credolini away, while he himself could steal into the cellars and finish his work. . . . All his hopes centered on a strike which was made a certainty by Norling's participation. Thomas fell to dreaming out all the details of the celebration likely to be accorded to him and even formulated a speech he would make to a deputation of University students, making their obeisance with a laurel wreath. . . . At last his steady watchfulness was rewarded. About two o'clock he saw Kromer going in to the cobbler. Five minutes later a buxom, dark-haired Jewess escorted by a middle-aged man of her own race entered Frank's place. In a little while an old Italian with a big red-cross band on his arm increased the number of those inside the cobbler's. After another few minutes a neat young lady—Miss Clara Milton—entered the place.

Thomas decided it was time for him to find out what all those people were doing; he too went in. There was one vacant chair which Frank offered to the newcomer who completed a semi-circle around the bench.

Frank was busy sewing up the ripped edges of a small hand-bag, that is, he was busy talking while now and then drawing out his two arms at full length in the completion of a stitch. "Please sit down,"

said he to the new-comer, pointing to the one vacant chair, "I will soon be ready with this."

"How soon?" asked Miss Milton, who was sent there for the hand-bag Stillmansworth had left for repairing.

"Just a few minutes, please have patience. Look here, see what patience I must have." He took out a few soiled papers from the drawer of his bench and continued: "Look, here is a card asking me to stand for America first, no matter what the seven-thousand-dollar-a-year-pork-barrel politicians would have us do—unto others. Here I am invited to adopt a French orphan by helping to defray the expenses of its raising. This is an urgent call for donations to the German Bazaar. This is an appeal for Belgian Charity, here is one for Polish Relief, and here is my old friend Palento asking me to help pay for an Italian Red Cross ambulance, and there my young, little friend Rachel wants to collect of me for the war-stricken Jews——"

"You must not give much," remarked Rachel's escort; "surely the Jews did not make the war."

"No, nor did they refuse to participate in it, no more, not as much, as some of the rest. Of course, they could not; like the great mass of the others they are but cogs in the war machines; but you could, and yet you spend your time in an effort tending to prolong the world's agony. . . . Yes, it does. Is not the cheering multitude at a prize fight promoting the game? And those who fan the fighters and rub their aching joints to stand more jolts, are they not prolonging the savage contest of the ring?"

"Well," said Rachel with a sob in her voice, "shall we let them all starve?"

"You let them do worse things than starve. You let them shoot, stab, torture, kill, waste, demolish, and blight the lives of those who remain to tell the story. . . . Of course, you cannot prevent it, but why encourage the horrible carnage? Yes, you do. What is the matter with you all? Do you want to make this land an extension war-ground for the unchained murderous passions of old Europe? Will you go a step further—" A thought crossed his mind, a thought so terrible that he did not dare to express it for fear of its effect as a suggestion. He swallowed the sentence, a circumstance which gave the Italian a chance to put in a word.

"No, no, no, not so, Mr. Frank; it is not for hurting other nation; Italian red-cross ambulance is for helping the sick; it is all compassion."

"Yes, compassion it would be if Italians would collect for Austrians, the Germans for the French, and so on. But no, each little sect, each little creed, each little nationality is huddling together for its own little sake only. . You are all swayed by a savage ancestral hurricane. You may yet be blown further and—" again Frank stopped short of expressing the fearful idea which came back with redoubled force: "No," he concluded abruptly, "I will not help madmen and fools to let them indulge in madness and folly longer. It were better for all of us to keep still for some time," saying this he looked Kromer full in the face.

"Come, Rachel," her escort said, "he is *meshugge*."

Palento also left, no wiser, though not displeased.

By this time the hand-bag was ready. Clara paid for it fifty cents and turned to go.

"Wait a minute," exclaimed Frank. He fished out of his drawer a folded piece of yellow paper, put it in an envelope which he closed loosely, addressed the letter and handed it to Clara, saying: "Please give this to Mr. Stillmansworth." Thomas looked at Kromer, as if to say "He is in with the bosses," and ran off. Kromer rose suddenly, bade Frank good-day, and opened the door, permitting Clara to step out first. "May I go with you—please?" he asked, pleadingly. "Pleased to have you," she replied, "very much pleased." Frank saw them turn toward the park.

XVI

LOVE CONQUERS PREJUDICE

Gustave Kromer, on finding himself on the street at the side of Clara, felt a new kind of thumping in his breast. "This is my first opportunity to be with you," he said, "to be with you alone; I hardly know how to express my gratitude."

"Tell me," replied Clara, trying to make Kromer feel at ease, "tell me about this cobbler—he is very talkative and interesting, but I could not quite understand him. Can you tell me what he was driving at?"

"He always says what he means and means what he says . . . that is, I thought so until now. To-day he seemed hazy. I know he has changed since this morning."

"How so?"

"You see, we have been friends ever so long; he often gave me good advice and I always valued his opinions very highly. Some I adopted for my own guidance. Now I have an affair of great importance on hand. This morning he urged me to proceed along certain lines; he talked in his impetuous way as you have heard him speak. But now, when I came to him concerning the same matter he nearly tried to stop me from going ahead."

"May I know about the thing you are so much interested in?"

"You may know everything I know," replied Kromer, and told the girl about the mass meeting, about Norling and then about the cobbler's views given earlier in the day, and his changed disposition.

"Is he going to speak to the men to-night?"

"Yes, but he is so timid and full of caution, it seems he will do more harm than good."

"You do not suspect him of having unworthy motives, do you? My mother says: smoothest talkers make most clever deceivers."

"Then I am above suspicion," he said, laughing.

"Now, don't you boast, with your talent of speech-making."

"I wish I had such talent, I certainly wish it now."

"Look!" Clara exclaimed, "we are in the park, is it not beautiful here?"

"Yes . . . to be with you . . . I wished so often to be with you in this lovely place."

"Why?"

"To have it lovelier still. Will you please sit down with me on the bench over there? Just to fulfill a long-cherished wish of mine."

"All right, but I will bear in mind my mother's warning."

He drew a newspaper from his pocket and spread it on the bench, half fearing the print would offend her. Instead, she picked up the paper and seating herself began to read aloud, with evident pride of knowing German.

Kromer gazed at the girl with delight. "How, where did you learn the language so well?"

"I began in the school and kept up the study, for I believe in education, and my mother never tires quoting a good teacher who said: '*Education is to understand sympathetically everybody, everytime, everywhere.*' *

Kromer clapped his hands approvingly. The girl seemed to him on a plane elevated far above his reach. "I have come to feel just that way," he said, "despite my parents who can see no good outside of their clan."

"One must be brave to overcome the clannish feeling," she replied, realizing how much higher his credit marks were than her own for the same achievement.

The young man's heart was melting: "I did not expect to be so lucky to-day," he declared, "you are very, very kind."

"It is very, very good of you to think so."

"I would like to be very, very much better to please you."

"Why should you want to please me more than others?"

"Because I crave to be liked by you more than by others."

*Definition by Edgar W. Burrill, of Columbia.

"Perhaps," said Clara, in a serious tone, "I care for you too much already."

The girl's words had a magic effect on Kromer; his whole being trembled, every fiber of his body was tingling aglow. He would have embraced her with the hot passion of youth, but the houses in front of them were full of windows and the walk lively with passersby, the sight and gaze of whom restrained his impulse. "Did you say 'too much?' he stammered; "then surely believe that I like you twice too much!"

Their hands touched, and both were thrilled by an emotion too overwhelming for utterance. So they lapsed into the lovers' silence, a charmed state, the blissfulness of which no amount of description can ever keep from being a new, undreamt-of experience for each new pair of mature hearts.

XVII

SUNSHINE AND CLOUDS

A distant fog-horn sound reminded Clara of the factory whistle. She rose saying: "Oh, I must hurry to my work."

"Yes, I too must hurry to a meeting of the Shop Committee. But, Miss—Clara, I want to ask a great favor of you."

"What can it be?"

"That letter."

"What?"

"The letter Frank gave you for Mr. Stillmansworth."

"Man that you are!" Clara said, feeling a chill creep over her, "you do not expect me to betray my employer, do you?"

"Nothing of the kind. That letter cannot make much difference in the strike one way or another; but it may help me to discover a wolf in sheep's clothing, a crook; the worst of them, one who professes himself a lover of all the virtues and always prates about honesty and rectitude. I cannot help thinking that the man plays unfair. If a man professes friendship to me for over ten years, all the while nursing a sinister purpose; if he leads me on a road which he undermines, and plays the saint while he is but a mean informer, wouldn't you want me to find him out?"

The girl could not bear the idea that anybody should treat Kromer so falsely. "Come," she said, motioning him further into the park, "I will not give you the letter, but let us see what it contains."

Arriving under a thicket she began operations. She took a penknife from her pocket (this girl had pockets in her skirt) and blew her hot breath on the slightly pasted edge of the envelope. Here, under the sheltering screen of twig and foliage, his erstwhile desire would not be repressed. . . . He was surprised at his own audacity and looked around somewhat scared and startled, but the listless leaves made not a rustle of protest, they were resting still, altogether unconcernedly. To them kissing was an oft-repeated, familiar scene.

Clara smoothed back her hair. In a few more seconds the letter was opened. It contained a folded

piece of yellow paper, a telegram. "Look!" she exclaimed, and both read the message:

"JAMES STILLMANSWORTH, Esq.:

"Made arrangements for two thousand hands to man factories. Do not arbitrate, do not conciliate, give no quarter and make no compromise. Discharge all ringleaders including Kromer, Norling, Kontar, and Clancy. Militia service secured. NANGLOW."

The pair looked at each other in amazement. "You have not been discharged though," exclaimed Clara.

"On the contrary," he replied, "I received a wage increase of five cents an hour in my pay envelope day before yesterday, and look! the telegram is almost a week old. Could the wage increase have been meant as a bribe to keep me from holding with the men?" Kromer smiled at the futility of such a design.

"No, no, no," protested Clara. "I know Mr. Stillmansworth; if he raised your pay it means simply that he could afford to do so. Now, what about Frank?"

"I understand him better and like him more than before. Do you know it strengthens one's backbone to know an upright man! He, if anyone, will know what to say to-night."

"And what about you?"

"I will act exactly as if I had not seen this telegram at all."

She looked up to him, full face, and a mutual kiss, rather long drawn out, inaugurated their union.

Though Kromer was due at the meeting of the

shop committee which held a continuous session that day, he escorted Clara to the very door of the factory building. On the way they exchanged observations on lawns, gardens, cottages and many other things which they, especially Kromer, had not noticed much before. However, the ominous and puzzling telegram and the big mass meeting to be held that evening occupied a foremost place in their minds.

XVIII

A SOURCE OF STRENGTH

For some reason or other, the executive office of Nanglow & Stillmansworth was situated in a wing end of the top floor of a large three-story building. The room, clean and spacious, had light streaming into it from south, east and north. The windows to the south overlooked the broad expanse of a tranquil sea; to the east a panorama of factories with their smoking chimneys set off the landscape; to the north a row of friendly New England hills could be seen. This, the prettiest of the views, was disappearing behind another three-story structure nearing its completion.

The office room was decorated with pictures of large industrial plants. Book-cases filled with commercial and technical publications lined the walls. Little mottoes like "Do it now," "Remember the payroll," "All hail the garland of success," "Get there," proclaimed the dominant spirit in the place. A line of cheer or a book on humane considerations would have seemed out of place here. Yet, both heads of

the firm had given much thought to the handling of employees. The senior head of the concern was inclined to be strict and firm; the junior member was not only disposed to be kind, but managed to use kindness as a lubricating oil in running the immense industrial plant smoothly. In fact he always treated employees as well as general competition, the maintenance of the plant and—Mr. Nanglow would permit.

But now Stillmansworth found himself in a dilemma from which there seemed to be no escape. With his chin resting in his right hand and with knitted brow he sat in a commodious office chair trying to solve the difficulty, when Clara entered the room.

He opened the letter which she handed to him, looked at its contents and remarked: "I must have dropped this in the cobbler's place." "Clara," he continued, "I used to be afraid I would lose you, but now I fear you will lose me."

Taking her employer's expression for a little joke, Clara replied roguishly, "But I will take mighty good care not to!"

"You take good care of all things in your keeping. I wish I knew how to take good care of all things in my keeping."

"My mother says we learn most things when we need to know them."

"Oh, go on, quoting your mother again!"

"Why shouldn't I? You quote Shakespeare, and Carlyle and Emerson, why should I not quote my mother and give her credit for her wisdom?"

"Once again you are right, Clara; I wish I could defend my own position as well as you can yours."

"Give me a conundrum."

"Well," began Stillmansworth, and Clara, from habit, jotted down his words; "suppose a Captain of industry comes into conflict with the next officer above him in command, regarding their policy toward the men in their charge. The Major contends for accumulation and expansion, leaving the lot of the men for the last and least consideration, whereas the Captain regards matters just in the reverse order. The Captain is threatened with degradation not only of himself, but his family, who are going around with eyes red from crying. It means a terrible clash of industrial forces in which unknown sums of money may have to be spent and an unknown number of lives may have to be sacrificed, all against the Captain's own will and judgment; or social ostracism for him and his loved ones. The son would be deprived of an education, the daughter forsaken by the man of her choice, the wife wither away in sorrow and the Captain himself, perhaps, die of a broken heart. . . . What is such a Captain to do?"

Clara read her notes aloud, thought for a while, then inquired: "And does he, the Captain, think, does he believe, does he know himself to be in the right?"

"Of course he does!"

Clara stepped into a small side room and after a few moments came back with an open book which she handed to Stillmansworth.

"Thank you," he said, "you may go and check off bills. I expect Mr. Nanglow every minute in a private matter of great importance."

Clara returned to the small side room. The in-

instinct of the helpmeet made her leave the door slightly open. She did not know whom or what she might help, but by intuition kept in readiness to do so.

Stillmansworth sank back into his chair. He saw the book in his hand was the New Testament, and his glance fell on the marked passage of the open page.

He read:

“If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple.”

Stillmansworth looked out upon the sea, the surface of which was now a miniature of the landscape to the north. “Each wave,” he thought, “must run its course and expend its force in accordance with nature; why should a man be less courageous than a wave of the sea?”

Two big glistening tears rolled down the cheeks of this captain of industry. He shook them from his face and stood up, feeling himself a tower of strength.

XIX

POWERS AGAINST POWER

Stillmansworth rose from his chair just in time to offer it to Mr. Nanglow, who entered the room with jaws set tightly and a grim determination showing in his face.

“This is not an opportune time for a comfortable conference,” declared Mr. Nanglow, pacing the floor

from one window to the other. "The agitators whom you refused to discharge have completed their nefarious work. Some of our men are fooled, others are cowed into following them. What was the sense in your acting counter to my telegram?"

"It would have made bad matters worse. It would have embittered the men and given martyrs to their cause. Besides, I believe that the power of discharging employees should not be abused."

"What do you mean by 'abused?'"

"I mean that industrial workers, like state officials, should not be removed from their positions without cause and trial. Their livelihood, and to some extent their reputation, is involved."

"But the men need have no cause nor any reason whatsoever for leaving their employment! Any notion, any will-o'-the-wisp, can make them leave the tools to rust. In fact, they just painfully wait for an opportunity when they are needed, to do their very worst. Evolutionary movements? Oh, gracious sense, no. They have a few leaders engrafted upon them whose business is to talk sentiment, to flatter them into believing that the most indolent time-killer amongst them is an innocently suffering savior of the world. 'School for self-government?' Not much. They have a president-chief in office twenty-five years. They might as well make him a king and his office a hereditary acquisition."

"Look there," continued Mr. Nanglow, pointing toward the east, "see the smoke from a hundred chimneys rising to tell of individual initiative, force, perseverance—fight, if you please—and success; whereas the most and the best your labor unions

accomplish is to stop members from producing until hunger compels them to resume."

"It is bad policy to drive men to extremes."

"Can you set a limit to their wants? However much we contrive to give them it only whets their appetite for more. We must call a halt. They have drawn good pay for some time and may hold out a while. But it will pay to starve them into submission. We have the means for it. What makes you so vacillating? Why do you hold back?"

"The Socialist vote in the election returns should teach us caution."

"Do not permit that to disturb your equanimity. It is merely a showing of discontent and serves as an indicator for statesmen and politicians to trim their sails by. That vote can be scattered in a score of different ways. Their leaders will fly at each other's throat on the least provocation. In fact, they have had two bitterly hostile parties going for the past twenty years, with perhaps a measly editorship as the only prize in sight. What will they do in the face of temptations that our ruling parties are exposed to? Socialist vote! Fear nothing from that side. It is but a pastime for unengaged stump speakers, a harmless political diversion——"

"That may turn very serious, and in turning bring down the social structure with a crash. I do not want to be a party to the proceeding, at least not more so than circumstances compel."

"And who said that circumstances permit us to accede to the men's extravagant and insolent demands? Do they know that our granting them will not impair our solvency?"

"I know!" said Stillmansworth, with a stress on the pronoun.

Nanglow suddenly stopped. His right hand contracted into a fist.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Is your knowledge at the service of the rabble? So. . . . I nurtured a snake on my bosom. But I will tear out its fang. You may leave, leave—at once!"

"I may, but I will not."

"Do you mean fight!"

"You preach force and fight, but you do not seem to relish it. Relax your hand, sir, it may be a fight in the public press or in the courts of law, or perhaps on the fields of competition——"

"I am not afraid of you. I have a thousand dollars to your one."

But Mr. Nanglow was afraid. He resumed pacing the floor, went to one of the windows, stood there a while, then returned as for a last supreme argument.

"Man, for God's sake collect your senses. What if we are a little sum ahead, can you tell what may happen next year or the year after? If ventures miscarry the workingman is the first to turn his back upon them. He is the first to run from industrial difficulties even as the rat runs from a sinking ship. But we must stay and meet conditions as they arise. Can't you see, have you forgotten the awful item of uncertainty and positive risk in business?" Nanglow halted at the window to the north, and began drumming thereon as if to give his associate time for framing a conciliatory answer.

That was not forthcoming. Instead, a piercing scream came, dulled through the window. A man

fell down, tangled in the scaffolding across the way. The figure, vainly trying to get a saving hold on something, whirled around several times in the air, landed on the murky road and remained there motionless. A number of men came rushing to the scene, one cried out, "My brother!" and fell in a faint.

For a moment Nanglow imagined himself in the place of the unfortunate worker. It made his knees quake and forced the phlegm to his mouth. He swallowed hard; turning to Stillmansworth, who had come to the window, he said, "Have your way," and without another word left the office.

Stillmansworth gazed through the window for a while. He saw the victim of the accident lifted and carried into the building. Then he stepped to the desk, wrote a few words on a sheet of paper, put it in an envelope and called Clara.

The girl came in, pale and trembling. She too had witnessed the accident. "That is terrible," she said. "I happen to know him and saw his wife this morning. They have three children. What a pity!"

"Yes, and more pitiful that principles of justice must be taught through the sacrifice of men. Do you know, Clara, the Captain's view—the Captain's of the conundrum—partly through his strength of will and partly through this accident—has prevailed! Will you please see to it that this letter is received by the men who are in charge of the meeting called for to-night?"

"I will attend to it myself," replied Clara, and the paleness of her face changed into a flush of ruddy crimson hue. She knew the importance of that letter.

XX

CHAMPIONS OF LABOR—SO-CALLED

Threescore men met as a shop committee of the Nanglow & Stillmansworth employees. They had a lively session in the large but dingy hall up the third floor of a rather rickety building. The stairway from the street to the meeting-place was littered with cigar stubs, burnt matches and torn papers. Several subcommittees had met at irregular intervals throughout the day; from their private conversation it could be gathered that the foremost desires of the sixty delegates were of as many moulds. One hoped to see in print the account of his leadership, one expected to be put to a less cranky machine, one was there in revenge on the boss of his department, one looked forward to a needed vacation, one to having his fill in the saloons. Here was a man glad of the chance to complete some models of a new invention, another planned to finish a much thought-of literary work, still another planned to try his hand at business while the plants were shut down. (The purpose of Thomas need not be told and that of a few others will become evident by their stand and action.) All of the delegates were ready to quit work. They felt excitement in the air. Gradually they worked up enthusiasm for this common purpose: decrease of work, a grievance committee, and increase of wages. They all figured how they would spend both the time and the money gained. Of course, that is the least difficult and most pleasant part in a campaign of this sort.

At three o'clock the meeting of the committee, as a whole, began its deliberations. The issues and their champions were known by all present. Under the first heading, due to a generation's agitation for the eight-hour work day, the proposition was found acceptable by all except a German, who, in a fiery speech, made a plea for something new and sensational—a five-hour day.

He was hooted down by the Italians: "You no want nothing but to quit for the Kaiser!"

In fact, the men were grouped according to nationalities. It was Norling's acumen that managed to have them picked so that they balanced each other.

Under the second heading there was opportunity for much talk. The men related the unjust treatment they were subjected to at one time or another. None doubted the word of the other in this respect; but suppose the demand was granted, who should be on that committee? A number of names were mentioned, cheered, and hooted at; until someone asked: "What's the matter with Norling?" A general healthy hurrah answered the question and an approving murmur sounded through the room.

"But where is he?" asked somebody after calm was restored.

Thomas asked for the floor, and being granted the privilege, he said: "I see Mr. Norling. His baby die"—a hush fell on the crowd—"yet he good man, will speak in Clarendon Hall. If everybody as good as him we surely win."

There was no more argument about the Grievance Committee, and the men proceeded to deliberate on the wage demand. This ranged from an increase of

twenty per cent. to doubling the pay. Discussion soon eliminated the intermediate figures and the question was argued between twenty per cent. increase and double pay.

Again the sentiment was divided according to the national leanings of the delegates. It was like a faint echo of the European clash.

Thomas, of course, spoke for double pay: "Do you think that too much?" he said, in a plaintive, almost begging tone. "My pay \$1.35 a day; if for me pay \$2.70 is that too much? You say foreigners make wages to be small, but you can believe me I like bigger pay, only not find it——"

"Why did you come to this country?" broke in an elder immigrant.

"Not to steal, but only to work. I want to work. Is it wrong to work, to work hard? I want \$2.70 a day; is it wrong to want that much? *You* make more, and I strike for you; why not you double *my* pay?"

The opposition could find no argument and broke out in a general noise, several of them claiming it was all nonsense and that they would not stand for it.

At this junction Thomas received unexpected support in the person of a gaunt Canadian, who wore in his coat lapel a button with the initials I. W. W., standing for Industrial Workers of the World.

"Silence!" he cried, "Silence!" He had a shrill voice which rose above the din. Besides he was known as a man of sincerity and the delegates quieted down to give him a hearing.

"What are you afraid of? Do you fear that the

bosses will have to get along with fewer servants, with less champagne, or fewer fancy balls? Reduce your pity for them; they are not in need of it. If they raise wages a dime they increase the cost of living a quarter's worth. Surely you need not be afraid to ask something worth while. Whatever we get won't amount to much until we get hold of the means of production and run the factories for the benefit of the workers altogether."

"Will you take the place of the bosses and get us our pay?" asked a timid voice.

The Canadian became excited. "If you were not a lot of cowards and numbskulls, you would chase the bosses into hell and start producing for use instead of for profit. Let's demand the whole plant and take it."

A quiet Englishman rose and donned his hat saying: "If this is going to be a Wild West Show I quit right here." He was followed by about half the delegates, the others tried to prevent their leaving the hall. There was a shuffling and pulling and a general mêlée was imminent when Kromer entered the room.

"What is the matter? What is it all about?" the newcomer asked, and as he held second place in the confidence of the men some began to explain, but others grumbled "Where have you been?" "You wouldn't beat the factory whistle like that." "Why don't you keep your nose here?"

But they settled down. The chairman of the committee stated the case and Thomas repeated his plea for \$2.70 a day.

Kromer found a way out. "Why," he exclaimed,

"we will get you that much, and more! We should ask for a minimum wage of \$3.00 a day."

This solution of the problem pleased all. They elected Kromer chairman for the evening and cheered and applauded. Suddenly all became quiet. News was brought that one of the speakers had fallen from the scaffolding and had died.

Once again the crowd was hushed, but only for a moment. The cry went up, "We must have speakers!" Indeed, the river of life must flow on.

Kromer told about Frank, his knowledge of the French and German languages and his views in regard to the matter in hand. He argued that a French speaker would best secure the support of clashing nationals, and asked that a committee be sent to invite Frank, in a formal manner, and to urge his certain and early appearance. The suggestion was approved and formally acted upon.

The chairman appointed Thomas and the gaunt Canadian for this errand, neither of whom ever objected when called upon to do some work.

XXI

LIGHT ON AND FROM A PUZZLING CHARACTER

Left to himself, after an argument with a number of solicitors in behalf of their several nationalities, Frank had settled down to work, allowing his thoughts a "free for all" deliberative session.

It is related of Schiller, the great German poet, that he could write best with the odor of decomposed apples wafted to his nostrils. Frank could think

clearest when hammering at his usual work. That hammer in his hand moved much like the baton in the hand of an orchestra leader. It tapped softly, then harder, in slower and in quicker beats; now it was scarcely touching, now pounding with full force the leather on the stone. Once in a while the hammer would turn negatively in the air, occasionally it would pause, only to continue the tapping, hitting, pounding, banging, in all the shades and moods of a master's musical composition.

Thus, Frank worked on until he had hammered out the symphony of his thoughts. Then he turned to his right, dropped the front of a musty little writing desk and penned the following letter:

"BELOVED FRIEND:

"If I were to die this hour I would want you to know that our boyhood love, which we nurtured by correspondence through so many years, still clung to me; and if the tempest and the turmoil in my mind is about to obliterate the intelligence which you so loyally helped to sustain and to improve, I want you to receive its last few rays.

"You know how, in the days of our adolescence, with Parisian vim and the gripping enthusiasm of youth, we have dedicated our souls to redeeming the earth from the avarice of landlordism and the world from wage slavery. More than that, we had taken the motto of the French Revolution at its face value and spent with joyous exultation our scant earnings and ample vitality for the fulfillment of that glorious proclamation: 'Liberty! Equality! Fraternity!'

"I kept the faith throughout the weary years, finding contentment, almost pleasure, in the very adversities endured on its account or in behalf of it."

"Such as we would rather be hard working squirrels, out in the cold woods, than enjoy the home comforts of a muzzled dog. I could not shine like the pole star, but like a meteor I could give a moment's light for the chance observer.

"So I kept the faith; thought, felt and lived by it and upheld its precepts in my small fraction of the world.

"When asked about my race, I answered: 'If my appearance does not proclaim it why should my lips explain my face?'

"When people asked my nationality, my reply was that I wanted to forget it, and when they inquired about my religion, I said: 'Judge my religion by my conduct.'

"Blame my wisdom if I was not taken by all men for all things. I can see now another disadvantage of my position. From the outspoken partisan no one outside his group expects solace and encouragement, but one who loves all mankind is called upon by all factional interests for help.

"As they came to me, Belgian, Pole, Hungarian, Serb, and all the rest, one after the other, I saw a vision so dreadful and terrifying that I felt my heart's beat slacken; it paused in awe and trembled in fear. . . . Think of it, fear! For the first time in my life I met the monster face to face.

"Before my eyes the melting pot turned into a spectroscope of disintegration. What if the constituent bodies go apart far enough to stand sepa-

rated, and then, with passions aflame, fly at each other in a clash?

"The fanatic, the weak-minded and the unscrupulous, goaded on by the murderously inclined, might whirl us into a civil war compared to which even the European catastrophe is an insignificant happening.

"With nationality, race and creed fighting each other in savage fashion, unrestrained by any rules of war, they all must turn executioners and bring on a general slaughter, a saturnalia of bloodshed, too awful to contemplate. Still, the thought had come to me, pointing out how Vendettaism would decimate the people again and again, until the snake of tyranny would raise its poison-head, coil its frosty ligaments around a weakened populace, strangle their dearly bought liberties, crush their higher aspirations and rule over them in ancient despotic style.

"As I write this, a thought still more terrible comes to my mind. Is it not possible that the seemingly senseless slaughter across the ocean is a carefully designed plan to *prevent the fusion of peoples in the melting pot of America?* A nation, no more than a family, and the *world, no more than a nation*, can endure half slave and half free. And can they be free of guile, whose interest and ambition calls for a world enslaved?

"As they claim to rule by divine right, and pride themselves on a long line of ruling ancestors, must they not consider it as their main object in life to maintain that 'right' and secure it for a long line of descendants?

"Terrible, frightful is the thought; yet have tyrants ever been swayed by other than selfish motives?

Have they ever stopped to count the cost of conquest or of glory? Is it not rather in the nature of things that ruling dynasties aim to destroy the one great and steadily increasing political power that by its *mere example* is bound to endanger the continuation of their dominance?

"Plausible though the thought appears, I am in a quandary whether it is a spark of intelligence, a dark foreboding of insanity, or merely a fragment of the nightmare that is now convulsing the world.

"You often asked me to cease caring for the multitude, to let the world go hang—Of course, I knew you did not mean it so. One who pays for parental pangs with heartless negligence, who meets neighborly kindness with cruel schemes—is not such a one on the lowest scale of degradation? Then, he who repays all the care and all the effort, and all the love of all times in all the world, with a shrug of the shoulders and the sting of irony, does not such a man place himself outside the social communion, is he not guilty of the basest ingratitude?

"You would not hug to your bosom such embodiment of iniquities. In fact, those who really do not care take no trouble to write about their indifference. Your beautiful pessimistic epistles were only designed to make me shed a few tears and spill some ink in argument.

"That you have accomplished quite often, but now I turn to you for help and sympathy.

"Not that I am in despair. The time for a soul to prove worthy of that exalted name is the time when mood, fact, reason and circumstance conspire to drag it into despondency. Then must the mind

spread forth its wings of thought and rise above the hindrances to vision; then must the soul make use of its immaterial stuff to orient itself on a higher plane.

"No sooner had I discerned those awful possibilities than my mind set to work to find the means of certain prevention, and that which I found startled me as much as the ideas I sought to dislodge.

"I weighed matters carefully. To side with either of the world combatants is but to increase and enlarge the hatred on which tyranny thrives and by which the thrones of to-day are held from tumbling down. What we must have is a centrifugal force which shall prevent the particles of our composition from going too far apart. What shall that force be?

"I have thought of programs, religions, and philosophies. Alas! They, indeed, are but scraps of paper. It is what they make of men and what men make of them that disclose their intrinsic value. Their doctors and professors, like the doctors of medicine, make knowing faces and when their prescriptions fail to cure, will blame everybody and everything except themselves and their own pet theories.

"In the tangle of claims, notions and propositions now before the world, this much is clear: that the progress of human kind had been from the very beginning and still is toward freedom and fraternal relations. So the center of social gravitation must move along those lines. As for its tangible shape, oh, friend, if you could have looked across the continent into my 'atelier' you would have seen me blush

in surprise at my own conclusion. But one must obey the commands of his conscience and heed the voice of truth even though it overturns preconceived ideas.

"Think of it, comprehend if you can: I found myself in a boat with my chauvinistic neighbors!

"I entered by a different gangway, prompted by different motives; I feel sustained by different aspirations and act differently, yet there I am.

"Do not tell me the faults, the shortcomings, the abuse of our governmental machinery. I know them too well. Oh, Patriotism, I know what crimes are committed in thy name!——

"But if there is a flag which prevents men from giving it the noblest meaning, surely, it is not ours. Look at a globe and see which cheek on its round face glows brightest in and for Liberty.

"Old Europe and its nations have the feuds of thousands of years to overcome, whereas America, at worst, is but like an erring child that could not have sinned so much as to forfeit its unfoldment to perfect maturity in the near future.

"If this great congregation of people will strive to perfect both the melting pot and its product the resulting attainment may heal even ancient sores; for parental hearts can ever be reached by and through their children.

"A thousand thoughts stir in my mind, craving to be voiced in justification and support of this ideal. I may have an opportunity to sound some of them before a crowd to-night and I will let you know the results.

"But if you never hear another word from me, you

may rest assured that I die in the faith—with my soul free from factional limitations, my heart's last beat will faint away in love for all mankind and in friendship for you.

"Ready for a good scolding, I remain yours as ever,

FRANK."

XXII

ILL WILL AND GOOD INTENTION MEET

The cobbler read the letter aloud to himself, put it in an envelope which he addressed to his boyhood friend living in Rio de Janeiro.

Then he took the little slip, which his visitor left in the morning, added one word to the text, so it read: "I will stand for America first ARIGHT," and signed the paper carefully.

The committee inviting the cobbler to speak that evening, saw two letters on his desk ready for mailing.

Thomas poked the side of the gaunt Canadian and whispered to him: "Look at that letter!"

The Canadian did so, and after they had left the place he asked: "What was there on those letters to see?"

"One letter was to Mrs. Nanglow."

"What of that?"

"Before noon he sent one letter to Mr. Stillmansworth."

"What! Do you mean he is crooked?"

"I not know."

"What business has he to correspond about with Mrs. Nanglow and Mr. Stillmansworth?"

"I not know, but I see this morning Mr. Stillmansworth come out from that place," Thomas pointed back to the cobbler's.

The blood of the gaunt Canadian rushed to his face. He shook his short companion by the shoulder saying: "Thomas, it looks to me like crooked work; you are no fool, tell me what you think."

Thomas remained silent.

The Canadian's suspicion deepened and broadened. He gave his companion a stronger shake and exclaimed in a suppressed voice: "Talk, damn you! Is this whole business a fake, and Norling and Kromer out for the dough?"

A third and still stronger shake made Thomas give answer in a reluctant manner: "I—I think Mr. Norling is all right and Kromer is all right, but this shoemaker, he fool both of the two. And we work so hard——"

"Ha! Does he? Never fear, Thomas, I have a few friends, and if the son of a —— tries to do some monkey business we'll make a monkey of him."

XXIII

WAVES OF A MASS MEETING

Though the mass meeting of workers had been advertised to begin at eight o'clock, the crowd gathered in Clarendon Hall much earlier.

People came from all directions, and in the flowing streams of humanity Mrs. Parker was delighted

to meet, right near the entrance to the hall, her good friend and customer, Mrs. Clancy.

"That's lovely, are you coming to the meeting, too?"

"Indeed not. I wasn't home this afternoon. I left the children with my sister. They will wonder where I was. Mrs. Clorin insisted that I stay with them for supper."

"Oh, do come in. They expect a lot of excitement and we might as well learn first hand what's going on."

Mrs. Clancy looked at the people crowding the hallway. Her nose twitched in displeasure as she said: "Mixed pickles!"

"But your own husband is to make a speech!"

"I wish he wouldn't. He is wasting his time and spoiling our chances for advancement."

"Oh, do come in," insisted Mrs. Parker, tugging at her friend, "We'll come out early."

They entered. Several thousand persons filled the hall, but somebody made room on the end of an aisle for the two ladies.

By seven o'clock the place was so crowded that the leaders had to proceed.

Kromer introduced Norling with a sincere tribute to the man whom his sad bereavement did not prevent from appearing on the platform to champion the workers' cause.

Norling looked pale and broken down, but his mind was keen and alert. For a time it had been like a ship without an anchor and without a course, but now all mental energy was concentrated as for the final effort of an unrewarded life.

He pressed through history, gathering all the sweat and all the tears into a lake which he placed at the door of Nanglow & Stillmansworth. Then he combed the world, gathering all the glories of creative art and labor into a shining halo and this he placed upon the heads of his spellbound audience. He then came to a close with an appeal for holding together and holding out, and concluded by assuring them of certain victory.

The speech was received with close attention and rewarded with deafening applause.

Mrs. Parker, too, was carried away by sympathy. "They are right, I believe," she said to her friend, "don't you think so?"

"I don't trust him, I just don't trust him!" replied Mrs. Clancy.

The chairman introduced as the next speaker a friend who was to speak to the French portion of the audience, in their own language.

"I thought Clancy was to be the second speaker," remarked a man, sitting just in front of Mrs. Clancy, to his neighbor.

"Why, he won't speak any more this side of the gate."

"What do you mean?"

"He fell down from the scaffolding, three stories——"

A subdued scream came from the throat of the woman behind. Her mind turned blank white, then steel gray, finally jet black. Big, stout Mrs. Clancy swooned. She fainted away as would the last and the least of the "mixed pickle" audience struck in the same way. She was carried out of the hall, the in-

cident being noticed by only a few nearby. The big mass riveted its attention on the novelty of a French speaker. Indeed, the ocean of life will not, cannot, stop moving because some of its waves are cut in two by the ship of adversity.

Frank's athletic build commanded respect which his harsh and monotonous voice soon reduced to a very small measure. Still, the mass of humanity listened as he spoke:

"Dear Friends," he said, "I was requested to speak a few words in French for solidarity amongst different nationalities as we are.

"Permit me to say that the horrible conflict of Europe is the most tragically eloquent appeal for avoidance of provincial jealousies. With due respect for the habitual feelings of each of you, I suggest that the kind of patriotic sentiments that brought on such a climax cannot be sound and should not be cultivated.

"Time was, when people made war upon each other in behalf of different deities until the idea of one God deprived the thirst for blood of that excuse. So, it is necessary to eliminate patriotism as an excuse for carnage and devastation. As the idea of one God prevailed and prevented further bloodshed on the score of theistic speculation, so the idea of the oneness of humanity shall forever banish the hatreds which feed the flames of war.

"My Friends, do not let the accident of birth deprive you of sympathy for and from large multitudes. Especially, people in this country must nurture good will toward each other, for a free America is the

surest guarantee against the absolute enslavement of the world. If we behave worthily, this country may by its very weight draw all the others into a federation of the world, that dream which must be realized to bring mankind nearer its destiny perfection.

"Of course, you have feelings that grew with your growth, but consider the country first——"

"Zut!" Cried a voice up in the gallery.

Frank knitted his brow and raised his hand warningly. "Make no mistake, my friends! These are extraordinary days when a little fire may cause the most terrific conflagration. Suppose trainloads of men should be imported to take your place——"

"Zut!" This time it was the shrill voice of the Canadian that uttered the cry and it was followed by a number of others:

"Trahison!"

"Voleur!"

"Foutez le dehors!"

Instantly the cries were translated into a dozen languages: "Liar!" "Faker!" "Thief!" "Graft-er!" "Get the hook!" "Knock him down!" and similar cries filled the hall.

Kromer tried in vain to still the mass of shouting humanity.

A number of men climbed up the platform. One spoke to Norling: "He make Spread Eagle speech and suggest us to be scabs."

The others grabbed the cobbler and expedited him in such a manner that the man felt it in his joints for a year.

Norling was deeply agitated, he leaped to the

front and raised his right hand for silence. At the sight of the leader the crowd quieted down.

"Fellow workers!" he cried, "I did not expect this man to talk about strike breaking. I don't know what happened to him. But I do know that against the dirtiest corruption there is yet one appeal." He raised two clenched fists up in the air and cried: "Appeal to force!"

A big, tall man stepped out from nowhere and laid a heavy hand on the speaker's shoulder. "I am arrested," he cried, "but you have the best of them. Stick together and hold out!"

As Norling was led off, pandemonium broke loose. New and louder cries filled the hall: "Shame!" "Disgrace!" "Free speech!" "Worse than Russia!" "Demolish the plant!"

Here, too, the shrill voice of the Canadian rose above the rest, "Let us demonstrate!" he yelled, "Smash the windows!" This cry found several echoes and a group of men started jostling toward the exit. They saw the form of a girl with a letter in her hand, struggling to reach the platform. They felt instinctively that some important turn was taking place.

"Wait!" yelled the shrill voice and the nucleus of the moving group halted the rest.

Kromer had tried to save the leader, but Norling's taker found no time to listen to him, and his remonstrance against the arrest of Norling went unheeded. When the uproar was at its highest he saw a figure trying to reach the platform and he recognized Clara Milton.

Feelings of shame, disgust and defiance rushed the

blood up to his head. He lifted the table on which his gavel had hammered in vain, and brought it down with such a force that it broke into pieces.

A murmur of laughter ran through the hall, then once more quiet prevailed. Clara took no time for climbing the stairs on the side of the hall. She was lifted to the platform, gaspingly said a few words to Kromer and handed him the letter.

The crowd knew that the news concerned them all and waited breathlessly for its announcement.

"Brothers," declared Kromer, after glancing over the letter, "brothers, the wage increase for which we were ready to strike is being offered us and a cordial invitation to present the rest of our demands. Stillmansworth is with us!"

Somebody proposed three cheers for Kromer, which were lustily given and—maybe—no one noticed how he transmitted this appreciation to the girl whose hand he held in thanks for the message—a longer while than mere business would require.

The crowd broke up in groups which started on tours of jubilation. But at least one man in the crowd went off disappointed——

Next morning's papers brought the news that half-a-million-dollars damage was caused overnight by a fire at the Nanglow & Stillmansworth plant.

Also it was reported that on account of the liberality of the firm the threatened labor troubles had been averted.

The fact that thirteen bombs had been discovered in the cellar of the main building was relegated to a "rumor" of the town.

XXIV

LOST AND FOUND

Days, weeks, months, a year passed under the stress of the World War. Cynics claimed it would last at least thirty-one years, because this generation is bound to break all records, including duration of war. Powder City came to regard it as a normal state of affairs. Houses were raised like mushrooms and rents shot up like sky rockets. Schemers went fishing in the troubled waters. Editors boasted of prosperity and ascribed it to the party in control of the government or to the party trying to get in.

All this left Frank, the cobbler, undiscouraged and undismayed. He found an excuse or an explanation for all occurrences, never losing his ideals or lowering his hopes. But one morning the limit of his endurance was reached because of a two-column article in one of the local newspapers.

Under the title, "An American Romance," the article gave a glowing account of felicitations showered, by officials and notables of the town, on Maltea Credolini, whom a European monarch decorated with the "honor and insignia" of nobility.

Surely that was not much for a dreamer of democracy to discount, but, like the proverbial straw that broke the camel's back, it took the cheer out of Frank's disposition.

His thoughts formed a funeral procession to bury his ideals and hopes, living entities whose loss is the saddest bereavement of all; and the more tragic, the stronger and longer they have been cherished.

The very thought he combated all his life ascended in his own mind to a sort of presiding officer that shut off other thoughts with the gloomy declaration: "no use, no use!"

It was a relief for Frank to greet his old friend Kromer whom he had scarcely seen since the memorable experience at Clarendon Hall.

"I haven't seen you for ever so long; what brought you up this way?"

"You are the whole attraction. I just couldn't stand it any longer. How are you and how is business with you? You know we settled, far from here."

"More people come around for my scoldings than ever before, but I guess I will give it up."

"You give up? I can never believe it. Say, what happened that could make you feel blue even for a day?"

"Look at this."

Kromer read the article. His face showed resentment, but at the end he broke out laughing most hilariously.

"Why," inquired Frank, "what are you laughing at? What is the joke?"

"Can't you see it? It is a joke on Thomas who hated, with all his heart, Credolini and yet helped him to 'high social distinction.'"

"Distinction," grumbled the cobbler.

"Well, some people are ashamed of what should be their pride, like work, for instance—and others are proud of what is really disgraceful, like acting the flunkey. Didn't you say that some brains are educated wrong side up?"

"I said so, but that does not explain the joke."

"Yes, it does. You can bet it was Thomas who smuggled the bombs into the cellar and Credolini who discovered them. Now his rich uncle, Maltea Credolini, is made a member of royal knighthood and Giordano Credolini, the sweeper, is among the celebrants of the occasion. This, of course, is another American romance, but I wonder what Thomas thinks about it."

"Thomas! Who would succumb to pebbles quite so small? But look at the quarry—the city itself. Mayor, congressman, postmaster, editor, chief of police, all trying to outdo each other in declaring how proud they are of "Nobility" in America.

"Bubbles! Don't take such stuff seriously. What's the matter with you? Don't you know that it is Credolini's money the politicians have such great respect for?"

"I know. I also know such wealth is not intended for perpetuating, promoting and improving Democratic institutions."

Kromer's face took on a serious look which the cobbler noticed.

Downcast as he felt, Frank did not want to dishearten another. He searched for something else to speak about. Remembering Clara, he asked about her: "How is the little one?"

"Fine, fine!" exclaimed Kromer, in whose mind the picture of Clara was eclipsed by another.

His face grew radiant with joy as he continued: "Fine, I tell you! Best kid on earth! Woke me only six times last night." Then coming nearer and bending close to the cobbler, with intense seriousness

as if to learn the secret of the universe, he asked: "Say, Frank, do other babies smile?"

The cobbler suppressed a laugh. What a naïve question from a man over thirty! He saw the love-light and the wonder in the young father's eyes. In a few seconds, while his hammer tapped slowly, Frank's mind swept around the globe and performed a mathematical calculation:

"Every year seventy million fresh souls come to earth, plus twice as many intellects which discover the world anew, plus infinite time ahead——"

"Yes," Frank answered, his heart grew lighter and his hammer came down in a strong, decisive stroke; "yes, Kromer, all babies do, and they have a right to smile!"

PART TWO

BROAD VIEW

Sonnets on Life, Love and Justice



1

FOR ALL THAT

Count every tremor through the thundr'ous night
 A trembling, rumbling, quaking earth has felt;
 Add all vibrations of the ether-belt
 Through which it speeds in many-motioned flight—
 Add all the pangs and sorrows, grief and fright
 That soulless hearts and heartless souls have dealt,
 Wherever for a moment they have dwelt;
 Then shed upon your total sum the light
 Of simplest common knowledge and behold!
 The law of gravitation as of old,
 With all the fractious elements doth cope.
 And so by law that sways the universe,
 By laws of love and growth that life infers,
 The crest of vision ever must be hope.

2

GRAND RIVER

Within the social state a river flows
 That only few look at with due regard,
 Though, in its water dwells the soul of art
 And, too, the most enchanting glory glows.
 Each drop therein more slow than pearl grows,
 And slower still can current force impart;
 Yet every noble mind its pulsing heart
 Impassioned, glad, into this river throws.
 For where its waves may touch a barren shore
 The countryside is blooming evermore,
 The smiling trees bring fruit in pure delight,
 And grateful flowers' lovely fragrance weld
 In love and gratitude, all those who swelled
 This river grand, the sacred river Right.

3

ANCESTRY

At best the body's life draws but a span
While none can set a limit to the mind.
Who knows of thoughts, how they will wind and wind
Through secret channels, or the open van?
The body may be claimed by clique or clan
Who yet deny the oneness of mankind
But, oh, the soul is ever free to find
Its backward reach as well as prospect-plan.
Keen searchlights of the understanding pierce
Historic mist to gild our pioneers
With filial love; we kiss their wounds and scars
Whom we own sires to our onward climb—
Picked from all ages and from every clime,
We trace our lineage to the shining stars.

4

PROGRESS

Should hope persist when head and heart and hand
For noble efforts made have only scars
To show? But pains, for facing mountain bars
Whose very shadows menacingly stand
To frighten every new advancing band?
What mountain peaks! Their burning lava chars
The boldest and the best to death. Ye stars,
How many tried the cutting through them, and
To blow them off what floods of sighs had flown!
Yet there the mountains stretch along and own
With boasts their crushing weight; but oh, a fringe
Of them is gone! As souls upon them tossed,
Some fragments of the mountain-stretch got lost
And all the rugged barriers sunk an inch.

5

POWER

Once ruin stared where now sweet lustre gleams.
What saved the day? Oh, in some obscure place
A drop of water saved a hidden brace;
One drop of water in the score of streams
That quelled the fire, had turned the beams
Of awful balance from despair to grace;
Brought rose-hued color to the bloodless face,
And in the stead of nightmares, peaceful dreams.
Oh, which drop was it? Which should we adore?
Could it have conquered but for those before?
And can we trace it through the solar light
That must absorb them all? In truth, you see,
Life gives us all an equal chance to be
World-saving atoms in the streams of right.

6

NEWCOMER

He came into a city wondrous, great,
A teeming world where none knew him before,
Arriving poor and from an unknown shore,
Yet he was welcomed with considerate
Attention, dressed in finery ornate;
And though he nearly killed one at the door,
Folks showered on him smiles and love galore;
Then made his coming an affair of state!
A delegation gathered with the aim
To celebrate in joy because he came,
They could not be more pleasing, kinder, nor
Would any glance that festival belie.
Can such reception be inspired by——
Can it be meant for purposes of war?

7

CAUSE OF WAR

Is there a soul so unsophisticated
As not to know the war-cause between nations?—
Producing oil for future conflagrations,
The war, it will rage on to time undated;
Rage till the curse itself becomes abated,
By putting all its agents on short rations,
Exterminating them on first occasions.
Oh, don't you know the horrid group and hoary?
Insane Debasement, False Conceit, Vain Glory,
Wrong Want, Wrung Wealth, in various disguise—
Whoever feeds them with a single thought,
Ingredients for mammoth bombs has wrought,
Who drains their strength deserves a Noble Prize.

8

PLEA TO POSTERITY

Perhaps in search of more vainglorious fame,
Or craving luxuries, or some new play
The lords of war stood up in proud array
And started on their old, ancestral game. . . .
Some nations fall upon the battle plain
And some rejoice in profits come their way;
What Peace-at-any-price must fail to pay,
By war-at-any-rate they would maintain;
Poor common sense succumbs to tribal urge,
The tattooed creatures round their totems surge
Forgetting world ideals. What a fall!
O souls to come, minds of a wiser age,
Think of our days in pity more than rage—
Not all of us are guilty thus, not all. . . .

9

AMERICANISM

From equity asunder, wealth must fag;
Apart from right, a law is not revered;
Except in love the given kiss has erred;
Except for lofty thought behind a flag,
And great ideals, it is but a rag
Of no or false account. O standard, shared
By many bloods! Plead justice, undeterred
By tongues that only for themselves can wag—
The mingling of the races here begun,
Shall yield, in time, a nation better far
Than fancy weaveth in its highest flight.
Meanwhile, we may act leastwise on a par
With common sense; preserving, as we won,
A continent free from the royal blight.

10

NEW-YEAR SPIRIT

On moves in spiral rounds the haltless earth
According law whose mighty cosmic bell
Inaugurates the seasons; when the knell
Of it proclaims another circle's birth,
Hope rises from the slumberous state begirt
With good will that, enthroned for a wee spell,
Would make forever life to be all well;
A boon of strength and joy, of love and mirth.
Good will! Think not its tokens mere pretense,
For even habits grew as will inclined,
The virile power of that subtle sense
May help us, somewhere in the wide expanse
Of untrod virgin space and time, to find
The track of happiness for all mankind.

11

SEX AND PEACE

The countless stars in space their course arrange
To glide each other by; why should, then, not
Bright, thoughtful souls, things lighter than a "watt"
Of sparks, refrain from clashing and revenge?
If action serves well, why curtail its range?
Why fret about sex-jurisdiction, that
Perennial nonsense: Who is fit for what,
On this old earth of never-ceasing change?
Let her who will, rhyme verse or criticise,
And him of such desires set to make
Delicious, most exquisite pies and cake;
For none so crude but likes poetic lies,
And all who rather live on nuts than bake,
Still, dearly love artistic cakes and pies.

12

CALL OF LOVE

Each man and woman nature has ordained
(As compensation for the coarse and rude
In life) to woo and also to be wooed
Through that grand symphony wherein contained
Hearts thrill, exalt; wherein most finely strained
Sweet melodies raise the enraptured mood
So humblest men know highest beatitude
That ever on this planet can be gained.
Oh, downcast souls, to whom the universe
Is like the empty jingling of a verse
Without a purpose, and to whom out of
Heart's tenderness the world seems all amiss,
Who can't respect the social edifice
Because of what it lacks,—just fall in love.

13

LIGHT OF LOVE

Just fall in love! Upon the first faint spell
Of it, in some one corner of the mind
Appears a tiny little light outlined
In rosy hue; as thoughts upon it dwell
The light communicates from cell to cell,
Their radiations crossing, intertwined
Become a sun the like which never shined
Before. How paint its wonder work, how tell?
Each blessed day a burst of dazzling grace
Radiant glory brings, at last a blaze
Of perfect happiness without alloy—
And ever after, with time-mellowed rays,
It shows a thousand billion wondrous ways
To grow and pluck and offer fruits of joy.

14

TEST OF LOVE

'Tis not with lustre in his sparkling eyes,
With crimson roses glowing on her cheeks
That heart to heart its inmost message speaks.
But bring to mind when beaten, amidst cries
Of "shame," he falls; or see her as she lies
Sick, haggard; helpless through long, weary weeks;
And, if impulse to soothe more urgent seeks
Than ever-trembling passion's voice tries
To plead its longings—if such be the thrall
That one would shoulder any task at all
To take the hurt out of the other's plight
Then, then, the priceless jewel had been found
That pen and palette vainly try to mount
So as to show forth all its charming light.

15

THE SONNET

A surge of feeling, then a flash of thought,
Then keen desire, a compelling start
To shed the light-rays which in one's own heart
Shone kindly and had satisfaction wrought.
Then come the battles, sternly all, hard-fought,
With difficulties towering high, a part
To overcome which is the joy of art.
A little sonnet should be deftly fraught
With much good sense and yet be cutely clear,
What you hold high you also must make dear,
Where you would follow, lead. . . . A sonnet may
Cost only minutes or some wakeful nights,
But all through measures and through fancy's flights
It bears a message which it must convey.

16

HER TEMPTATION

"No, no!" she said, a thousand times again,
Repelling each sinister dark attack;
Not out of primal strength, not for the lack
Of burning heart desire to attain
The red-hued joys, the want of which like pain
Consumes the flesh; but wise to what is back
Of them she held her own esteem, alack,
Against great odds that poured on her like rain. . . .
"For," said she, "if I heed not virtue's call
Not only do I bring on my own fall,
But drag with me down to the nether flood
Where all the demons of the past do drill,
The social structure—fair as human will—
To raise which all the martyrs shed their blood."

17

HIS TEMPTATION

"No, no," he said, and, oh, it was so hard
With all his soul and all his heart afire,
With all his sinews craving for a lyre
That would be heard throughout the world of art!
What tragedy for a true born bard
To live on mute, become a gray-haired sire,
Whose children sow the wind or reap the fire. . . .
He would not heed the orders of the mart!—
"For," said he, "if I leastwise taint my song
To all who ever hear it I do wrong.
To die unknown is better than a wedge
In fame with truth a-bleeding; to withhold
Or screen our light is cheating young and old
Of that which is the world's due heritage."

18

SHAKESPEARE

Let one more pilgrim place the laurel wreath
Upon your memory. Unlike the sun,
Your light shines undiminished on and on;
Unlike the king's the sword that you unsheathe
Is blade for all. 'Tis life you wisely breathe.
Unlike the prophets' lines that they had spun
Around the aftermath, your words have teeth!
You flourish truth for its own gracious sake.
Immortal master soul, sweet bard, oh take
The thanks of all who have no day to rue
Because your music swelled the flowing years,
Because your song was ringing in our ears
And your advice: to thine own self be true.

19

BABEL OF DOCTRINES

As if the many tongues of varied lands
Were insufficient mankind to confuse,
Diverging groups divergent doctrines choose—
Some search the scriptures and show forth commands
Of God, while others find in rocks and plants
Most clearly stated laws of living, whose
Requirement their summaries produce;
To others yet, all things but Karma hands.
Some by the holy prophet Mahomet
And some by Ingersoll will swear, and yet—
And yet their hearts be of the selfsame font
Their souls alike intolerant, morose.
Forsooth, there are but two divisions, those
Who mean well and do right and those who don't.

20

POLYGLOT PHILOSOPHY

Like music instruments, just so the tongue
Has thousand means the selfsame thing to tell.
As station's gong and highest steeple's bell
Proclaim but time, just so the short and long
Of languages and creeds is but the Song
Of Life. Each tongue and theory will dwell
Within and round about the same old well
Of joy and grief, of human right and wrong.
What will eradicate discordant notes,
May be decided by the wit and votes
Of future generations. In the temples
Of tongues and creeds, though, there is room and call
For action which is understood by all—
For following and setting good examples.

21

BLAME

Society lays tons upon the back
Of human weakness which can hardly stand
The weight of one small pinch of simple sand.
Still worse, some individuals, alack,
Break often down before a real attack
Is made upon them by the heavy hand
Of bleak adversity. Some Voices blend
In shrilly concert steadily to whack
One or the other; still the lure of gold
Leads some their souls the better to unfold,
While merely thoughts of frost make others slip.
Who is at fault, the person or the grip
Of laws? The ones who cry, or those who laugh?
Perhaps both are at fault, just half and half.

22

CASTE

Oh, how particles love to feel of main
Importance! Why, a shining spoke of brass
Within the wheel may boast of its "high class"
And view the axle grease with proud disdain.
A tiny talent or an extra grain
Of knowledge often will assume most crass
Superior airs. Most units in the mass
A "better-than-thou" attitude maintain,
And thus promote the wide-felt social chill
That makes the ice of prejudice to fill
The hearts of men so they can't understand
Each other. Much we spend for nothing gained.
Our poor world will be rich when it attained
A platform on which all can proudly stand.

23

HOPE

Most loyal friend! All over hill and glen
(Though faith in justice scarcely has a chance),
What glory shines forth from your countenance!
When old savants wept, systems tumbled; when
The very gods have failed in saving men,
You stood by us, and we in preference
To reason's gloom sought refuge in your trance.
We change your appellation when it ran
Its course, and dress you in the neatest fine
New cloaks that fact and fancy in combine
Can well produce. As for the future, let
The cannons belch their worst and storms still frown,
The star of mankind will not crumble down,
For hope is with us, hope is with us yet!

24

INDEPENDENCE

The world is full of ailing, sickly men;
Physicians of the body serve us,—well,
Sometimes at least—when driven by a spell
Of pain to doctors' or the surgeons' den.
Yet, one who needs them not, a specimen
Of robust health, *they* praise the most. They tell
Us all about the art of keeping well.
But shepherds of the soul, with word and pen,
With threats of Hell and bribes of Paradise
Would force their potions into all men's eyes.
Alas, too many need support to see
Their ways through life, why deprecate the mind
That by itself a well-lit road can find
And walk thereon as upright as can be?

25

RELIGION

If pure and undefiled religion means
In mind-lit lives' economy a part
That throbbing ceaselessly through brain and heart
From joy improves, from vicissitude but gleans
The granules of perfection. If to try,
A constant effort for a better start,
A wiser method and a truer art
Is evidence of right belief, then I
Exalt it above all, and pray—I do;
My prayers are to men and women who
Compose the world to make of it a place
Wherein the fold of faith shall grow and roll
Until, ennobled, every human soul
Shall fit the structure of a perfect race.

26

IMMORTALITY

Some may affirm and others may deny—
Meanwhile the souls that truly consecrate
Themselves to living right accentuate
Life everlasting. Clear as clearest sky
Are these plain facts: that in what men create
The souls of all the world are incarnate;
That as we go and as the æons fly
Good must be nurtured, evil must be fought.
So sure a soul for mankind's good has wrought
So certain it will prosper and live on!
On every milepost, in each guiding sign
There may be seen and felt a soul-design
Made glorious through countless friendships won.

27

WISDOM

One starlit eve a cherub of creation
Appeared before the dreamer of his day,
And pleaded: "Come, on wings of thought away
To live in other, far-off constellations;
Where you can suit yourself with size of rations
With color of the sun, with length of day,
With moons as many as you care to say—
Just think of it!—Amidst congenial nations."
I love my kind—"Then stay here with the rest
And mix your must-be-so with try-for-best,"
The vision said, then vanished into air;
Its message, though, of duty and of hoping
Sheds kindly light where darkness was and groping—
Kind vision, please, go visit everywhere.

28

THE LAST DISCOUNT

Death stood perplexed before a man of steel
Who faced the grinning terror undismayed;
Through sheer surprise, it loosed its grip and bade
The beating heart its secret to reveal:
"In fear of me uncounted millions kneel,
The thought of me cuts like a sharpened blade.
What hast thou found, or else, what hast thou paid,
Thus lightly to regard my fatal deal?"
"Both found and paid—I paid in daily round
For goods received, with willing heart and hand,
Paid up in honesty without protest;
I found that cheerful paying pays, and found
The Note of Life calls for 'pay on demand'—
To die in fear is dying dishonest."

29

SUCCESS

A moment's joy, a thrill or two, for one
Who reached the top of some fair eminence,
And then, there comes the overpowering sense
Of loneliness; there shines an austere sun
Whose frigid rays remove the carefree fun
Of fellowship. That short-lived happy trance
Is valueless, a beggar's recompense
For lo! The multitude is plodding on
The road of averages; yet stay, oh stay
On high, Success, in garments glittering, gay,
Proclaiming splendor and obscuring pain;
Your glory serves as guidance for the rest,
It leads us all a-traveling, at our best,
And where that we have failed, to try again.

30

ANSWER TO ALL QUERIES

What are the stars for, shining in the sky?
What are the waves for, rolling on the sea?
What are the billion wonders that we see
And vainly try to understand? Ask why
All diamonds are outshined, outglittered by
A pair of eyes? For what Olympic spree
Do flowers bloom in color-ecstasy?
Wherefore blow haltless winds? And what for fly
The questions thickly all around us? Dear,
It all becomes explained, perfectly clear,
When comes the splendid, brightest marvel-morn
That all the universal settings blend
Into a blissful marriage service and
Pure thought weds love to have *ideas* born. . . .

81

FIRST CAUSE

A university of great repute
In metaphysics, took up with new zest
The problem of priorology, lest
So dear a thing become a lost dispute.
The female chicken or her oval fruit,
Which had been first on earth? In skilful quest
Words from their meanings were divorced as best
The doctors can, then remarried to suit.
At last, through arduous toil they unlatched
A verbal wind and syllable-storm, that shook—
Dry mental twigs into doubts' bubbling brook.
But for all that the world moves undismayed;
When we want eggs, we simply have them laid,
When we want birds, we have them promptly hatched.

82

TEMPLE OF THOUGHT

With sandals off his feet, his head bent low,
The mosque is entered by the Mussulman;
How should I follow onward in the van
Of masters shedding forth immortal glow?
Through songs that they upon the world bestow
It learns to love the universal plan—
Can it be mine to swell their music's span,
Or add a note unto its soothing flow?
What sacred privilege to serve the muse!
If but for passing momentary use,
Can it be mine to help the sound waves roll?
Oh, master singers of the great world's choice,
My only claim is that whate'er my voice
It swells and quivers from my heart and soul.

33

WANTS OF LIFE

Plain food and shelter, daily common wit
To laugh; some friends to cherish and respect;
A self-reliant, well-fed intellect
With self-directive, self-propelling grit;
A world to love, or any part of it,
Outside of self; sufficient human tact
To pass the multitude with good effect;
And luck to leave our pathway better lit. . . .
All these belong within a rounded life
Of utmost pleasure with the least of strife;
But we may lack some, yes, lack all the rest
But one—that lifts life's barge across the shoals—
The one of love—love saturated souls
Though pricked and torn, remain amongst the blest.

34

HUMAN TAX

Thy soul feels right, thy days flow fairly well,
Unscorched by burning passion to attain;
Thou hast no grievance, not an ache nor pain;
Yet in those eyes of thine the tear-glands swell,
Thy throat is choking in attempt to tell
Of thorny, poison shrubs which thou wouldst fain
Destroy, sweep clear from off the world's *terrain*
To save its bloom from flames of man-made hell.
Smooth is the road thou dost traverse, a more
Inviting entrance than thy cottage door
Earth cannot hold; and yet pain, suffering's dart
From near and far, from north, south, east and west
Cuts through thy bosom in resultful quest
Of salty dew-drops—just because thou art!

85

THE WAR AND AFTER

"This, too, will pass away," and surely this
Huge sacrifice upon the battle plain,
The martyred, fallen hosts (betrayed and slain
By civilization's grim Judas-kiss).
And years of terror can't be all amiss.
Our agonies, our anguish and our pain
Shall not all have been offered up in vain,
But must be part of one great edifice
Commemorating, where we traveled on
The road of evolution, what we won.
How grand the building! From its top unfurled
A mighty symbol floats (which all must love
For what it cost and means) a banner of
The Free United Countries of the World.

86

ADVANCE

Now, when the earth is steeped in crimson gore,
And haunting hatreds weary minds enmesh;
When battle-fields are strewn with dead afresh
Each day, and always someone cries: "Encore!"
Now, when each half-healed, half-hid ancient sore
Is stabbed anew to newly bleed the flesh;
When brotherhood seems gone forever more—
Now is it time to cast the blessed seed
Of love in spite of hate; of neutral deed
In spite of world devouring tribal sway.
Most diligently sow the golden grain,
For it and it alone can ever gain
The peace of humankind in freedom's way.

87

KINDNESS OF THE STORM

Would you behold a drama of supreme
Arrangement and superb magnificence?
Observe the storm clouds in their most intense
Sky-riding rôle. How terrible they seem
As through the darkness, lightnings zigzag gleam.
Flash after flash glares forth efflorescence,
The thunders' rumblings hither roll and hence,
While through the air-shafts winding wind-blows
scream.

All earth vibrates in trembling atmosphere,
Light, motion, sound in one tumultuous sea
Converge, yet you may view it without fear,
This weather-show, for by its own decree
You can't be struck by lightning that you see,
Nor hurt by crashing thunder that you hear.

88

THANKSGIVING

No day can spend its rays without we think,
And thinking see the wondrous social hoard,
From Nature's storehouse taken to afford
Our nightly rest, our daily food and drink.
We see the savants forging wisdom's link,
The martyrs who had fallen in accord
With laws of risk, the heroes whom the horde
Of countless insects cannot cause to shrink.
We see the workers all, the multitude
Whose head and hand art and invention blent—
Of course our hearts go out in gratitude,
But can such tender pay for muscles spent,
For aching backs, sore joints, anxious care?
My plea to labor is: I do my share!

39

FAME—WHAT FOR?

Of all the glittering, glistening stayless gauze,
Of all the bubbles ever windward blown
To burst when but a moment they have flown,
Fame is achievement's least substantial cause.
Look at the celebrated rose, it was
A charming flower before its name had grown
A talisman of beauty. Songs well known
Had melody before they had applause.
And after all what is this phantom Fame?
Mere knowledge of a label or a name
By few or more, with more or less regard;
One common pansy blooming in the mass
Is lost only to those who heedless pass—
The loom of merit weaves its own reward!

40

SONG OF THE LIBRARY

A million books—some long unused had lain,
Some damp of print—changed into one great band
Of singing voices, sounding sweet and grand;
The highest thrills, as well as chords most plain.
Enchanting rose and set the choir's strain
Of music. I could clearly understand
The burden of the song, through every blend
This was the "leitmotif," the tuneful main:
"Work for the hands, for eyes and ears some art;
Some time for rest and leisure for a stroll;
The proper food for body, just the kind
It thrives upon; wit, wisdom for the mind;
An object of devotion for the heart
And noble aspirations for the soul."

41

WHAT IS TRUTH?

The never-ceasing search for truth in face
Of obstacles that tightly shut the light
Of knowledge from the world, is a most bright,
The finest, surest token of high grace
Bestowed by nature on the human race.
But what is truth? Alas, how many fight
For "it" before they solve the query right;
Yet truth is clear as clearest sunlit space!—
Just as regarding earth's *one* sun, *one* moon,
No disputations mar agreements' boon,
So concord can be had in all respects—
And this the key to Truth's resplendent prize:
That mental concepts tally, harmonize
In every way with known external facts.

42

WORK AND ART

Art beautiful glanced at a wealthless heir
To labor's lot and made him captive. Chide
Him as she might, he would not leave her side.
Once stopping her he said: "Oh, lady fair,
Who could deny your graces? Yet I dare
To stigmatize your ostentatious pride!
But for false flirts that by your leave abide,
We might revel through life a wedded pair."
He pressed his suit with longing, force and fire—
"Here," whispered Art, "accept this shining lyre
And see what true devotion to me is."
Thence slaved he hours stolen with a will
From play and rest, yet prospered—on the thrill
That ever goes with lover's stolen kiss.

43

LITERATURE

The doors of Art, forever wide agape,
Drew in a couple through its Author's Day;
One could write well but had not much to say,
The other's burning thoughts could scarce escape
For lack of skill to mark the rolling tape
On which the symbols of expression play;
Yet both felt bound to fetch from mortal clay
Immortal sense in most enduring shape.
Inside the gate both faltered: how proceed?
How fit ambition's wings to weights of deed?
Should they themselves or passersby beguile?
They argued much though seeing all the while
That words live by the thought that they have freed—
The work of liberation being "style."

44

TRAGEDY OF GREED

This is no subtle speculation-wrought
Conception of what may a man befall,
But just a sob for one who gave up all
For nothing in exchange, the while he thought
To have the best and greatest bargain bought—
Enamored by a whim's alluring call
He lost his hearing for mind-music's thrall,
Compassion-flowers' fragrance vainly sought
His sense of smell; and then he lost the field
Of joys that kind considerateness yield;
At last the lustrous vision left his eyes
With sense of justice gone—and oh, this fake
Devitalized existence he would take
As being mankind's rightful Paradise!

45

PENALTY OF INGRATITUDE

The ingrate, too, deserves compassion; deal
Not mercilessly with him; he is blind;
The thrilling glance of thanks can't reach his mind
And good-will's warm look he cannot feel.
His sightless eyes cannot behold the real
Resplendent lustre shining from out kind
Relation, nor yet see its good, nor find
In savants' pearly sweat their souls' appeal.
For him no grandeur glows in sun-filled space,
To him the diamond is uncrystalline,
He cannot notice in the very wine
He daily drinks its brilliant sparkling grace.
Through lack of sense his gait is mischief bent.
Such life! It is its own worst punishment.

46

WISDOM COME

The narrow spirit of old bygone days
Let loose by some, is trying every way
To re-establish its terrible sway
Through horrid sacrificial murder plays. . . .
How human beings frail the mode conveys
Of said reversions to crude types! Oh, say,
Will savage feeling conquer now for aye?
Will hymns of hate replace love's roundelays? . . .
Oh, no! The wise are with us still, their station
Withstands all shock, they know not grudge nor
pride,
They feel at home wherever they reside,
They contemplate the world as one grand nation.
Yes, truth is with us still and so betide
The earth shall witness Wisdom's coronation.

47

NEO-PATRIOTISM

Oh, how I love my own, my native land!
Beneath its multi-colored rolling sky
Grand panoramas ever onward ply
And lights and shadows gloriously blend,
Change hastens change; as by a magic wand
Bloom after bloom evolves to greet the sky;
Great ships of fact move on, and fancies fly
As far as mind can see or comprehend.
In every nook there heaves a sturdy breast
For what it found, through hard travail, for best;
Or found for truth on its eternal probe. . . .
While all together beat on as in rhyme
To immolate and render more sublime
My own, my native land—this round wide globe.

48

WELL-BEING

A thought occurred to me that, I well know,
But few or none can credit with the sign
Of truth, albeit by its sturdy twine
I feel my heart is being held in tow.
It is the thought that should none stand below
But rather all above my state, more fine
More strong, more wise . . . what further joys
were mine,
How much more gratitude my heart would owe.
Let men be famous in positions high,
Let all be great and wise amongst whom I
As but the poorest simpleton may dwell;
Let them have jeweled homes, gold shift on shift—
Oh, how their fortune would enhance the gift
I own—which doth suffice, for I am well!

49

DESTINY OF EVIL

Yes, Evil lives but what a cheerless life!
It cannot see the beauty in the well
Of truth, nor sweetest friendship's fragrance smell,
Nor feel the glow of righteousness in strife.
It never can taste joys of freedom rife;
It has no ears for charming tunes that swell
The soul to sacred heights where just men dwell.
Its only sense is touch, that of a knife.
With this it cuts what it may edgewise reach,
Moved by this single sense more dull with each
New contact stupid (sometimes though it teach).
In aimless fashion on a zigzag route
It staggers, tumbles and must knock about
Until its every cursed limb wears out.

50

A REQUEST

If aught in all of what I write or say
Will add a penny's weight to public weal,
Let not through birth-chance kindred people steal
The credit for it—in the usual way—
To justify a narrow tribal sway.
As from the world's work and by its appeal
I lived and learned of the Righteous Deal,
So it is all the world I would repay—
Untrammelled, in the spheres of thought and feeling,
The children of my brain shall be appealing
To every one below the vaulted sky
For Equity, and as in advocating
This soul-deep, world-wide, age-old undertaking
My songs had birth, so let them live or die.

PART THREE

OMARIA

**An Appreciation of the Rubaiyat, Their Author
Omar Khayyam and His Translators**

***Read before the Mosaic Club of Bridgeport, Conn.,
February, 1, 1916***



OMARIA

The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam constitutes one of the many bright stars illuminating the intellectual heavens of mankind. Round about our planet, in the physical world, wonderful light-shedding bodies were set into space and are steadily gracing it without any effort on our part. But the glowing luminaries of knowledge and wisdom are created by human endeavor and they require intelligent human effort to keep them and their glories shining before the pilgrims of the earth.

Amongst these pilgrims there always have been lovers of beauty, truth and right, who managed to utilize and preserve the great beacon lights in the skies of understanding. Now a wildly raging war-craze causes destruction, sorrow, disgrace on a scale unknown in the annals of the past; but in spite of it all the march of civilization must go on. New grudges may be hatched, hatreds intensified, vain-glory increased, but all that cannot blight the least of the heavenly bodies; nor can "all the misbelieving and black Horde of Fears and Sorrows that infest" our world, eclipse the light-giving principles contained in our literary firmament which is supported and enriched by studying its lovable stars.

As a spectroscope reflects the composition of a star in definite lines; so we may consider Omar Khay-

yam in several aspects. Firstly, as a man of his day and community; then, as a citizen of history; thirdly, in regard to matters moral and intellectual; and lastly, yet most important, as a factor in mankind's spiritual world. The first aspect gives a key with which to unlock the rest; the second helps us to realize their social value. As to the intellectual and spiritual aspects, some consider them identical; however, there is a difference, or at least a line of distinction may be drawn between the two. One may possess a great deal of information and at the same time be a soulless creature. Intellectuality, it would seem, consists of the materials and process of thinking, whereas the product of that process, crystallized into the basis of disposition, constitutes the soul, or the spiritual part of mind.

Before proceeding to apply the spectroscope, that is, before presenting the star in hand or author under consideration, along the lines indicated, it is necessary to give a little attention to matters of translation.

The Rubaiyat would still rest on the dusty shelves of Persian obscurity but for the magic touch of one, Edward Fitzgerald, its first English translator. To reproduce an artistically-formed composition in another language is splendid work, but Fitzgerald accomplished more. He reproduced the spirit of the old master. Literary translations often have very little value. I know of a most precious gem of comparatively modern literature turned by translators into a dull common-place trinket. Why should that be so? Presumably because many translators translate a given piece of work in response to somebody's

order, or to fill the requirement of the literary markets. Yet, it is evident that translatory work so begotten cannot be of higher order than original production born of the same motive.

In translations of true worth ideas and feelings must be actually reincarnated, words and similes must take on their original importance and intensity. The translator's heart must melt into his lines just as the author's had; and the strong impulse, the desire to impart those thoughts and feelings to other minds and hearts must be felt as passionately as when they surged through the brain and heart of the one who gave them first expression. In Edward Fitzgerald (who is to Omar what Columbus and Americus combined were to America), all the requirements of the ideal translator have most fortunately met.

Years before he even knew of Omar Khayyam, or leastwise long before the Persian attracted Fitzgerald's attention, he published a collection of wise sayings that foreshow most of the sentiments met with in the Rubaiyat. For instance, a quotation in the book, from Feltman, reads:

"The top feather of a plume began to give himself airs and toss his head and look down contemptuously on his fellows, but one of them said, 'Peace! we are all of us but feathers.'"

A quatrain puts it thus:

For I remember stopping by the way
To watch a potter thumping his wet clay
And with its all-obliterated Tongue
It murmur'd—"Gently, Brother, gently, pray!"

A quotation from Jeremiah Markland has this bit of wisdom:

" . . . The other trouble is not so easily set aside, but it has the comfort of necessity and must be borne whether you will or not, which with the wise man is the same as choice."

The same idea may be recognized in its oriental setting:

Some for the Glories of this World; and some
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;
Ah, take the cash and let the Credit go. . . .

Yet one more quotation which is given as a German anecdote:

"Two boys were playing at chess. A knight was broken so they put a pawn to serve in his stead.

"Ha," cried the knight to the pawn, "whence come you, Sir Snail-pace?"

But the boy said to him, "Peace! he does the same service as you."

This idea is cast in a quatrain which reads:

And fear not lest Existence closing your
Account and mine, will know the like no more
The Eternal Saki from that Bowl has pour'd
Millions of bubbles, like us and will pour.

The entire Fitzgerald rendition of the Rubaiyat can best be characterized by a quotation contained in the preface to the Wise Sayings. There Sir Philip Sidney states the case fully and truly. "The

poet," he said: "not only does show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way as will entice any man to enter into it. Nay, he doth, as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at the very first give you a cluster of grapes, that full of that taste you may long to pass further."

However, the beautiful composition at its birth received a very poor reception, or rather none at all. Most editors consider new grapes sour grapes. . . . This is no misfortune because, knowing that, writers can on that account persevere in their work and hope. The recognition of the world cannot bring all to the surface, but theirs is the satisfaction that goes with creative art and they surely benefit the world by not spending thought and time in ways even more objectionable than writing poetry that nobody wants to print.

So Fitzgerald kept on working at his task. A score of quatrains sent to the *Calcutta Magazine*, were not printed, not even acknowledged; still he continued the good work and when the number of the quatrains had increased to about seventy, he published them anonymously at his own expense. Ten years elapsed before the work received notice in a most unexpected and romantic manner. But that is another story. Suffice it to say that the little book of verses found no favor with friends and no buyers at the counter. So he made a present of the entire edition (numbering about two hundred) to the bookseller, under whose imprimature it was printed. The books were thrown into the "penny basket" and from that lowly position Fitzgerald's work winged its way to the center of the world's intellectual horizon.

However, that rendition of the Rubaiyat is by no means exhaustive. In my own case, after the first reading of the book I had only discovered that the quatrains were worth pondering over and that their author well deserves to become acquainted with. So I took the volume of "World's Best Literature," containing my subject and quotations contained therein, from E. H. Whinfield, were the charming postulates that filled me with love and enthusiasm for the Rubaiyat and the master soul that conceived them. The Whinfield version, comprising 269 quatrains, permits us to gain a wider view of Omar Khayyam's liberal way of thinking. Still, the Rubaiyat remains tantalizing. Having entered the vineyard and consumed the cluster of grapes received at the opening of the gate, there remains the taste that makes one long to pass further. In search of more Omaric grapejuice one can turn to Justin McCarthy, who translated 466 quatrains into beautiful animated English prose. There is a large scattering of other translations, but I need to mention here only two of them.

One is Monsieur J. B. Nicolas, who, in conjunction with Hassan Ali Khan, made an excellent French rendition of the Rubaiyat. This work was published in 1867 (the year I was born, and so I may consider it my birthday present). The work of Nicolas was consulted by most of the translators, since that time, including McCarthy. Of course, this circumstance does not detract from the value of the several renditions whatsoever. Fitzgerald gave Omar Khayyam's Rubaiyat a magnificent introduction and all

others join to give it a most hearty and popular welcome.

Another very effective translator is the German Friedrich Bodenstedt, who took over, mixed in verse and prose, 467 quatrains. These he put into ten divisions, as follows:

1. The Deity of the Poet. 2. The God of the Koran (Turkish bible) and his Prophet. 3. Appearance and Substance. 4. The Limits of Knowledge. 5. Fate and Liberty. 6. Springtime and Love. 7. The Poet and his Opponents. 8. World and Life. 9. The Poet and his Goblet. 10. Mixed Quatrains. In the original there is no such division, the quatrains being merely placed in the A, B, C order of their endings. So any arrangement must be the arbitrary work of the editor or translator. The Fitzgerald rendition, aptly described as "A Mosaic," is the most popular and most taking because of its artistic perfection and rounded philosophy. However, for purposes of study and general reading a sensible English grouping of all the quatrains seems desirable. Such a work along the lines of Bodenstedt, or on some other plan that a scholar might devise, would make a valuable addition to Omaric Literature.

I now come to consider Omar Khayyam as a man of his day and community. Authorities differ in regard to the poet's everyday life. Literary authorities are apt to discredit each other, even as political authorities including czars, kings, and emperors do nowadays. But the clash of the penwielders unlike that of the wielders of the sword, need cause the shedding of smiles only. The poet might have

been a brilliant student and later on a favorite protégé of his erstwhile schoolmate, who rose to the exalted position of Grand Vizier, Nizam Ulk Mulk; or he may have been an humble artisan, a tentmaker by tradé, whose very obscurity served as a shield while moulding bold ideas into lovely, exquisite verse. I incline to the latter view, perhaps, because the subconscious mind is disposed to find in Omar a sort of colleague as the conscious mind found him a mental affinity.

True, he was a great astronomer in his day, but this need not remove him from the circle of workers. I know of some mechanics, right in this city, who are perfectly qualified and may yet help to improve on the present reckoning of time even as Omar helped to improve the Almanac of his day.

The name Khayyam signifies tentmaker, and in one quatrain there is a playful reference to that trade:

Khayyàm who stitched the tents of science
Has fallen in grief's furnace and been suddenly burned.
The shears of fate have cut the tent ropes of his life
And the broker of hopes has sold him for nothing.

But, then, what difference does it make anyhow? Whether he sprung from a high or a low estate our inheritance from the author remains just the same. Our concern is only to remember that he lived some eight hundred years ago, in the far-away Persian city of Naishapur, when the wars of the Crusade darkened the paths of the world. Europe was a vast battlefield then, as at present, perhaps worse in that the generation was more ferocious and all the sacrifice, murder, pillage and massacre was done in the name of religion! . . . The book of "Wise Say-

ings" already quoted from, contains a bit of verse quite appropriate:

War begets Poverty—Poverty begets Peace—
Peace begets Riches—Fate will not cease—
Riches beget Pride—Pride is War's ground—
War begets Poverty—And so the world goes round.

Omar protested against the whole round of that system, yes, even against the management thereof. Siding with humanity, he gave vent to pathos, sarcasm, and argument that to this day pierces, thrills and enlightens the compassionate heart. It is chiefly as a protestant, not in a denominational, but in the general sense of the word, that he spent his breath. Some of the quatrains sound harsh and feel rough to a degree, but one may feel certain they were directed against intolerance and bigotry.

"Blame not the drunkards you who wine eschew;
Had I but grace I would abstain like you.
And mark me, vaunting zealot, you commit
A hundredfold worse sins than drunkards do.

"Why, be this Juice the growth of God, who dare
Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a Snare?
A blessing we should use it, should we not?
And if a curse—why, Who set it there?

"These fools by dint of ignorance most crass
Think they in wisdom all mankind surpass
And glibly do they damn as infidel
Whoever is not like themselves—an ass.

"Why, All the saints and sages who discussed
Of the two Worlds so wisely—they are thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth; their words to scorn
Are scattered, and their Mouths are stopt with dust."

The quatrains just quoted are two from Whinfield and two from Fitzgerald; a few more in prose from the French of Nicolas well translated into English by James W. Scott will show, perhaps, even more poignantly the sentiments expressed:

"From time to time my heart is ill at ease, within its narrow cage. It is a shame to be a thing of earth and water. I have had a mind to destroy this prison, but then my foot would have stumbled against the law of the Koran.

"Thou hast filled us with an ungovernable passion, which is as a law unto us, and thou hast forbidden us to yield to it. Wherefor man staggers between the law of his nature and the command of his God,—like one bidden to reverse the cup without spilling the contents.

"Of a truth I drink wine, and whoever looks to the very heart of things, knows that this is of small moment in the sight of God. God foresaw through all time that I should drink wine, and did I not, predestination were a sorry farce."

"Thou hast encircled us with two hundred snares, yet Thou sayest, if ye but place the foot therein, death shall be your portion. Thou layest the snares thyself and whoever falls therein, him dost Thou curse, him dost Thou slay and call rebellious!"

But one more Fitzgerald pearl of this kind:

"Oh Thou who man of baser Earth didst make,
And ev'n with Paradise devise the Snake:
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blackened—Man's forgiveness give—and take."

"And take." These two words or their meaning cannot be found in the original, nor in any translation but Fitzgerald's. Notwithstanding that the

sense is truly Omaric, for no matter how much he rebelled against people's conceptions, he would not carry a grudge against men. Life is far too short to be put to such a use. Says he:

"Ah, my beloved, fill the cup that clears
TO-DAY of past Regrets and Future Fears;
To-morrow!—Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterdays Sev'n thousand Years.

"For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his Vintage rolling Time hath pressed
Have drunk their cup a round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.

"Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend
Before we too into the Dust descend."

Well, Omar Khayyam was most certainly rebellious. He had, as can be seen, good and sufficient reason to be so, but that does not make it much easier to swim against the current of opinion held by the masses. People, as a rule, do not like a change excepting in their wearing apparel—and that only if it is started by someone high in authority. Omar had no special reverence for the powers that were; in fact, he never ceased to remind them of their origin. Sometimes with a sob, at other times with a laugh, but he always delivered his jibs in a fashion that struck home.

Save to congenial friends and advanced thinkers, Omar must have been a disturbing element in his day. Had Roosevelt lived at that time, Omar could not have escaped from being classed as an "undesirable citizen." But, somehow, the pioneer spirit finds

sustenance in its own approbation. So Omar kept on, throughout his long life, protesting and inveighing against conventions and conceptions that seemed silly to him. Most, if not all his quatrains, were composed in opposition to the then-prevailing thought. What a thankless job it must have been! But the poet kept at it and, still, his soul, like that of John Brown, is marching on. In his day and generation Omar was considered a dangerous heretic. Among the majority of his co-nationals he is still considered a heretic, if not quite so dangerous, but rather a celebrity of whom they feel proud. Somehow or other the accusation has lost its terrible aspect. Especially hereabouts it is losing its nails and claws at an astonishing speed.

But recently a lecturer of the Y. M. C. A., Dr. Frank Crane, stated: "What this country needs is heretics, and plenty of them." Dear old Omar, by himself, made up for a whole regiment! Also it is interesting to note that Edward Fitzgerald, long before he took to translating the Rubaiyat, signed himself (in a letter to Fanny Kemble) as "your ancient heretic." Now their work is fairly respectable, and is ranked with the foremost classics of the world's poetry.

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A young friend of mine was asked to define what is poetry. He answered: "Speech is sometimes defined as loud thinking; I will say that poetry is loud feeling." This is surely a good definition, for without feeling there can be no poetical expression, and unless couched in language colored loud enough, it would never attract much notice. But, like

most of such short definitions, it fails to give a complete idea of what it would disclose. (Most babies indulge in loud feeling, and when they do so especially at 2 A.M., I dare say, the effect is not exactly sweet and charming.)

Poetry, then, to waken with delight must be more than loud feeling. It must partake of high thinking, broad understanding and deep love. In these Persian quatrains—love, disgust, praise, blame, charity, ex-coriation, hope, disappointment, faith, doubt, enthusiasm, resignation—the whole gamut of human feelings, are registered with supreme brilliancy. Yet, the best part of them, their crowning glory, is the steadfast liberal, one might say liberation principles pervading most everyone of the quatrains.

A man's standard ought to be judged not only by what he does, but also by what he endeavors to accomplish. Social life is continuous. Conditions of to-day are the results of past activities, reaching back to the very beginnings of human consciousness. Whether he will or no, each person must take part in shaping the course of history. Many people do not realize this and are content to be mere ciphers; but even so they give strength to those who hold principles and so cut a figure by themselves. Omar Khayyam, though he was ever so humble, rose to be a majestic figure. His Rubaiyat is not only a treasure of art but also a storehouse of ideas.

Radical and revolutionary as these quatrains really are, one must not expect to find in them solutions for each and every problem of our days. Omar lived eight hundred long years ago. He did not read the report of the Congressional Committee on Indus-

trial Relations, nor did he hear suffrage debates and the like. Most of the quatrains, though, deal with the eternal verities. We all can learn from them and enjoy them without denying ourselves the inspirational sources of other genii or disregarding the vital forces of present actual life.

I found it so by experience. Swayed by the truth and beauty found in the several English, German, and French translations of the Rubaiyat, I felt impelled to cast them in yet another language. After translating (or rather Fitzgerald style transposing) more than three hundred quatrains (with the rhythm and measure still in my mind), I felt that not half had been said that I would like the world to know. So I proceeded to compose quatrains of my own—this time in English—and formed three hundred more before I could stop . . . *

Important as it is to remember in regard to the Rubaiyat the "when" of its birth, consideration of geographical matters is still more necessary. The Omaric admonition to "drink wine" is repeated in so many variations; the fluid is praised in such glowing colors, so braggardly, many times in such an excessive manner, that some readers become disgusted with the entire Rubaiyat, while others, clinging to the beauty and truth of them, apply the well-known—alas, often abused—expediency of giving to words a different meaning from what they are generally understood to be.

Just remember that Omar lived and wrought in the Persian city Naishapur, amongst fanatical followers of Mahomet whose most conspicuous tenet

* See Humane Humanity, page 145.

was a taboo on wine. A devout believer might abuse, not one wife, but a hundred of them and commit a hundred other iniquities without bringing on himself the wrath of Allah. . . . He may drink strong black coffee to excess without reprobation, but wine, every drop of it is supposed to be a channel to perdition. It is something like pork to the orthodox Jew, who will sit mourning in sackcloth and ashes if he finds out that his son ate as much as a slice of bacon. Some Jewish fellows remonstrated against this conception by feasting in front of a restaurant just opposite a synagogue on a fast day and the result was a riot in New York some few years ago. So it may have been with Omar. The fact that he lived to an extreme old age is perfect proof that he could not have been as intemperate as some of the quatrains make it appear. Omar hugs the tavern and parades in the vineyard for purposes of demonstration, while continually raising his goblet as a challenge to and defiance of superstition and bigotry.

Omar Khayyam not only protested against wrong but he also glorified the right; he not only argued against false conceptions or what seemed to him false, but he also promulgated a workable constructive philosophy in accordance with justice or what seemed to him so. This strain runs through the whole Rubaiyat. It is his vote in history, a vote cast for the Simple Life with Love and Liberty. The most beautiful gems in the Rubaiyat were wrought by emotions of this order. Yes, each life is a vote in history one way or another, each book is a record of the vote or votes cast, and this is what Omar's Rubaiyat stands for:

"Let him rejoice who has a loaf of bread,
A little nest wherein to lay his head
Is slave to none and no man slaves for him—
In truth his lot is wondrous well bestead.

"Sooner with half a loaf contented be
And water from a broken crock like me,
Than lord it over one poor fellow man
Or to another bow the vassal knee.

"A book of verses underneath the Bough,
A jug of Wine, a Loaf of bread and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow."

"We are lost in love to-day . . . Sundered from our
very being we shall touch the eternal throne to-day."

"I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely head."

One can imagine these thoughts and sentiments, after being fashioned into song by the old master, propagating themselves, growing stronger and stronger, traveling on and on over fields and valleys, crossing rivers and mountains; then, perhaps in the heart of an English dissenter, shipping over the broad expanse of the Atlantic being transplanted in new soil, prospering in new minds, and coming to fruition in the immortal exclamation: "Give me liberty or give me death!" Yes, each life is a vote in the course of history. Omar Khayyam voted as a compassionate humanitarian. A student of his quatrains must feel glad and proud that such sentiments were cherished, by a person trodding a far

corner of the earth, in the midst of what is called the Dark Ages.

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What was the wellspring of this Persian author's sentiments? What was the basic source of his songs? What was the kernel of his philosophy? His was not a case of embracing a doctrine, but the reaching out for a first-hand system of thought. His conclusions prove to be the epitomes of most of the modern cults; yes, and a great, great deal more.

Philosophies are much like languages; they really can be translated from one into the other. Just as each language has superior beauties for the friendly student, so each philosophy offers sublime altitudes for reverent souls. I dare to say, for it can be demonstrated, that the sum and substance of all philosophies mean simply this: *Do your best, hope much and fear nothing!* In Omar's expression those thoughts shine forth in a charm of his own:

"As then the Tulip for her morning sup
Of Heavenly Vintage from the soil looks up
Do you devoutly do the like—"

"So when that Angel of the darker Drink
At last shall find you by the river brink
And, offering his Cup, invite your Soul
Forth your Lips to quaff—you shall not shrink."

For doctrinal controversies Omar had little or no use. The revelations of Mahomet, like many another bible before and after, had been reduced to a few meaningless formalities and a sorry excuse for doc-

tors to disagree on and make a living by. . . . He cut loose from them all in his bold and brilliant style:

"Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door where in I went."

"And lately by the Tavern Door agape
Came shining through the Dusk an Angel Shape
Bearing a Vessel on his shoulder; and
He bid me taste of it; and 'twas the Grape!"

"The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The Two-and-Seventy jarring sects confute. . . ."

"Nay, but for terror of his wrathful face
I swear *I will not call* injustice grace;
Not one good fellow of the tavern but
Would kick so poor a coward from his place."

Once again, remember the Rubaiyat was written eight hundred years ago among Mohammedans who considered everybody but themselves a "gyaur" or a dog of an infidel. They urged their soldiers into war by the promise that every man fallen in battle is by his death entitled to the glories of heaven, which includes a mansion with branches of well-laden fruit trees growing in through the windows and with any number of perfect concubines for every Mussulmanic gentleman. They had attained to power by the most brutal use of the sword, their fanaticism knew no bounds and their theological notions blocked the way of social progress. Omar hurled shafts of resentment, reason and ridicule against the blockading

dogmas of all ruthlessly ruling supernatural conceptions:

"Oh threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise,
One thing at least is certain—*This Life flies*,
One thing is certain and the rest is Lies;
The Flower that once has blown for ever dies.

"Why if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
Were't not a Shame—were't not a Shame for him
In this clay carcass crippled to abide?

"If but the Wine—and Love—abjuring Band
Are in the Prophets Paradise to stand,
Alack, I doubt the Prophet's Paradise
Were empty as the hollow of one's Hand.

People whose religion is the concentrated essence of Love, Hope, Charity and Good Works and who pray to a poetical personification of them can hardly realize the benumbing force, and crushing weight of the primitive anthropomorphic ideas. Nor need one try to do so. It is sufficient to remember that words do not always cover the same meaning. After Dante lived, Hell was a juster place in mankind's contemplation than before. The word kept on softening, being diluted until with some it has all but lost its edge. Pastor Russel and his Bible Students declare that the word derived from "Sheol" means simply oblivion, while Ralph Waldo Thrine, Christian Scientist or New Thought Apostle, claims the word to come from the old English *Hellen*, meaning "wall" and shutting or walling off good and pleasant thoughts from our minds is all there is to Hell! Ac-

according to undenominational science a life's influence continues even if life itself ceases. Evil has to be fought and diminished, the good must be nurtured and enlarged by society; thus, the better a life had been lived the longer and stronger it continues in the totality of things. . . . Omar did not deprecate these charitable conceptions of the Hereafter. He fought the gross demoralizing, bloodthirsty conception of it. Keeping this in view even the most orthodox can safely and with pleasure navigate the ocean of ideas contained in the Rubaiyat; yes, and without misgiving approach the place where the sounding is deepest, the waves roll highest and the white foam of breaking billows cause wonderment and awe. This is the realm of the spiritual, the very center of it, the conception of the Ultimate.

"I sent my soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that after-life to spell
And by and by my soul return'd to me
And answered 'I myself am Heav'n and Hell.'"

"Heaven but the vision of fulfill'd desire,
And Hell the shadow of a Soul on fire,
Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves
So late emerged from, shall so soon expire."

"With Earth's first Clay they did the Last Man knead
And there of the Last Harvest sowed the Seed;
And the first Morning of Creation wrote
What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read."

On account of these and similar quatrains Omar Khayyam may be claimed by any of the modern schools of thought and he is claimed by many. How-

ever, these conclusions are but metaphysical and may be found fault with one way or the other. The quintessence of spirituality is the moral disposition of the mind. It is that whereby old Omar shines as a star of first magnitude. He never claimed title to saintship nor could the laurels of perfection be accorded to him as a matter of right. The fact of life's close and the pathos of it caused him to bemoan the universal arrangement oftener and with more bitterness than his otherwise sound philosophy would justify. But, then, the wars of the Crusades were devastating the Earth and he was human, intensely so. And his morality too is of the same order.

"The Vine had struck a fibre: which about
If clings my being—let the Dervish flout;
Of my base metal may be filed a key
That shall unlock the Door he howls without."

"Though drink is wrong take care with whom you drink
And who you are that drink and what you drink
And drink at will, for these three points observed
Who but the very wise can ever drink?"

"And this I know: whether the one true light
Kindle to love or wreath-consume me quite,
One flash of It within the Tavern caught
Better than in the temple lost outright.

"Though Khayyam strings no pearls of righteous deeds
Nor roots from out his soul sin's noisome weeds
Yet will he not despair of heavenly grace
Seeing that one for two he never misreads."

Quoting from Omar Khayyam is like plucking flowers for an occasion, the specimen or bouquet

may be most beautiful, yet it cannot bring to the vision all the glories of the garden. His speculations tally with the known facts of nature, his moods, even his saddest moods, are experienced by all whose hearts are rent by sorrow, his regard for justice is supreme, his gift of expression unsurpassed, and so we possess in the Rubaiyat precious nuggets of literature that become more valuable with each additional achievement in the world of human understanding.

As yet the name of Omar Khayyam is not as widely known as for the good of mankind it should be; but his work has been added to the staff of mental food in circles of an intellectual nature. Just as bread can be had at every grocer's so the Rubaiyat can be had in every book or department store. Ever since the Fitzgerald rendition was discovered and its beauties proclaimed by a group of London artists, the quatrains have steadily gained in popularity. By this time more than a hundred publishers have brought out the work in one shape or other. One of the publications attained twenty-five editions and some like the Department Store edition must have been printed in considerable quantities.

Of course, the mere spreading of a literary work does not vouch for its worth. Innumerable books are turned out with no other than grossly commercial intentions. Some influential professors openly condone such motive and justify the sinking of minds to almost any level that will fetch a handsome monetary return. "People want to be amused," say these Professors, "give them what they require (in their stupidity). If you help to make them more so

and prolong that state of mind, why should you care? Omar Khayyam is of a different mould. The Rubaiyat was not written nor translated for what is called a market, but when in due course of time the work had taken its rightful place, this was not confined to a small corner of the earth, or a creed or a nationality to serve for an hour or a day; but truly like a star it shone for all and for years without number. And just as the stars of heaven shine brightest for those who study them so the Rubaiyat is made the most of by students and philosophers.

What makes it so?

The question is not difficult to answer and it is an answer on which all commentators and all biographers in the case agree. The one thing that more than all other attributes makes Omar the darling of students is the fact that his quatrains really constitute a **CHARTER OF FREEDOM FOR THINKING**. . . . The book, from cover to cover, is a protest against the tyranny of dogmatic opinion. Many others have done likewise only to set up a dogma of their own. Not so with Omar, he can never be made the shibboleth of a cult. He has no dogma to offer unless the idea, to make the most of life in our keeping, may be called by that name.

But even so he does not try to scare anyone into being good; rather he sets to work showing the unmitigable folly of being otherwise. As he demanded freedom for others to break away from established rules, so he permitted himself to express different opinions at different periods of his long life. It is not necessary to look for contradictions in the

Rubaiyat. They can be found without much seeking.

Yet Omar never forsakes his cardinal contention: that of the individual's right to do his own thinking; and through all his changing moods, the poet philosopher never considers mankind unworthy of his love and care.

He was persecuted and he suffered like almost every innovator, but instead of complaining he just fought the harder, sprinkling the tabooed wine in the face of his enemies while singing the glories of life, love and liberty. In fact, Omar's every quatrain pulsates with love for mankind. Most sensible to their limitations, he would nevertheless have people rise as high as ever they can. He had no special praise for his own nationality or special blame for others. Like a hewer of stone he hammered away on time-honored incrustations of sham formalities, to make an opening wedge for tolerance to enter and for wisdom to pass on. Omar had the proverbial wisdom of the owl, that can see in the dark, coupled with the enchanting voice of the mocking bird that exultingly greets the rising sun. But whether he appears as a merciless Iconoclast thrashing, slashing, smashing the impotent idols of credulous dupes; or tries, with his brilliant wit and biting sarcasm to expose the false brow of shameless hypocrisy—arguing, teaching, weeping, laughing—in every sob, in every sound there throbs the deepest love for the world of a sorely tried humanity. While crying out against their follies or wrongs he embraced his fellowmen with a sympathy as broad as that of any human breast.

Some there are who proclaim that intellectual

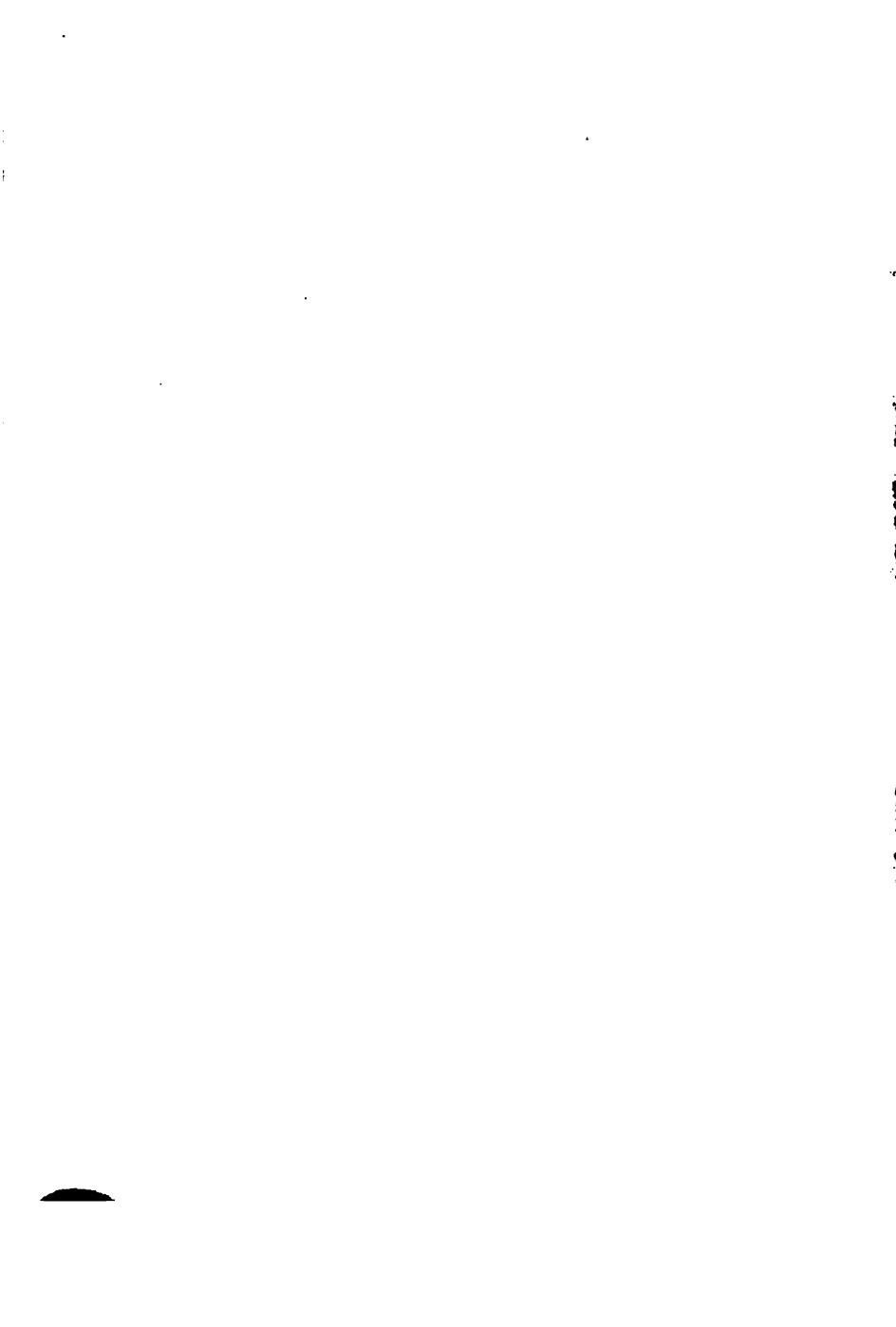
growth had its beginning yesterday, with Lamartine, Darwin, Haeckel and the rest; others claim that it ended with some one prophet ages ago. Similar contentions must have been rife in the times of Omar who flays both schools of thought. He ridiculed conceit no less than petrification. Valiantly he fought for the rights of men to disavow tenets they no longer believed in and rained condemnation on hypocrites and hypocrisy alike. He rebelled unceasingly against worshipping powers that mock at the miseries of the Earth, and never wearied showing the futility of railing against the unchangeable laws of nature. He combated fear by offering in its place knowledge, wisdom and self-reliance.

To eradicate envy and despair from the human heart he sang of the wonderful values of tune, color and perfume and challenged the world to *show anything better in heaven than is love on Earth!*

Omar Khayyam was born to be a pioneer, a teacher, and a healer of mankind, and his Rubaiyat, nearly a thousand quatrains, continues to be all of that.

Attempting to condense the message of the great soul, met with throughout the Rubaiyat, into a single quatrain I will say:

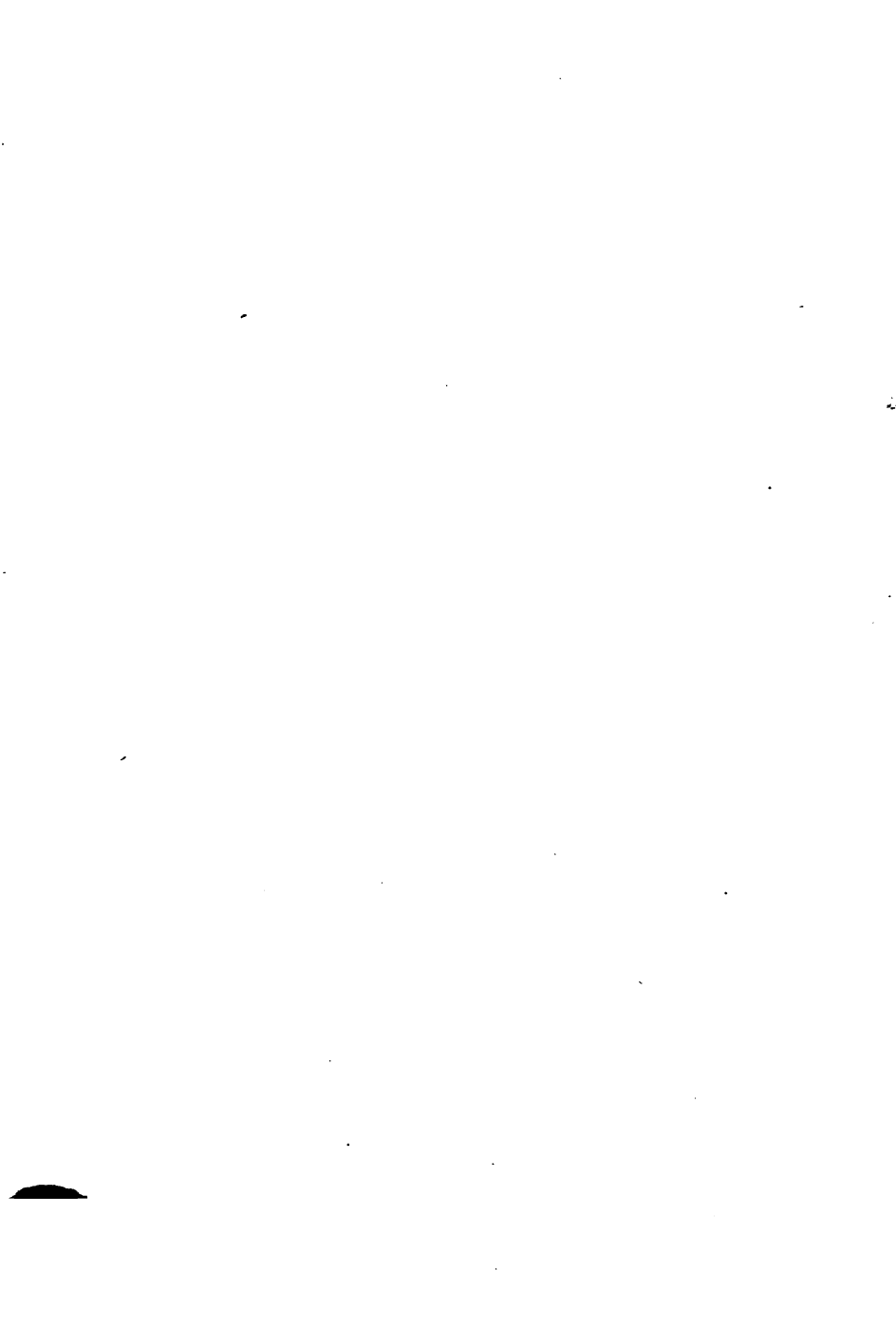
Short? forsooth, but glorious is the day
And yours—somewhat—to do with as you may
The angry Fates ensnared Eternal Time,
Oh, make your minutes count—kind, just, and gay.



PART FOUR

HUMANE HUMANITY

Quatrains in the style of Omar Khayyam



HUMANE HUMANITY

I

FIELDS AND WOODS

1

Bright glows the sky above the verdure green;
A thousand years ago it must have been
As now; by souls akin a thousand years
From now, the grass and sky thus will be seen.

2

Each little flower around the country's side
Adds beauty to the landscape; meadows wide
Green from each sunbeam; nor can traceless flow
A human soul athwart the human tide.

3

True must we deem you, heavens; it is fair
To know your laws; and knowing, not despair
In Winter's blasts, but work, and hope, and wait
For Summer's pleasant, sweet balsamic air.

4

As rays shine from above, so from below
Green foliage grows, to crown the landscape's glow,
O Fate, how many look and cannot see!
O Fate, how many see and may not know!

5

A farmer, ruddy cheeked, with eyes aglow,
His tiny saplings planted row by row;
He saw the beauty, drank the fragrance rare
And felt the shade that future trees will throw.

6

Declared his fairy 'midst their flowers bright;
This home, so sweet, we gained by labor's right;
Yet gladly yield I quarter, half or more,
If thereby all could know a home's delight.

7

And gazing up, with heaven's door ajar,
They saw a-twinkling some familiar star;
They knew its substance—knew that it is law
To have it glitter in the distance far.

8

With yonder stars we are partakers in
Volcanoes vast that now and then begin
To shed their lava forth—with sun and moon—
All Nature's elements to man are kin.

9

Each branch, each twig, each tiny leaf we see
Draws on the roots and makes a stronger tree.
The Tree Humane, to decorate the world,
Forever grows still grander and more free.

10

The seasons come and go in circles round,
Each has its ache, in blessings all abound;
Days will grow shorter and the year decline,
But humankind is rising round by round.

11

What if the winter chills? A charming strain
Of music fills the air, its sweet refrain
Reverberates on snow-clad hills and dales:
Earth is revolving, Spring will come again.

12

One fine October morn I and she
Whose love sustains my pen, we went to see
Our friends, the woodland pastures, to partake
Of their delightful, gay autumnal glee.

13

We wandered to the wooded land with sense
Athirst for color and the eloquence
Of rustling leaves, that spread before our view
And came upon—a close-knit wire fence.

14

Unlike the story-creatures made to act
In quick succession, leaving truth and fact
To Fate, the living mind must also find
Some time to cogitate—or should reflect.

15

Barbed wire drawn across bog, hedge, and ridge,
Enclosing wilderness; and roadway ditch;
That is the fruit of biased, false conceit,
Such is the nature of all privilege.

16

We left a cup the early part of Spring
Among the boughs near by the water's ring,
And Fall could tell of scores of cooling draughts
That woodmen's wisely selfish habits bring.

17

We crossed the fence, with torn clothes but fit
For bold adventure; climbed a rock whose pit
Held a large snake; we killed the reptile, sure,
But have no medal to display for it.

18

Beyond the rock in numerous shady grooves
Some insects held convention; wondrous moves
Of intellectuality! They knew
That kindred care for kindred well behooves.

19

One nice fat cricket sang: oh, it is blest
Of every chance to make the most and best;
To nibble and to nip what grows along
Without regard at all—to all the rest.

20

"Hum, hum," replied the busy honey bee;
"Yours is a very short-lived jubilee.
A hive, though wrongly governed makes us all
As happy as—as we know how to be.

21

O poet! Sing the glory of the morn,
Of birds and woods, of nightingales forlorn,
The dewdrop's glitter, ripples of the brook;
But let not man out of your songs be torn.

22

It may be lawful verse or verse in prose—
If but the inner meaning will disclose
True aims of life, call it by any name
Just so the plant of Progress be the rose.

23

Field's glory, flowers are. What a disgrace
With turf the stand and booth to interlace;
Instead of growing flowers, fruit and vines,
It better pays to run some silly race!

24

Now let your eyes upon the lakelet pause
And watch a bubble move; aimless, because
A larger bubble, once upon a time,
Reflecting glory, its ancestor was.

25

Out on the highway knowing but unknown
We asked a farmer "Is this place your own?"
He shook his head, a tear ran down his cheeks:
"It was—it was foreclosed by telephone."

26

One of the farmers, diligently halfed
The bark for bough, according to his craft;
An auto-car flew by and thus it whizzed:
"Go to the city, there you learn how to graft."

27

Along the road and swiftly moving train
So many want and wait and pray for grain—
So many fields lack workers' hands and brain,
What evil spirit works against the twain?

28

Whoever owns the goblet on the plate;
Yourself, a friend, the banker or the state;
Drink heartily, the savor laughs within
To heal and charm, and heart recuperate.

29

The story started with the planet's mould
And will go on into the endless fold;
We think and act to fill a page or two
And may as well the joys of life uphold.

80

Our Sun is yet aglow with fiery youth;
And even though not all is perfect, smooth;
Lift up the goblet cheerfully. Behold!
Dear Father Time is cutting wisdom's tooth.

II

DIALOGUES

81

What ails the world? To find out, I and She
Whose love sustains my pen, we watched to see
And hear the problems of the passerby—
Observe them all and note their repartee.

82

Youth asked of age: "Would you exchange tenures?"
To check conceit the elder wit assures:
"Nay, not at all; the years of whitened hair
I lived, are mine; but are you sure of yours?"

83

"What shall I do?" a sage was asked, "This purse
I found and now my soul diversely spurs."
"Do right, you have my blessing and your praise;
Do wrong, you have my pity and your curse."

84

"Look at the stream of people rushing by,
Each has a little special view in eye——"
—"Yet can they all at common ground arrive."
"Can they?"—" 'Can' is merely tracing 'try'."

85

"May I not scale the top in life's brief span?
Or must I drop the lowest of the clan?"
—"Nor this nor that. Just live upon a plan
That lets you meet as equals—man with man."

86

"Placed on the hill by settlers of the town
And my best efforts; now, with earnest frown
You urge me to descend"—"The plains are broad
And better far to go than to fall down."

87

"Do people live on Mars? This quib about
Star-gazers want a fight-to-finish bout."
—"But what's the hurry, friends? Wait till you can
Fly to its sphere and tranquilly find out."

88

"Here is one man who lets the days of waste
Brought on by slack time, pass on without haste
To let loose sore complaints."—"Why so?" "Be-
cause
With undertakers it would be bad taste——"

89

A lady displeased with her feather small,
Exclaimed upon her neighbor's plumage tall;
Her fellow hung his head in shame and said:
"I see—the other having none at all."

40

"At last, the ancient cruel foe has come
To cease its blighting sway. Elysium
May ours be." —"How so?" "Ah, to raise the
dead,
On came the dollar lady medium."

41

"A leaky ceiling—we in ruin sat,
My comfort gone, in tears my Margaret."
—"Sad, very sad, Why not demand redress?
You know the keeper of the upper flat."

42

"Come, have a glass, why not be cheerful, friend?
I caused your wages rise by ten per cent."
—"So was my daily task, by union dues
And, too, the landlord raised my monthly rent."

43

The merchant railed at master of the loan:
"You live on blood—on blood but not your own!"
—"Why, man of profit, say, where is the line
Of difference betwixt fortunes, full-grown?"

44

A "loanshark" and a cobbler had an inch
Of argument; the latter didn't flinch:—
"My work is for my good and others' weal,
But yours gives you no pleasure and does pinch!"

45

Crime dressed in silks—by honest Labor fed—
Stood at the bar with proud uplifted head;
A friendly judge declared: "I see no wrong."
"Nor right" cried Reason and to safety fled.

46

"Wherefor be wise amongst a lot of fools?
Why be a sheep amongst devouring wolves?"
—"So, one should not become their prototype,
So, one should not promote their cruel schools."

47

"Of foes and enemies you never lack—"
—"Dear man, you can meet smiling their attack;
Reserve your strength and, too, your bitterest tears
For friends that are—to stab you in your back."

48

"If vile deceit can be so strong and bold
That fangs of it will pierce through friendship's fold,
What is the use of living?" —"Oh, you child!
Who is at fault if you take dross for gold?"

49

"My duty done twice o'er, 'tis rather tough
To stand from you reproach, rude blame's rebuff."
"Oh, pshaw!" replied the twin of self-esteem,
"I did but little—you not half enough."

50

"Wherefor is Sorrow cutting life in half?"
Thus Sorrow answered in its own behalf:
"Let this, O men, your consolation be,
Who never suffered cannot wisely laugh."

51

"But why must woe to all so oft appear?
Of aching souls the sigh, of hearts the tear,
Why cuts it so? What purpose has it all?"
—"To drive us on unto a higher sphere."

52

"Oh, sea of woe! A curse upon the land
That starves the poor!"—"Nay, rather let your hand
Increase the scanty rations while your words
And all your deeds for higher justice stand."

53

"Oh, yes, they talk and shout and gesture on
Till for themselves some fine positions won
And then forget about their former plaints—"
—"And do you like the 'sight' of such a one?"

54

"Which is your church? The one with steeple tall,
Or in some back saloon?"—"Mine has no wall—
There hope is faith; to wrong is Sin; and deeds
Pay dues—I'm member in the Church of All."

55

"Suppose, the Earth to-night came to an end,
How would you use the day? Would you not bend
Your energies to bettering accounts?"
"If I could do so 't were too late to mend. . . ."

56

"And how about life's riddle?"—" 'Tis not small,
We should not if we could reveal it all;
The quest of truth and wisdom is the way
Of worthy souls themselves to disenthral."

57

"Please, tell us now—we do not mean offence,
Who did you get your wisdom from and whence?"
—"By dint of toilsome study, some by chance,
But most of it through dear experience."

58

"Why walk down grade, my brother dear, I pray,
On drink and smoke and gambling go astray?"
—"Because the snare caught me, and you have failed
To show the secrets of your better way."

59

"Precious friend! Just listen to plain talk;
You go ahead upon the line of chalk
I drew, that surely takes you far and high."
Alas! The man was crusht, he could not walk.

60

"Oh, yes, Millennium—when will it appear?"
—"When gain to one will be the other's cheer,
When all the preaching of each man sincere,
Then every thirst shall have its wine—or beer."

III

CITY CORNER

61

A bracing thought or two, an hour's rest,
Then on we go in unrelenting quest
Of bitter sweet, bright, sparkling City wine
From knowledge and through understanding prest.

62

Oh, city full of whim and wealth and wine
And wonderment, how dazzling—brilliant, shine
In white-electric, window, street and sign!
How else, though, actors fare, the stage looks fine.

63

To Eiffel Tower from the cabins plain,
From crawling wheels to flying aeroplane,
From hieroglyphs to moving-picture show,
From stone ax to the corporated brain!

64

As yet this wonder-studded brilliant reign
Has not abolished that old curse of Cain—
For one man's wealth may be another's loss
And one man's woe may be another's gain.

65

But wizards are at work to bring along
The fearless hope, the tearless, sobless song;
The wrongless right, the hateless, acheless heart,
The greedless soul *en fin* the stingless tongue.

66

We stood at crossing, Copper Street and Gold,
The moving panorama to behold;
And as we glanced at every passerby,
The visions each a different story told.

67

There passed a little woman, poor but smart,
With children four, she bravely bore her part.
One passed whose jewels showed the vacant mind—
And one whose face betrayed a bleeding heart.

68

One woman slipped, some few rushed to her aid,
But one mean fellow—an inveterate
"Man about town"—could not suppress a laugh;
Perhaps he was the devil incarnate.

69

A man passed by, grave visaged, old and bent,
Though barely half a lifetime he had spent.
Upon his head the wrongs of all the world—
Because to be a slave he was *content*.

70

An artist and an actor went to mart
For jewels—which brought rancor to their heart.
However, do not blame the muses fair,
Give art to life and life will give to art.

71

There were precocious boys; ambition's light
Upon them early shone. We asked a wight:
"What is your goal? What would you like to be?"
He said: "I want to be a parasite."

72

A venerable beggar passing, meant,
Perhaps, to advertise the city's cant—
Queer, is it not, a city full of pomp
Should exhibit a ragged mendicant?

73

A hush came on; upon a golden tier
The tallest Sultan with his grand vizier
Arrived in state and jeweled silks galore;
But, one thing greater was than they—their fear.

74

A heavy, strong-built fellow—drunken sot—
Struck down a slender youth. Right off, a knot
Of people gathered, on impulse they held
The brute and almost lynched him on the spot.

75

One in the crowd, with cunning as his strength,
Some scores into the yoke of failure sent.
None struck the brute of mind, nay, him they placed
Upon a pedestal—Such a monument!

76

We saw a race in which the lame and blind,
The young and strong, the vicious and the kind
All entered for the stake. Oh, such a race
Was never run excepting by mankind!

77

“On! on!” urged some (they claimed in Truth’s
behalf);
“Pull on, push on, that billion and a half
Prize may be gained by each and every one.”
Had they urged horses, there’d have been a laugh.

78

Are you of curios fond? Please, come this way,
Observe the man with fifty thousand pay—
Suavely preaching morals unto men
Who needs must live on fifty cents a day.

79

A group engaged on setting matters square,
For one great sudden uprising declare:
“To-morrow sure!” And so for thirty years,
The selfsame fellows have been preaching there.

80

Of all our ills, this is the saddest tome,
That some will claim the only road to Rome,
Year after year, and all the while around
A shadow pivot vainly circling roam.

81

And there are authors, authors who have found
A host of friends by knowing how to sound
A sentence sweetly to the multitude—
Their talent selling on the market ground:

82

“What would you have—a songlet? Sad or gay?
A martyr’s dirge? A call to daily fray?
A Christian hymn? A Brahmanistic ode?
We’ll praise or panegyryze Hell!—for pay.”

83

And some of these are literary men
With “swollen” heads who really think they can
Regard themselves above the common plane
Because their livelihood is in their pen. . . .

84

For us to know the music of the spheres
Some must be lending it their list’ning ears.
But, why forget that life’s sustenance calls
Out on the field for labor, sweat and tears?

85

And in between the passing show we saw
A lot of men their clinking sabers draw.
Theirs is the force for either good or bad,
Whatever *makes them will* that is the law.

86

A multitude looked on with pride and joy.
The gathering cheered each marching soldier boy.
Why don’t bands play when men march forth upon
Creative mission as when to destroy?

87

What is the motive power, or what kinds
Of imps urge men into opposing grinds?
This much is certain, that the rights of all
Men must be fought out in the war of minds.

88

Within some buildings of majestic state
The fangs of wilderness ingratiate
Red cravings of blind thirst. Good cities will
Be built by men who are considerate.

89

Cheer up, discouraged one, you and your wife
Go fill the goblet; aye, for all the strife
That tears the world to shreds, drink to this truth:
Most precious and most grand is human life.

90

For in a small room, off a dingy hall,
Joy reigns supreme, it lights the very wall,
And power, jewels, fame seem merest dross.
What happened? Just a baby's birth—that's all.

IV

- WITHIN THE HUB

91

With patience trained, with gusto exquisite
We searched to know the "Wherefore?" "What-is-
it?"
Of things confusing and our quest led on
Into a Hall with walls most queerly slit—

92

Oh, what a Hall! Seclusion, quiet peace;
Here come the great to set their minds at ease,
Here come the small their secret wealth to hide
And all are guarded by the whole police.

93

Vaults to the left, to right, above, below;
In peace and symmetry. This order, though,
Is but appearance, for the vaults engage
In keenest cunning, war-like grip and blow.

94

Here is the ring within the stocky hub
That turns the wheel with deafening hubbub
A-causing clash and friction in the world—
From here most surely emanates the “rub.”

95

Indeed, here is the Rub; mysterious ways
Begin and end upon the sundry trays
Within those vaults. Their fierce tumultuous scenes
Can well be viewed—by use of Roentgen Rays.

96

How could we enter? Lucky we have been
To light the famous lamp of Aladdin
And now we bid the vaulted spirits speak
Their minds, while we—and you—may “listen in.”

97

Up spake a dwarfy, short-time, conscience-smote,
White-faced and iron-toothed little note:
“Why will a broken jug the cup that takes
A dip from it as crookedness denote?”

98

A prosperous-looking little vault chimed: "Shucks!
Go drop your net for quickly yielding stocks;
Then can you feast on fancy fowl without
The farmer knowing whereto went his ducks."

99

"The river 'Tribute' flows upon demand
Of those possessing or controlling land;
And sell it, slice it, deed it, still 'tis yours
If on it you but keep the upper hand."

100

"I made distinction once 'twixt prize and pelf
But poorness palled on me. Oh, for an elf
To shift the golden pointer this way! When
My Funds are low, I just despise myself!"

101

"I say: 'each for himself', you keep your sores,
I know how to manipulate the scores
Of business, so I put a sturdy chain
Around the country—'tis a chain of stores."

102

One cried, "Hurrah, for competition's prize,
What if it makes some advertise their lies?
What if some weaklings fall along the way?
I have the strength, why not the right to rise?"

103

"For some of us it may be best to fix
Attention on the old communal tricks;
Perchance, for gold we need not go and dig
Down in the mine, but up in politics."

104

Soliloquized a vault with conscience numb:
"I'm tired meals to gather crumb by crumb:
Some strike it blind, what if I hit a-foul?
There's none to ask: 'whom did you take it from?'"

105

And yet another vault spake: "In this here
Most densely dark and stuffy atmosphere
Why make distinction?" Then and there began
A murder-plot sensation of the year.

106

In one division reddish glimmer palled.
Compared to it the murder-hatching vault
Was like an angel of sweet charity,
Or, like a saint without a single fault.

107

The octopus way: "Hold head, loosen ends
To place their cups on all without amends."
A small faint voice ventured to inquire:
"But what about the other fellow, friends?"

108

"Who uttered that? Who is it here that whines?
Men enter, daily, danger-laden mines
For pittance small, and shall we stop because
The big account in lesser glory shines?"

109

"Hands off the trusts, pound-foolish, penny-wise!
All scattered efforts tend to organize,
And here a fellow to the manor born
May start on top and never cease to rise."

110

The faint voice said: "Suppose we throw the door
Wide open, call this place a common store;
Invite the light and set the spread for all."
The answer was a screaming laughter's roar.

111

"No, no!" one cried, "my want for more endures;
I do not care to spend in bogs and moors
My life. 'Tis either or! I risk my wealth"—
A neighbor whispered: "Oh, but is it yours?"

112

A sonorous talker with majestic, bold
Mien, declared the golden rule of old:
"It is as true now as it ever was—
Yours is what you can take and you can hold."

113

"The cards are dealt, true, it is our game;
But who of us would care to take the blame
For all the wrongs a new deal might provoke?
So let us each play on with steady aim."

114

"For why permit a brain-cell's sickly chill
Refuse, when offered, wine your jugs to fill?
Why should the ailment of a neighbor's house
Invade your home and make your household ill?"

115

"If skies were naught but smiling, and the air
But ozone held, and each one acted fair;
If wish and will flew with the selfsame wings,
What would be left for virtue to declare?"

116

"It is a sacrilegious act to reach
Out for such vicious principle as 'Each
For all and all for each.' If that were lived
What would be left for ministers to preach?"

117

"Spend not your days a-dreaming, Lo, the creed
Of hope for justice pleads in vain; indeed,
It keeps your wine-jugs dry. . . . Safe is and sane
A red-blood drawing, guilt-edged mortgage deed!"

118

"Rent has its rigors, ventures have their wing.
To live beyond the zone of failure's sting
In ease and comfort flattered like a king;
A good, strong, well-secured bond is the thing."

119

"Bonds! Bonds! Ha, ha! Bonds, give us Bonds!"
Each section of the vaulted hall responds,
The pledge for others' earnings is the bulk
Of tainted fortunes and of saintly funds—.

120

But suddenly, by cramping silence, sized
They all kept still, with heart's-fear paralyzed;
A shadow of a banner flitted by—
A banner which they all had left unpriced.

V

AT A BANQUET

121

Why be a miser, human soul divine?
The trees are full of flowers fragrant, fine;
Why be content with crumbs—to give or take?
Yon goblet brimful is—pass on the wine.

122

And wine there was in great abundance, where
We found ourselves one eve, an humble pair
Amongst the mighty. 'Twas a conference
And dinner of the great; a grand affair.

123

Of course, we took a back seat from the start
And watched the playing of each separate part.
Together they appeared a picturesque
Fine exhibition of the tailor's art.

124

They all were groomed in taste, and finely shod,
Yet some of them seemed ludicrously odd—
Some quickly took on haughty airs, because
One richer deemed them worthy of a nod.

125

And one would most solicitously ask
About the other's health while his real task
Was to ensnare unguarded confidence.
But, then the false smile met a smiling mask.

126

Their ladies too were present, neck and head
And wrist bejeweled, elegantly clad,
(Bare neck and arms, short skirts, and waist cut low)
To show the world most everything they had.

127

Some of their sweetest looking rosebuds saw
No wrong in sexual investment. Pshaw!
Investment always seeks the highest rate
And this was not against the White Slave law—

128

It was a lively scene; quite fairly paid
Musicians tuneful compositions played,
While elder diners watched the popping corks
And juniors all in rhythmic motion swayed.

129

Shall we report the menu? It might call
For appetite without a portion's haul.
Strange that the rarest morsels were not fought
About—There was sufficiency for all.

130

As yet there was not time for "Tangoing"
But soloists were called upon to sing,
Then some good church quartet; and then came on
The speakers turn to make the welkin ring.

131

An orator brought forth cheer after cheer.
What did he say? It mattered not. Oh, dear!
He had learned well the public speaker's rule
Always to say what people love to hear.

132

Some of the diners after they had dined,
About the faults of Human Nature whined
Without perceiving that the scarlet veil
Was but their own ill temper well defined.

133

A voice sonorous, with studied grace
Declaimed against the many-tongued, bad race
(Not of his kind) that stirs up discontent—
Would he need stirring in the others' place?

134

Speech after speech went in the guiltless air;
The kind that people painfully prepare
So as to leave no trace, but just as it
Was spoken in a place, expire there.

135

And then a young man rose, his voice clear,
(Somewhat familiar, to us in the rear,
And stronger grown) rang out these sentiments:
"I lift my glass to those who are not here!

136

"Who are not with us—pardon if it smarts—
Because we are not with them in our hearts,
Nor in our pockets, nor yet in our hopes,
Nor view them, but disdaining all their parts.

137

"You love your neighbors? If it be so good
That men be tied with bondings hand and foot,
Seek in your heart the burning hot desire
That bonds and chains on you and yours be put.

188

"If struggle for existence only meant
A struggle without sense, why are you bent
To make your lot secure? You want too much!
How can they be in poverty content?

189

"There is the '*must*', you say, imperial *must*
That up the peaks or down the deep will thrust!
Why, take a standard all could live upon
So can you live not only well but just.

140

"Sweet Human Nature! All this great world's best
Was made by hands through human nature blest,
And here some sneer at it and blame it for
Unhallowed surgings in a spoiled breast.

141

"But if through libels, through the slanders all,
Men's human nature is assigned to fall,
I plead not for it, yet there is a help
A humane nature to redeem us all.

142

"One minute, brothers! Let us just suppose
That imps and fairies human genius knows
Were led and leading for the *common weal*
Could not this world bloom like a perfect rose?

143

"Suppose the fruits of Earth were justly sieved
To one and all, and all the wrongs that grieved
The world were swept into oblivion
Suppose the bread equality achieved.

144

"That weakens not, but hundredfold empowers
To draw out talent's bliss, the glowing showers
Of fine accomplishments. And what can give
More joy in all this universe of ours?"

145

"The weighing scale a balance hold to gain
Tilts up and down, and up and down again;
Must you fall down before your heart sets out
The hold of even justice to attain?"

146

"Breed hate if hate will help somewhat to turn
The Social Wheel, but see in history's urn
The ashes gathered from the sombre hills
Where force of hate a beacon light did burn.

147

"Do you believe a proletarian's ache
Less torturous than yours? Oh, what mistake!
Does he not have his days, his peace of mind,
His faith, his hopes, a heart and soul at stake?"

148

"Our actions all, like unto seeds, prevail.
Would you not rather leave along your trail
A street of flowering trees, an arch of vine
Than that some pilgrim should your life bewail?"

149

"So keep you on your course as you incline,
But watch the road, its forks should not entwine
Your vision, and at parting of the ways
Drink to the right side of the battle-line."

150

All pleading went for naught, like vainly spilled
Red wine; rust-eaten bosoms were not filled
With love for Broad Democracy, but then,
The man who pleaded with them—was not killed!

VI

LADY SHIP

151

Encouraged by the precious tolerance
We saw, permit a modestly free lance
To speak its mind, we essayed to explore
Some further fields or waters—Oh, what chance!

152

There stood a boat, as bright as ever lists
The mood; a double decker. Morning's mists
Had cleared away, and off we sailed
In company with—some lovely feminists.

153

Out on the sea! We gladly mingled here
And freely drank the cheerful atmosphere;
Our eyes we rested on the playing waves,
But kept for moving lips attentive ear.

154

"Yes, we are destined to rule all the lands!"
—"But what about 'Immediate Demands'?"
"A single standard of morality—"
—"That breaks their hearts though it may fill their
hands."

155

"Save your compassion for the living dead
Whom uncurbed passion of the men have led
To nether worlds and dares to keep them there—
"Twould break his heart!" Well, would you split
his head?"

156

"I did not wed a fool, he is no bore—
We did diversely vote, election score
My wisdom proved; but still that very night
He kissed me just as hotly as before."

157

"We traveled three times all the country through
And paid for landscape and for mountain view,—
Yet bear we witness that the best hotel
To live in is a clubhouse built for two."

158

"We were to start at eight the other night,
He came at nine o'clock embarrassed quite,
Just then I donned my hat and made it clear
That after all two wrongs can make one right."

159

"I praise my friends, add to the cook's renown
Appreciate each courteous treatment shown;
I call in plumbers, tailors and the like—
But as to priests, I want to be my own."

160

"The time has come for men to set things square,
We have been all too kind and all too fair.
Let us expose their weakness and their sins"
—"Which is the only thing that they can bear."

161

And would you think! 'Midst all this slur on drones
By women folks exploring all the zones
Of present, past and future, one soul dared
To cast a challenge: "Oh, lady Solons!

162

"Why such a furious onslaught of the new
Against the old!—But such is fate's review. . . .
Still, it would take you many thousand years
To do to man what men have done to you.

163

"So, say not in your sanctimonious whim
You would do this or that; it staggers him.
He drinks—If you were he he would be you,
And fill the goblet to the very brim.

164

"Why must you evolute like men, so prone
To transfer blame, to cast the guilty-stone?
How is to come the Rule of Justice, say,
And who shall be that holy kingdom's queen?

165

"No woman lives but is of man a part.
No male has grown but with a female's heart.
And most of us would strenuously protest
A patent writ that could the sexes part.

166

"Some speak of Free Love. Could there ever be
A loving thought that was not pure and free?
But those who seek to dodge the Great Account
With savage fingers strangle Liberty.

167

"Do roses bloom just in the selfsame mode
North, South and East, in free and glass abode?
Is each strength equal, each blood even red?—
There may be some Elastic in a Code.

168

"Into some thousand other souls our thread
Of life we weave. 'Tis clear that as we had
Of kindness given so is blest our weave,
And lasting as we unto Justice add.

169

"Sweet glows the truth, and soon the little gust
Your right resentment raised will lay the dust
Fierce gallop of wild years had left behind—
Of equal woman comes the woman just.

170

"No master ever would or could love his
Poor slave, whose love in turn were amiss.
This is the grandeur and the pride of life,
That love can only be where Freedom is.

171

"So, treat the heart to music's healing strain,
Give intellectual feastings to the brain,
But don't forget the spread, the wine, the kiss—
Twins may be born but never babe atwain."

172

Some female authors met on deck above,
(Not everyone as gentle as a dove)
Some wore short hair, but all for that they were
An enemy that men could really love.

173

Oh, clear your system of the error stale
That to the cross of slavery must nail
Somebody some one else, and least of all
Should robust power crucify the frail.

174

These Female Authors, friend, you may well dread—
Ere this the slaves were never college bred;
On right and wrong—if you have never thought
In all your life—you soon will wish you had.

175

Now can you hear man's honest praises sung
By some one not himself (though closely clung)
And unless you have walked the narrow path
Of even justice—well, you must feel stung.

176

Wrong follows wrong as Right is guiding right—
The world has not yet seen its sorest plight,
Wait for the next Good Book in which a new
Creation story Female Authors write.

177

What? count him chattel? Too much care. Or go
To let his makings be a rib? Oh, no, no!
The woman will not have been made of clay—
And man will have been made of her "small toe."

178

Oh, Lady Authors thousand decades hence
Look through a candid magnifying lens
With eyes in mercy washed. You'll surely find
That not all males made war on common sense—

179

Your open doctrines they can criticize,
Your secret motives they can analyze,
For independence they can pay the prize—
And your emotions they can tantalize.

180

Yet drink to hope! As sure as out of East
The blissful Sun shines forth, love is life's yeast;
And though the sexes go to civil war
It all will end in one grand kissing feast.

VII

REFORMERS' DEN

181

Escaped from varied dangers, with a pen
Still hale and hearty, we sought out a glen
(This is our trials' climax; courage, soul!)
And bravely entered the Reformers' Den!

182

We saw there many worthy of esteem,
The eyes of whom shone with some special dream;
But all alike shot forth a greenish ray—
A mutually nurtured jealous gleam.

183

"Why do you wrangle?" Answer: "If we here,
Or something wrongly say or wrongly hear—
Instead of wasting time on courtesies,
With gusto pull each other by the ear."

184

"We want short hours!" "We want much higher pay!"

"We will improve the laws!" "You will not. Nay, We want the tools of toil!" "You're fakers all; We want the Earth and want it right away!"

185

A venerable person with soft throat
Attempted to inject a peaceful note.
Of course, he fared—like those who stand between
Two countries thirsting blood—he was the goat.

186

The old man was assailed as by a pack
Of rancorous Critics: "Say, what is your tack?"
"What are you, speak!" he answered: "All you are
Without faction's collar on my neck."

187

"Permit not pride to blind you. Lo, upon
This Earth some billion others struggle on;
Nor ever feel a weightless cipher, naught;
For all the world must always count you *one*."

188

"Environ's thrall is hard to break, for it
Gave to the soul a solar-plexus hit—
Yet for all that are you as bright and true,
As good and kind as matters now permit?"

189

"Look at the romping children's workaday;
How they delight in effort! And so may
Come work to men. And so we may expect
That work to men will be like children's play."

190

"Fine dreams promote good health. Dream on with
zest,
Dream out the Millennial State, the blest,
Embracing all in such equality
That even minds of men will march abreast.

191

"But even if To-morrow dreams come true
Here is To-day that must be traveled through.
Evade the pitfalls on the poor old road
Though we may reach another, good and new.

192

"You quickly find the vulnerable breech
In those who live on wine but water preach.
And is your life and doctrine in accord
At least to such extent as it may reach?

193

"Within the woods a unit stands each tree,
So in this life the conscious unit *we*;
Then search within, for if created right,
Within, of all there must a mirror be.

194

"Unequal is the range of eyes, you stand
Surveying through a lens the Promised Land;
But whose the keenest vision, truest sight?
Optometrists cannot take here command—

195

"How many times you vainly tried your best
To understand thought as by some exprest.
And is it beyond possibility
That your own preachments so affect the rest?

196

"Some distant see through mist and maze; some mind
Must feel by touch the objects well defined.
How then could it be otherwise, but some
Must forge ahead and some must lag behind?"

197

"Much, far too much of Martyr's breath had flown
In ages past and also in our own.
Must you decry one who objects to serve
A crimson drink for tyrants thirsty grown?"

198

Thus long he spoke, then cat-calls had full scope.
"He's paid to wreck our movement!" . . . "Preach-
er's dope."
And so they scattered to their several themes:
"Resist authority!" "Down with the Pope!"

199

"Down with the court!" some cried excitedly,
They downed each other with especial glee.
Yet there was one thing sacred, unbesmirched—
For not a solitary soul cried: "Down with me!"

200

The "Revolution," bah! Each has a sense
Of his own little cause with vehemence
Exposing that exclusively as "great"
But when accomplished: what's the difference?

201

How carelessly do fall your dice o' Luck!
Some souls amid the flowers run amuck;
In hues and tints and fragrance many dwell,
And some again must needs be raking muck. . . .

202

Now, even in this noisy confused place,
Here, too, a torch of wisdom was ablaze;
As if a Providence were bound to save
The faith in Progress of the human race.

203

"Give moral strength to hearts through weakness
rent,
Him understanding who is folly-spent.
But if you only rave against the crutch
They lean upon, not they, but you repent!

204

"Give time your seeds to swell, nor strike a blow
At sapling trees of hope for growing slow;
See, all the gold that shines from out the past,
At one time seemed but unsubstantial glow.

205

"To feel the pride of sect, stick to your clan;
For sickly joys of snobbing caste you can
Look up or down as fancy turns your head;
To love the world aright just be a man.

206

"The trees of mind are grown from seeds of thought;
Their leaves and twigs through ponderings are
brought;
Their flowers problems are, most deeply felt;
Fruitions are good-will and wisdom wrought.

207

"Why gayety on principle resist?
Look at the temperance town's long druggist list—
You may hold land though preaching Single Tax,
You may be cheerful though a Socialist."

208

"Go smoke the pipe of peace and sip the soup
Of fellowship. You may see every troupe
At work and find they manage things alike—
As 'branch', as 'church', as 'club', or as a 'group'.

209

"The Trojans and the warlike Greeks of old
All through a siege in friendly combat rolled;
They held the glass while holding for the stake
Why should you not as friends such cheer enfold?

210

"And though the trusts may tax you right and left,
Feel not so 'blue' of cheery mood bereft;
Go sound your flute, or wind your graphophone
All is not lost while anything is left."

VIII

HALL OF THE DEAD

211

Still seeking truth the love of which has led
Us, all through life,, we venture on to tread
On ground made holy by men's deepest thoughts
And sorrows—'tis the Chamber of the Dead.

212

We see a corpse in majesty composed,
Whose deeds stand high in history enclosed.
Who could compute the lives that made him great,
How much of effort was his own at most?

213

And yonder corpse, unbeautiful and plain,
In life laid rails where now they run a train
Which oft reflects two moons (Moon of the sky
And Honeymoon), count you such life for vain?

214

There rests a servant girl. The final call
Of hers is felt but in a circle small.
She neither preached of Right, nor sang of Hope
Nor posed for beauty—yet she lived it all.

215

A mother sobbed: "Why was he born, why?"
The dead babe seemed to say: "Oh, do not cry.
A thousand hopes I gave you and some joy,
Enough for me to live for and to die."

216

One spake to friends and family aggrieved
Whose flow'ry tokens he could well perceive:
"Go take these flowers where they can delight,
Give while you may, to those who can receive.

217

And one there was with hands in prayer laid
For whom before death many friends had prayed,
Done nothing else—For her this epitaph:
"I did not have to die, I died for faith."

218

And one, himself a pilot of the sky
Was being sent off with much hue and cry;
But some fine old corpse made this curt remark:
"Live rightly, friend, and you can safely die."

219

"Did ever loving heart wish that the pall
Of sombre crêpe upon a loved one fall?
Why mourn you then with useless outward show?
Perhaps, he mourns best who mourns not at all."

220

Two corpses: one in silk, one cotton clad,
One shrivelled thin, the other puffed up fat;
Mute commentary on this fretful age—
One had been starved, the other fed to death. . . .

221

And yonder corpse smiles; as in slumber, one
Whose lips express triumphantly: I won!
He understood the world, he lived and loved
And labored well; and so to die seems fun!

222

"Some thought to gain at my cost, but I knew
The world's account was mine! And revenue
Derived therefrom is rich beyond the dreams
Of avarice dreamt by the foolish few.

223

"No honest man need fear the ghastly net
By Death, that ancient dark collector, set.
Life's contract reads: 'Upon demand I pay';
Who would object to paying off his debt?

224

"Old superstition! Were it not for aid
The veil receives, there would be none afraid.
If you have reason, reason this one out:
Why should one fear what no one can evade?

225

"Who would repeatedly admission pay
For witnessing the selfsame spoiled play?
If life was sweet why not conclude it glad
For having lived to see a Joyous Day?

226

"'Tis ours to bless, the curse our own rebuff
Because a well-lived life is worth—the rough
Excruciating pains of Birth and Death;
The other kind is punishment enough.

227

"Now, one who cleaner lived than that he knew
Lost satisfaction's precious revenue,
And he who lived life worse than that he might,
He was defrauding and a loser too."

228

A young man with a bullet in his side,
Self shot, wrote in his final note: "I tried
In vain to win the love of one I loved,
I die for love"—Such love! Perhaps he lied.

229

Another, who had cut his jugular vein,
Seemed duty bound his sore plight to explain.
"I was too sick, why should I have lived on?"
To make the soul victorious over pain.

230

One suicide closed life just to prevent
War! Cries of "overpopulation" rent
His heart. Poor victim of credulity!
The ones who cried so hard—a-fishing went.

231

One rule has no exception: 'tis the rule
That every life flows to the common pool
Of death. Alike, beyond dispute, 'tis true:
Than human life there is no finer tool.

232

And tools for which to-day you find no use
To-morrow may a thousand lives infuse
With pleasures newly wrought. Therefore, hold on
And make with time's reverses timely truce.

233

An author to his friends this message sent:
"Go, brothers, dear, and raise that monument
To all the million men and million things
My soul to speak enticed and power lent.

234

"None can compute with figures nor with sign,
The findings of how many souls are mine
Or yours; then who could tell about our light
How long or for how many it may shine?

235

"To render and receive, dear brethren, such
The weave of friendship, though of highest notch.
And would you have it live until you die?
Sufficient give and do not take too much.

236

"I met reverses; what charm helped me through?
Impartialness to mine own want and due.
A disposition striving to be fair—
And these, my friends, I now bequeath to you."

237

And as the Sun beyond the mountains lowered
A torchlight rose and argument forth poured;
The claims of flame against the damp, dark grave
Awaiting bodies—there to be devoured.

238

That Tool Magnificent is surely fit
To end in cleaner hold than graveyard's pit—
The last good thing a man can do on Earth
Is to release and not encumber it.

239

The cryptic Mysteries of Death! Why fill
The living heart with its enigmas still?
Death takes and leaves and reconciles results,
But it is life's prerogative to *will*.

240

And so we will review the sweet grape, rife
With sparkling glow, to help us in our strife
Towards perfection, Master Goal which calls
Us back to scented passage ways of life.

IX

LOVE AND HOPE

241

Perhaps the creaks of the complaining crank
Will never cease; yet, surely, he can thank
His stars who found the Well of Love and from
Its charming water satisfaction drank.

242

'Midst earthquakes, wars and feuds creation's sway
Brought love to vanquish hate and hold at bay
Discordant forces leagued to wreck the world;
Go choose your side—but love gives higher pay.

243

Love in its very hurt is virtue's aid;
Love is in hope a rainbow promise-made,
(As but a memory it will sustain),
Love realized puts heaven into shade.

244

To all the wrongs of Earth I have been prey;
Yet in one hour, under sweet love's sway,
I could forgive them all—opponents mean,
False friends—And did forgive them all for aye.

245

If love is altar where you daily kneel,
Your treasure ship (from topmast to the keel)
You may donate with all yourself to boot,
And yet for love's bliss always debtor feel.

246

Put all men wrote about love into one
Sum; multiply it over and anon,
Ever so long; and all the light you see,
Is but a gleaming of the Lovers' Sun.

247

Does it seem mockery to show the gold
Of love to those forlorn in the cold
Of loveless life? Not so, it is to urge
The crusted heart its blessing to unfold.

248

Love scorns death, for love will put the "I"
In line with "thou" and "they" and reason: why,
If others are to crumble into dust
It is but *right* that I—I, too, shall die.

249

In love there is, dear brethren, love and love;
One is a hundred thousand miles above
The other. Oh, poor terminology—
A dulse by any name is not a dove.

250

That is not love when, swayed by passion's dart,
You crave to kiss your glowing counterpart—
Want her when weakest, want him at his worst,
Then may you think that love has touched your
heart.

251

The murderous passion, stage tragedian tells
About and kills for, stuns you. As one delves
Into its mysteries. Love can be seen
At fault. Such heroes love too much—themselves.

252

Within the florist's charming window there
A budding rose blushed next a lilac rare.
From all the hearts that longed to take them home
None searched the science of the flowers' care.

253

Oh, wisdom, wisdom! Light from our Sun
Is not more blessing than the rays you spun
Out of men's minds. Oh, shine upon the road
When needed most—in youth, life's early dawn.

254

But wisdom, knowledge come with later years,
Alas, quite often holding off arrears
And so the brightest, kindest, keenest souls,
Some time or other shed Repentant tears.

255

Adolescence, too, brings on aches and pains;
The burning anguish of unfolding brains—
Will! And you may the blood of thousand great
Philosophers feel coursing through your veins.

256

And what is pain? A simple cry for health.
Lend to impoverished blood the precious wealth
Of pure sustenance, and the roses' bloom
On pallid cheeks are more than ever felt.

257

Oh, well, what of mistakes? They must or may
Like teachers, frown their lessons to convey.
He is secure upon the road to Right
Who does not blunder twice the selfsame way—

258

Look at the tombstone Shakespeare carved and thus
Set up for Timon. Read your way. To us:
"Oft seeming gainers really lose the game,
And losing wealth is not a killing loss."

259

You, likely, heard of wealthy heirs who spend
Their lives in fearful squalor to the end,
Not knowing of their heritage; so fares
Who does not know the value of a friend.

260

True friendship brightens, lightens, lifts the soul;
No waves so rough but through it smoother roll;
It is like having all beside yourself
Another one to help you to the goal.

261

In spite of thunder, windstorm, lightning, hail;
Beyond the clouds the Sun is shining hale
And heartily. And so it is with us,
The heart is full of blessings though it ail.

262

Hope is not hope if it be jealous, small.
True hope is like the Sun's encircling call.
It often may be hid behind the clouds,
But everywhere and always shines for all.

263

And there are false hopes (which breed and prolong
The miseries on Earth), held by a throng
That shirks responsibility for things that hurt—
In hope, too, there is right and there is wrong.

264

Some preachers run a Mental Marathon
Around word-shadows, bidding you to shun
Or this, or that, although there is no sin—
Excepting only the one of harm done.

265

And having but a simple, single sin
To hold before the view without, within,
Bear down upon it with your might and main;
Thus barter evil for its antonym.

266

Sweet are the waters in the wondrous well
Of Earthly hopes, oh, who can ever tell
Its glories all? Yet you may hope beyond
Terrestrial spheres—But why should you want Hell?

267

Must spade the crusted ground, must hold the plow—
But think of the returns! A crimson flow
Of wines and kisses, symphony of bloom,
And all the starry heaven's wondrous glow.

268

Abuse not Hope by spending days enthralled
In idle trance. The adding of the salt
In cookery serves taste, digestion; but
At some degree 'tis best to call a halt.

269

Truth won if your own soul it has imbued.
What if you cannot move the multitude
Along your path? Your pioneering life,
Perhaps, is linked into a song's étude.

270

Sweet Love and Hope! Earth-born, heaven-crowned;
Enchantingly invites their garden ground,
And wheresoever human duty calls,
Their music and their fragrance may be found.

X

TRUTH AND WISDOM

271

To be a nabob rich beyond surmise
Seek through the World of Wisdom. From its skies
Take all the glory you can hold. In time
You enter the Great Synod of the Wise.

272

And no one creed, nor two, nor six, nor ten
Have power to deny you. They serve when
And as they can, but none holds all truth, none
Could corner all the wisdom found by men.

273

And you will have arrived when your own lamp
Will show you to a self-sustaining camp
Of happiness which other pilgrims may
Reach also, through you, with a lighter tramp.

274

The veritable Social laws forsooth
Like balanced figures always work out smooth
And that which mercilessly jars or hurts
Or breaks men's hearts—that lacks the truth.

275

Aye, countless souls have gone through fire and
stress;
Through hope and through despair they toiled to
bless
Our minds with knowledge, wisdom, and with strength
Enabling us to make—a closer guess.

276

The truth! Oh, how it shines when newly found,
What glorious light it sheds upon the ground
We tread! Exultant feels the heart and free;
Then sad again, because the rest are bound—

277

At first we feel that all the sleeping world
Will wake if but the words of truth be hurled
Before its eyes. Then, by and by we find
Our very mottoes having stood unfurled

278

Through ages past. Through ages yet to come
Hearts must be moulded, must be overcome
By glorious truth; its world encircling sway
Is to be gathered slowly, crumb by crumb.

279

"So many shades to life, which is your clue?"
"I take in every color and each hue,
To live on unadulterated wine
Judge all the drinks and strike out for the true."

280

We may repair to fortune-teller's hut
And pay for cleverness, or chatter, but
Approaching augurers to pawn ourselves
For what they do not know; we'd better not.

281

Or wise or foolish, strong as well as weak
Are out to *find* the bubbling crystal creek
Of happiness; yet some shed tears because
To walk one moves, to *find* one has to seek.

282

"And, wherefore should we woes of life employ
The gayety of one's heart to destroy?"
—"Who comprehends the woes of all the world,
He needs must be a sharer in all joy."

283

"Is there a balm for this?—Oh, cheerful sage—
On questions grave and oft of hoary age
Men will contend"—" 'Tis not the core, the heart
But play of words brings controversial rage."

284

If fame you crave, what think you of the cause
That gives some nonsense deafening applause?
You have done well if thoughts, in fine review,
To you reverting may with pleasure pause.

285

"You are no better than the rest; you aim
To rise upon the far-spread wings of fame."
—"I give a name by which to know a work
And not a work by which to know a name."

286

He needs wins most who can do most for most
That need it most; to him goes out the toast
Of human love. With such boon within reach
Should anyone of worthless trinkets boast?

287

How small the atoms, yet how fast they dart
Through space, a world of which they are a part.
Life but a moment, yet all time contains
Each throb of every living human heart.

288

With every breath through every feast and fast,
We live the future, present and the past,
Things white of age we know, and so we can
Be thrilled by triumphs man will win at last.

289

Each life has meaning of its own, methinks;
It, like a noun, sense through the sentence brings;
And like a little line within the verse,
Each single life to past and future links!

290

The past projects its shadows, and the doom
Of future years may cast you into gloom—
Strike at them both, take glory from the past
And let the future ripen hopes to bloom.

291

Unlike the shadows which some minds endow
With living qualities, 'tis here and now
The real eternal life; 'tis in your hold,
And so with every breath of yours aflow.

292

And if our sky included every clime,
And if our brains thought on in endless rhyme,
And if our hearts would never cease to beat,
We would but live a moment at a time.

298

Observe the flowing river; force opposed,
Into the turnings of the wheels transposed,
Producing force again. The river flows,
And where and when shall its life-force be closed?

294

Upon the face of Earth creation wrought,
No more of wonder than the kindly thought;
In coming it brings sunshine 'mid the snows,
Returning flies, with joyful pleasure fraught.

295

How many flowers bloom from seeds you gave
In care of others! Likewise thoughts behave.
And if we love to see plants growing fine
How much more so, minds, beautiful and brave?

296

Why? Whither? Whence? This is the story terse.
The atoms gather, then again disperse—
Meanwhile, we deepen while we drink from out
The well of life in this great universe.

297

We found some wine at hand within the cup,
And owe the vintage of another drop—
On foot, on stilts, or flying aeroplanes
We are compelled to move and cannot stop.

298

And life's great problem seems to me quite plain.
Let us not cause unnecessary pain
And joy much more than ever was conceived,
For heaven, here upon this Earth, will reign.

299

With glowing health Earth's paradise to tap,
With love abloom (held snugly in your lap)
Live on! Strive on! Hope on until the end—
If this be foolish, wisdom wants the cap.

300

Two gifts to have all good men are inclined;
Oh, may posterity the fortune find,
Endowing each one with a love-filled heart
And with a healthy, independent mind.



PART FIVE

**JOHN DOE THOUGHT AND HIS SEARCH
FOR STYLE**

(A STUDY OF EXPRESSION CAST INTO STORY FORM)

JOHN DOE THOUGHT AND HIS SEARCH FOR STYLE

The mysterious birth of John Doe Thought, the wonderful individual having the rôle of hero in this narrative, cannot be explained, nor would any explanation throw more light on his eventful career. It is sufficient to recognize in him a descendant of the much-known personage whose name he bore. Further on will appear how he came by the additional surname, Thought.

His years of childhood were spent in a rather untamed fashion; a boisterous ragamuffin, bobbing up here and there; now and then causing disquiet, even consternation. Eventually he settled down in one of the Cell Farms, millions of which — reliable economists tell us—decay from sheer neglect in unproductive idleness.

In this case the right soil and the right party must have met, for within a short while the place became not only self-supporting but a supply station of the neighborhood. People came from the counties round-about to avail themselves of the comfort and assistance which John Doe proffered them in a liberal measure and in a winning way. He quenched their thirst from a new artesian well and

appeased their hunger with a soul-satisfying dish of his own invention. He also constructed a special burner which gave brighter rays than anybody in that district had seen before. Later on he set up a little power plant and, with a dynamo driven by a tiny brook on the farm, he illuminated the roadways of the countryside so thoroughly that the people of the neighborhood came to see each other in a new and better light: this light not only saved them from tumbling over each other, but through some exceptional merit of its qualities sweetened their temper and dissolved their perplexities.

So great a blessing could not be accepted without concern for its author. Indeed, those who scold mankind on the score of ingratitude forget that this black emanation of iniquity is but a sign of squalor, pain, misery and unhappiness. Contented, healthy, joyous, happy souls cannot be otherwise than thankful and cannot refrain from showing it.

One evening two citizens met on a roadway made resplendent by the new invention. In days gone by they had been constantly quarrelsome enemies; now they greeted each other with the warmth of sincere friendliness.

"Oh, Mr. Gloomer, I am delighted to meet you here!"

"Why, brother Bloomer, sure enough 'tis you! Geton Road is mighty pleasant, isn't it?"

"Yes, Geton Road is quite enchanting, but let me tell you that Peggon Road is also a magnificent highway."

"So I found it. And to think how much we argued about which one was the only safe road to travel on!

Well, I guess we ought to feel ashamed of our mistakes."

"Not necessarily. My auto got smashed on a treacherous turn of Geton Road."

"Peggon Road had a worse jar for me. I stubbed my toe there, sprained my right arm and bruised my nose. We certainly owe a debt of gratitude to the fellow supplying light where there was darkness before."

"Yes, we do. Yes, indeed! Say, I really believe he is too good to be cooped up in this corner of the state. Let's make him a senator or something."

"Make him Lieutenant-Governor of the state!"

"Agreed! Here is my hand. Shake good and hearty! Look! There comes a jolly bunch. Hello, boys, come on here, hurry up!"

"What is the matter?" asked one of the company, after forming a circle as requested.

"Listen! All who are in favor of John Doe being made Lieutenant-Governor of this state, please throw their hats into the ring!"

A number of hats and caps flew to the center of the circle. A few of the group remained unresponsive.

"Why, what's the objection, Mr. Forsyth? Though you are a relative of Rev. Doctor Expediency, that fact shall not be counted against you. Tell us your misgivings, post your signs of warning right now."

"I have no warnings to offer excepting the old caution against everything that's new. This new light shines all right, but what is our guaranty that it will be lasting? Our mutual friend John Doe seems

to be a worthy fellow, but his source of power is insignificant and, goodness gracious, such a name! Why, there are so many of them he may be taken for anybody or anything. What do you say, Judge Trubee?"

"I declare he has done so much for us that we can well afford to do something for him, and I propose to grant him a worthy cognomen that shall command the respect of all."

A chorus of voices rang out: "Let's hear it!"

"By the authority vested in me I declare our friend and neighbor John Doe from now on legally entitled to the worthy surname Thought."

"Three cheers for John Doe Thought!" someone exclaimed.

The cheers were given but not with sufficient acclamation to please Mr. Bloomer. "Say, fellows," he exclaimed somewhat peeved, "we don't want to have any political jobbery here. If you mean to stab our candidate, do it right now before his career is really started. Say, Bookman, you are awfully quiet; come on, make a noise of some kind!"

"Very well; as schoolmaster of the district, I am competent to state an objection which you seem to overlook."

"What is it? What is it?"

"He lacks style!"

A long crescendo of laughter pealed forth from the lusty throat of young Mr. Ambition. "Oh, ho, ho!" he finished, "he is no dressmaker, no haberdasher, nor milliner. He is John Doe Thought——"

"I do not care what he is or who he is," spoke up the schoolmaster in stentorian voice, "style makes the

man. Everybody, excepting actresses of the burlesque shows, must be dressed when facing the world. Dress implies style. No style, no success——”

“Men make style, I should say,” broke in a new voice.

“Not such obscure nonentities! Do you want to tie up to a failure and ruin our fair State of Head?”

“It is you learned fellows that disgrace the state. Not one among you originated in a hundred years as much of an improvement as John Doe Thought produced during his short stay with us. But don’t let us quarrel—suppose we all go to question him and see wherein he is found wanting.”

This proposition was agreed to by all and off they marched on the popular errand of “heckling” the candidate. But to the chagrin of some and the satisfaction of others, they were given scant opportunity for doing so. Instead, they were treated to a short but comprehensive speech by the object of their solicitude:

“Friends!” he addressed them. “By the aid of a microphone I overheard your deliberations, and in return for the hearty support of some of you I will open my heart to you all. I have a purpose in life. It is to improve the illumination of the world. The few bright spots, which caused you to think of me as much as your presence proves, is but a glimmer of the light which I expect to diffuse. My case is clear, my burner perfect and the power I lack can be had in abundance by harnessing the great River of Will. This river runs through many states. I feel impelled to go forth and gain the consent from each for the purpose in view. But in gaining that consent my

conduct, words and gestures must depend on time and mood and circumstances. You may as well bind one to the context as to the delivery of a new message. That is it. I have a message to deliver. Think of it, I have to gain the consent of at least thirty states for a project which perhaps none has yet considered. You see, I have a mission in life, and so I not only accept but ask your support to fulfil it."

Mr. Bloomer stuck to his post. In a sober and subdued voice he renewed the nomination which this time was carried with the earnest, almost solemn approval of the entire assemblage. Then and there a campaign started that kept the little republic in a turmoil for some time.

John Doe Thought rejoiced in the honor accorded to him. His vigorous frame was surcharged with energy that had to be vented. So he spent it in much-needed quarters—for most of the old state leaders had yet to be won over to the newcomer's standard now fluttering in the breeze. Thrilled by his good prospects as only youth can thrill, and with a disregard for distant consequences such as only youth is capable of, he worked day and night to gain the higher standing in his own state; never dreaming that its attainment would, after all, force him to face the great Riddle of Style—face it in the shape of a compelling dilemma to solve the problem or die in the attempt.

That occurrence hovered in the far-off future, but another contingency just as dramatic awaited him in days close by when the state leaders gathered to settle the matter of his candidacy one way or another.

These leaders, of course, resembled very much the guiding forces enthroned in other states.

There was a governor with the proverbial "still small voice" guiding the ship of state through waves of agitation caused by its own citizenry, and also through the turbulent cross-currents brought on by winds of far-away storms blowing against ancient rocks amidst the constant flow of ever restless time.

There was the governor's stern-looking, yet handsome handmaid, Lady Justinia, ever at work to maintain an equilibrium amongst the unruly constituents of the realm.

Then there was Mr. and Mrs. Comfy Snugg, looking as prosperous and happy as their well-established social position bade them to reflect. There was the smooth-faced, smiling but foxy Rev. Doctor Expediency and his venerable friend Grandpa Tradition, he with the long white flowing beard, a disapproving nod of which causes faint hearts to tremble in apprehension. There was gluttonous young Mr. Ambition and his father, Old Man Work, the latter bent and worried but never too tired or too stingy to pay for the antics of his agile, vivacious, light-minded boy. Last to be mentioned but not of least importance, there was querulous old Mrs. Grundy, standing guard over the unplighted affection of her charming daughter, Miss Love.

At the first sight of John Doe Thought old Mother Grundy uttered a fearful cry of alarm. Instantly the candidate was set upon by her friends, and it took the combined eloquence of Bloomer, Trubee, and their friends to still the tumult and to restore order so that deliberations could proceed.

The candidate paid little attention to the debate going on. . . . He had something much more important to observe, for he noticed the longing glances of Miss Love glued on him for long precious moments. He returned the wireless messages with glowing intensity. Both came near being demonstrative, but were kept in check by Mother Grundy's grumbling of displeasure.

As time wore on the debate became more loud and the speakers more excited. The Governor favored the candidate. Raising his "still small voice" to highest pitch, he said:

"Fellow citizens! You well know that our worthy friend John Doe Thought invented a new light which gave satisfaction throughout the state; you also know that he intends to extend his work in a way that ultimately must reflect credit on our state. Now, unless you can nullify the facts and disprove his contention, I urge—in gratitude to our forebears, in justice to other states and for the sake of our own tranquillity—I urge that you elect him to the office and let him—with the prestige thus gained—let him represent our state in the councils of the world!"

Lady Justinia supported the Governor. "Yes," she said, "I watched the candidate, examined his antecedents, looked up his relations, and after carefully weighing his bearing in all directions, I am satisfied that he is all right. You can do no better than to place in his hands the reins of the state government, subject, of course, to the promptings and checkings of our good old governor."

Mrs. Grundy murmured a note of disgust, but the eyes of her beautiful daughter were riveted on the

candidate, who returned the gaze of shining admiration with no diminution, even at the most fiery onslaughts of the opposition.

"No!" cried Mrs. Snugg, in conclusion of an impassioned speech, "we do not want a government by upstarts! Stand pat!! Let well enough alone!"

"Second the motion!" ejaculated a friend of the Snuggs, and a mass of tired electors applauded vociferously.

Young Ambition tried to turn the tide but was hooted from the platform. "He has no money!" "He can make no money!" "He is a common drudge!" "He is a foreigner!" they cried. "Who will make him respectable?" "Who will put him on his feet for a position so high?"

"I will!" shouted Old Man Work, as his bent but sinewy figure rose to the full height of its giant size.

"Hush!" yelled Mr. Snugg. "You can hardly supply our present demands."

At this juncture the Rev. Doctor Expediency rose to make an address. "Friends!" he said. "You have heard Mrs. Snugg enlarging on the dangers and discomforts connected with new ventures and experimental activities; you have seen the long white beard of our venerable friend Grandpa Tradition, swaying in disapproval of the political changes proposed; now let me, a sincere admirer of the candidate, advance my opinion. There is no use closing our eyes to the fact that John Doe Thought is an individual of whom our state may feel justly proud. The light he invented illumines our thoroughfares better than they were ever lighted up before, but——"

"But the but—" interjected young Ambition impatiently.

"But," proceeded Dr. Expediency, "the very light he has given us is blinding to others. His scheme, involving so many other states, might irritate them into deliberate unfriendliness, with the probable result that they will conspire to crush our state out of existence. Surely the light is not worth such a candle. Remember self-preservation is the first law of nature, also the second, third, fourth, fifth, and perhaps some more ordinal numbers belong to this law. For this reason, let our friend, if he be truly our friend, retire to his Cell Farm and keep his lights to ourselves."

Young Ambition sprang to his feet, excitement reddened his face and fired his voice so it compelled a hearing. "Here," he cried, "is our one chance to raise our state from the inglorious mass of obscurity, and you miserable flinchers are opposed to it! Think of the glory awaiting us when other states will have seen the light that shines for us so well! They will pay us homage, all the world will envy us——"

"Hold on! Silence!" cried the candidate, and while the assembly readjusted its hearing to the new voice he muttered the well known prayer: "Oh, Lord, deliver me from such friends. . . . Listen!" he said, when silence had ensued, "listen! None of you questions my merit, yet you deny me recognition. Have your way. But I cannot live in the sullen atmosphere poisoned by double dealing, simulation and hypocrisy. Look! if I cannot live, I know how to die!"

He bared his bosom and drew a stiletto of Decision from his scabbard of Force. The strong right

arm flashed out the shining weapon and brought its glistening point down—in a slow deliberate manner, as if to make a last feast of his unimpaired strength—brought down the pointed steel until it reached the naked breast. Just then the arm was halted by the touch of a soft hand. It was the hand of Love. “Don’t!” she whispered, “I am with you!”

For a few moments John Doe Thought was lost in wonderment, then he felt his heart electrified into a stronger beat than he ever knew before. Back slid the weapon into its scabbard. His face shone with the light of triumph. “Love prompts me to live!” he shouted. “Weaklings, cowards, I defy you all!”

During the weeks that followed John Doe Thought and his bride spent many blissful hours in the sacred confines of their privacy. So much so that his fellow citizens became impatient about it. Now they clamored for him to be their champion and practically forced him to the part.

Finding himself the dominant power of the state, our hero decided to venture forth on his mission. No sooner was this announced than his friends, together with his erstwhile opponents, resolved upon arranging a great send-off.

They gathered in front of the brilliantly lighted Cell Farm, each bringing a little token of esteem or a bit of advice.

The Governor patted him on the shoulder, saying: “I am satisfied.”

The schoolmaster shook his hand vigorously. “You are made of the right stuff,” he said in an undertone, “but for Art’s sake remember the laws of style!”

Mrs. Sympathy, who befriended him from his very first day at Cell Farm, brought a garland of roses bearing the legend: "O'er valley or hill, we are with you still."

Lady Justinia presented him with a breastshield inscribed: IMMORTAL THOUGHT.

Ambition composed a march to lighten his steps.

Old Man Work outdid himself supplying necessities for the journey.

Mr. and Mrs. Snugg solicited contributions for a triumphal feast to be given on his return.

Dr. Expediency had a smile for everybody.

Even Grandpa Tradition came around. "Yes," he declared, "there must be pioneers—now let it be the turn of our state."

Encouraged by this consent, all the celebrants joined in a joyous maypole dance. In picturesque turns and fantastic motions they flitted around, singing the praises of our hero and congratulating each other on the good fortune of having him for their champion.

Thus, with the hearty good wishes of a jubilant state and with Love's sacred good-by kiss on his lips, he went forth on the first of his eventful pilgrimages.

On arriving at the capitol of a neighboring state, he tried to interview the political leaders, but they were all busy pulling old wires and could not give him a listening ear. Determined to put before the state his project, he settled down to write it out. He worked with untiring devotion on the treaties, which took him about a month to complete. All the while he was in correspondence with Love, who received a copy of each finished page. When the work was all

done, he showed the manuscript to a Mr. Average Man.

"Well," asked the fellow, after an habitual cursory reading, "well, what do you mean?" And the question was emphasized by a face as blank as a check-book with no bank account to it.

"Why, don't you understand? I intend to establish a new light——"

"Oh, my! and break an established rule? Excuse me, I am a practical man with a family to take care of and no time for rainbow chasing; good night."

Several attempts in other states had the same result. Irritated by his own failures, John Doe Thought dashed off a circular attacking the Established Rule and denouncing interested axes that prefer grinding in the dark.

On the following day he found himself in a county jail.

Naturally the citizens of the good state of Head were much excited over the arrest of John Doe Thought. Some of them could not believe the terrible news at all. They knew him to a kind, felicitous fellow; they loved him and felt proud of him, and now the cruel blow put the entire state on the verge of disgrace.

"But how could he be arrested?" asked Mr. Gloomer, his bosom friend.

"By the powers in authority who rejoice in exercising it," answered Mr. Bloomer.

"Yes, but why?"

"For treason."

"For treason against whom?"

"Treason against Established Rule."

"But rules and regulations ever change, don't they?"

"Yes, and the change is always accompanied by more or less of commotion—now it is more. Come, let us attend the trial; it is set for to-day."

They arrived in time to hear the prosecutor declaim against their friend:

"There is no question about the accused having disturbed the peace by inveighing against the established rule. Gentlemen of the jury, if the counsel for defense will tell you about his client's good intentions, remember that not only is hell paved with the identical stuff, but a score of battlefields are strewn with dead and the crippled every day by the same token. If he tells you that his client was or is not understood, remember that obscurantism by itself is a crime; and if he appeals to your sense of mercy, remember that this boon of compassion must not be wasted on agitators against the established rule, least of all on one who even now is standing before you with a smile of defiance on his lips.

"As a servant of the people, sworn to protect and uphold the public peace, I demand a verdict of guilty, and that the culprit John Doe Thought shall, according to our penal code, be smothered in oblivion."

John Doe Thought did smile defiantly. His strength to do so came from a pair of shining eyes, from the eyes of his own Love, who gazed at him steadily as with a pair of heavenly blue stars. For him to die then and there would have been a glorious ending; but it was not to be so.

Counsel for the Defense was not the one to save

him, though the lawyer put forth a strong and eloquent appeal.

"Look through history," the lawyer pleaded, "and you will see at every turn of the long tortuous route a John Doe Thought or a Jane Doe Thought holding forth a new light to save mankind from the pitfalls of darkness and from the corruption of degeneracy. Whether it be Socrates the great Grecian sage, Jesus the Nazarene, John Huss the Bohemian, Margaret Sanger of New York or simply John Doe Thought from the state of Head, they all are torchbearers of human advancement; why should you, chosen representatives of the social conscience, help a groping world in its scramble to destroy them?"

"As to the law, why not give discretion a larger share of responsibility? Put eyes into your statute books so that you may differentiate between those who lead society onward on the road of civilization and those who would drag it back to savagery. I ask, gentlemen of the jury, that you find for right despite an unjust law."

After the usual rejoinders the jury was admonished by the judge as follows:

"We are not here to make laws but to maintain them; and most important is it that we should. Even those who speak flippantly about the law can do so only because they are under its protection. True, the rules and laws of to-day are but the predominant notions of yesterday, but this fact only teaches that we should not set up stumbling blocks in the way of to-morrow. The life of Society must never be jeopardized. Those who choose to go forth as pioneers must do so at their own peril."

John Doe Thought was not affected by the adverse influence of the judge's charge. The light from the eyes of his own Love was still upon him, and in that light the entire court setting seemed like a stage play arranged by fond parents to while away the time of unruly children; and the officials round about him, prosecutor, judge and jury, appeared like soulless marionettes whose movements were directed through invisible wires connected with the mouldering bones of a time dead and gone.

After a while the jury returned to report its finding, and their foreman proceeded to announce: "We find John Doe Thought guilty——"

The sentence was cut short by several detonations followed by a whirl of things in the air. Several bombs exploded in the courtroom though not of the murderous sort. None the less, the officials were frightened to death and they toppled over like bees from the whiff of smoke. On coming to, they found themselves snowed under by booklets explaining and advocating the new light. Rising to their feet, the officials scanned the print, and horror of horrors! this was the worst offence of all, for the leaflet was beset with all the vices known to an English professorial chair. There was a misplaced comma, an inaccurate word, faulty syntax, untimely archaism, improper paragraphing, barbarism, cacophony, paronomasia, tautology and all the rest. It made the prosecutor's heart jump in desperation and the hair of the judge stood on end. But all they could do was to set a prize for the capture of John Doe Thought, who had disappeared from the prisoner's pen.

For the second time his own Love saved this apostle of a new light. When the turmoil and confusion ran highest in the courtroom she came to him, smiling like the picture of Mona Lisa—smiling in satisfaction, hope and achievement—took hold of his arm and led him to safety.

In the home of a nearby friend they found shelter and there they talked over the day's happening.

"How could you do it?" he asked in astonishment.

"Bloomer helped me all the way through. As soon as we learned that they confiscated your book and put you in prison we started to work out a plan that would free both you and your spirit as given in your book. Gunpowder is expensive now, but we managed to buy sufficient for shooting a few lawyers into a fright."

"But how about the books?"

"Of course I saved the manuscript you sent me, and gave them to Bloomer, who had a printer—for heaven's sake, John, what is the trouble?"

He turned white and blue trying to stammer a few words, but his tongue refused to serve and he remained speechless, as if stricken dumb by an overwhelming calamity.

He could see her tremble in sympathy; this brought the last ounce of reserve strength to his lips. "The gods are against us," he murmured, "it is all over with me."

She stroked his head caressingly. "No," she said, "the powers beyond do not meddle in bagatelle affairs. We are masters of our own destiny; tell me the cause of your desperation and I will find a way to clear it from your path."

"I did not take time to correct the copies which I sent you and they contain a swarm of mistakes."

"She laughed out loud and the silvery peal of her voice dispelled the clouds from off his brow. "Never mind the little faults in the print," she said light-heartedly. "We had some trouble about it, for doctors disagreed about the admissibility of some phrases and now they may keep on disagreeing. Bloomer was bound to have the books ready for the time of bombardment. And you had better commit all the offences known to the grammatical calendar, in stating your message, than grind out, as many do, a score of polished books with nothing to say. There is more time ahead——"

"Yes," he put in, "and more energy to push on."

He rose to go, and Love, realizing that he could never be happy until his work was done, allowed him to leave.

"Fare thee well!" she exclaimed with a tremor in her voice, "and — take care of yourself — for my sake!"

He promised to do so. What would not a man promise in the hour of parting when lumps in the throat choke off further argument? They embraced again and again. Finally, assuring her that he would be cautious as well as full of courage, he left to enter upon another adventurous journey.

He traveled but a short while before an intelligent-looking assemblage so attracted his attention that he stopped to make sure of his plans and to see if they could not be promoted through the agency of such a conspicuous gathering.

Coming closer, our hero saw a conglomeration of men and women, young and old, tall and short, fat and lean, some comely, some homely, but the face of each reflecting an intensity of mental effort. Just then they squatted leisurely in a pleasant grotto shaded by the sweet-scented needle-foliage of stately firs and pines. A few, though evidently belonging to the company, were scattered farther in the woodland. He accosted one of these.

"Good-day, sir! You belong to the group in yonder valley, don't you?"

"Yes, of course," was the answer, "can I be of any service to you?"

"They seem to have a delightful time. May I know the nature and object of your society?"

"They seem to have a fine time and that is as much as most of them can manage to attain——"

"Would you be so kind as to explain?"

"Why, yes, gladly. This is a convention of literateurs——"

"What! real journalists, writers, authors?"

"Quite real, no others are admitted."

"And what are you discussing? I wonder what you are deliberating upon?"

"It is no secret. Here is the program, see."

The broad trunk of an uprooted tree lying across a hillock offered comfortable seats. Both accepted the mute invitation and John Doe Thought read eagerly the slip of paper held in view by his companion.

Whatever the convention might or might not accomplish, there certainly was enough subject-matter

for discussion. Our hero read the program over and over again:

Literary Market—Basic Law of Fashionableness—Making the Pen Pay—Motivation of Periodicals—The Gold Standard of Literary Excellence—Proper Regard for the Common Herd—Who Pays the Bill and Why?—Exchange Value of Anticipation—The Value of Post-Mortem Laurels—Material Yield of Practicality—Pickings on the Road of Elevation—Marking Time for Amusement—The Exact Space on the Top Rung of the Ladder—The Downfall of Uplift—In the Linguistic Labyrinth—How to Live on Expectations—Mental Efficiency Measured by Precious Metals—Chasing the Rainbow of Style.

"You seem to be interested," remarked the owner of the program.

"I am, intensely, vitally interested. Are you one of the delegates?"

"Yes, I am."

"From what state?"

"From the State of Level Head."

"Oh, how fortunate I am to meet you! I intend to pay an official visit to your state, as indeed I must visit all the others, too."

"Perhaps you had better unload your mind before this convention," said the delegate laughingly.

The other clutched the idea with the eagerness of an imprisoned soul getting hold of liberty.

"Oh, precious brother mine!" he exclaimed, "really, if that were possible——"

"It all depends on the purpose of your errand." The speaker lowered his voice as he continued: "If it

flatters and helps the Powers That Be, none will object to you being heard, but——”

“I have a request to make or a proposition to offer regarding a light of my invention and the harnessing in its behalf of the River of Will.”

At this statement a crouching figure ran off from behind the hillock to the grotto and told the people there what he had overheard. He was a “cub” reporter and, of course, felt much elated over this first “scoop” of his promised career.

“You must know,” answered the delegate from the State of Level Head, after a pause, “that our associations have a controlling influence in their respective states.”

“That is so. And do you think you could get for me the privilege of addressing your body, just a few minutes?”

“Hardly. I am not on the directorate. It is unwise to commend something that might rub too hard against their grain. But go ahead, find a way of your own to broach the subject.”

“I will,” declared John Doe Thought. He advanced to the group which still lounged in siesta, and, inspired by his great opportunity as much as by his youthful enthusiasm, he burst out in a song:

“Glory to men and their name, whose power and beauty
and fame
Leastwise diminishes ill. Brave knights of the valorous
quill,
Oh, grant me the River of Will for turning the wheels
of the mill
That grindeth the life-giving grain of mutual profit and
gain.

Oh, grant me the River of Will to liberate hearts that
are still

In the yoke of sorrow and pain for lack of the very
same grain—

For clearing off sources of blame, for raising the average
aim

This world with pleasure to fill, oh, grant me the River
of Will."

The delegate from the State of Level Head did not pay much attention to the song, instead he watched intently its effect upon his confrères. First they were startled, then annoyed to a noticeable degree. When the voice fell, they remarked it was dull business; when the notes came high and in full volume, they plugged their ears. Towards the end they protested violently against the intrusion. The singer had scarcely finished when his audience turned mob, firing at him jeers and catcalls of all sorts. "Chase yourself!" they cried, and as he did not depart with sufficient alacrity they all joined in the chase, throwing sticks, stones and half-hatched eggs at their fleeing victim. However, he reached the safe fields of his own state. Having his pursuers at bay, he stopped to regain his breath. Much to his vexation and wonderment, he heard the entire band loudly resolve on vengeance. "*Vengeance!*" "VENGEANCE!" "VENGEANCE!" they cried. Who could tell the why or how of it? Not our hero. He returned home mauled and battered, his eyes dim from dust, his head hanging in disappointment.

Love, however, received him with open arms. "Never mind!" she said. "You are right, and you will triumph over them all!" She embraced him with

an electrifying caress that set his blood a-tingling and steeled his heart against the attacks of unreasonable enemies.

Then John Doe Thought felt that he was bound to succeed. "Yes," he declared, "I must, to be worthy of you. I must gain my object or be lost in the battle for it. Either or——"

Soon his sores were healed, and with increased determination he set out for his goal.

"Luck be with you," said Love in parting, "but do not depend on it too much. I can see no fault in you, still there may have been something wrong with your appearance. Perhaps it were best, before you leave the state, to consult once again Bookman the Schoolmaster, and, dear, do go to see Professor High-sound, the great style specialist."

"I will," he declared, and Love kissed him with a warmth that compensated for past trials and future tribulations as well.

The Schoolmaster received him with a laugh. "Good boy!" he said. "Little things like that must not discourage you. Go at it again. Why, you are not any the worse for your experience, are you?"

"No, but confound it, there was nothing pleasant to record. What could have been the matter with me to bring on such a catastrophe?"

"Lack of style, my boy, lack of style."

"But what do you mean by style? It has grown into a bugaboo that does not let me sleep of nights. Tell me, master, what it is, and I shall be obliged to you for ever."

"Style, my boy, consists in expressing yourself clearly, forcefully and in a cultured, elegant manner."

John Doe Thought emitted a deep sigh. "Ah, but I am going contrary to established rules! If I speak clearly, I will be tarred and feathered; if I speak forcefully, I will be cast into a dungeon, and if my expression lacks both clearness and force how can I give it the charm of elegance?"

"Yours is not an easy task," admitted the teacher; "the time comes when a pupil must add something to what his teacher can give him. In regard to the subject under consideration, all I can say is this: As the proof of the pudding is in the eating, so the proof of style is in its being accepted in polite society. If it is, it is; if it is not, it isn't; you see?"

Not much wiser but no less determined to advance his project, our hero entered the famous and unique studio of Professor Highsound. Here he was asked to stand between the swinging wings of a large triplicate mirror. "Styles," declared the professor, "be they in speaking, writing, painting, plasmature, dressing or deportment, always permit of improvement or—a change which may be sufficient to attain success."

"What is wrong about me?" asked John Doe Thought, who came for help and special information rather than to hear a general discourse.

"Preceding to the rendition of my diagnosis, please examine yourself. A candid statement of your findings will assist me in estimating your power of observation and your need of external advice."

For the first time John Doe Thought looked himself in the face and also in the back at the same time. The picture he saw evoked conflicting emotions. He was well satisfied with the robust figure and upright bearing, and much displeased with some specks on

the face and uncalled-for, unsymmetrical folds in his garments.

"Do you suppose that a little blemish like that or a wrinkle like this caused my being treated so discourteously?"

"Beyond a doubt. Persons having any concern for style must give punctilious attention to sartorial and dermatological requirements. In fact, these are regarded as duties, second only to the most primitive cleansing obligations. In painting, color must be accompanied by contour, in plastic art the moulding hand shapes form with design, in linguistic composition clearness and neatness is related to proper spelling and——"

"Is that all I have to overcome?"

"Scarcely the beginning, if the scope of your intention lies beyond stale mediocrity. Look, this five-foot shelf supports nothing but books on composition. Do you desire to know the quintessence of them all?"

"Please tell me."

"Summarized, all their contentions merely demand that you pour the contents of a large thesaurus, in accordance with rules and specifications given, into molds supplied by caterers to public taste."

"And what is your dope?"

"What?"

"I mean what is your recommendation?"

"That is contingent on the motive, purpose, object and aim to be considered, served, supported and attained."

The client stated his case fully and frankly.

Professor Highsound pondered awhile, then asked:

"Have you a thorough knowledge of the psychological processes going on in the several states?"

"How could I? Besides, I have a mission to fulfil regardless of unfavorable conditions."

"So, so. But adverse psychology often may be turned to good account. You must study them as water currents are studied by a captain of a ship and respect them as aviators respect the pressures of the air. Oh, yes, I may offer some suggestions. Please name the several states on your itinerary."

"Well, they are the good states of Sleepy Head, Soft Head, Hard Head, Curlhead, Bald Head, Learned Head, Thick Head, Level Head, Swellhead, Sheepshead, Sore Head, Hothead, Copperhead, Wise Head, Long Head, Bull Head, Bill Head, Hogshead, Bone Head, Cabbage Head and a few others."

Professor Highsound began to massage the right temple of his forehead. He made a few trips around the studio and stopped before a large gilt-framed fashion plate.

"Look at this picture, sir, its lesson may unlock for you some stubborn doors. Comprehend, you must appear at all times not only well groomed but also dressed for the occasion. Several sack suits will serve for everyday business; to be welcomed at an afternoon tea you must display the graceful lines of a dinner coat. At political meetings the frock coat and high hat are most appropriate; for a stroll in the park, don the English walking coat; yachting, hunting, even clamming, demands special attire; at golfing it is almost a legal requirement to appear in the ornamental Norfolk jacket; a society ball calls for the full dress suit; in a gathering of philoso-

phers the Prince Albert coat is being looked up to, and so all along your travels, at every station you must appear in the garb considered good form there. Even at a session of Free Lancers you will not be admitted in the prize-winning habiliments of the French masquerade. Now then in regard to those states——”

“But man alive!——”

“Professor Highsound, if you please.”

“Well, Professor, I do not want to tie myself to any one small coterie of manikins, and I do not want to spend my life changing clothes. I am John Doe Thought and refuse to become a mere dummy for the exhibition of what divers people are used to consider as glad rags!”

“Youth is terribly impractical! Look into this wardrobe. Here is a lady’s cloak with buttonholes in the left front and here is a Chesterfield buttoning from right to left. Observe the excellent workmanship and the fine material; yet no one would have them as a gift. No one would care or dare to wear them because of the reversion of custom involved. See that picture? It is a beautiful oil painting done with masterly skill, but none would have it for the keeping on the wall. Why? Because the impulsive youth of an artist, after painting a fine pastoral scene, daubed some flying machines up in the clouds, thereby spoiling the canvas.

“Surely machines do fly above pastoral scenes.”

“But style is not in the lens of a camera. That is a matter of like and dislike; you must supply what people are accustomed to enjoy.”

“That is all very well, but I have a project to which

others are not used. Suppose I want to establish a new custom or change an old one?"

"Then, sir, you should consult an expert alienist."

"Perhaps we should."

"Should we?" The right-hand fingers of Professor Highsound began to drum the air. He bowed in an over-polite manner, then stretching forth his palm demanded curtly, "Two hundred bucks!"

John Doe Thought paid the fee feeling that he had received his money's worth. Now, that success meant life and failure meant death to him, the least helpful hint had high value. He accepted help from every quarter and after due preparation went forth again on his mission; this time in company with Young Ambition and Old Man Work.

They wandered from state to state, John Doe Thought scrupulously observing the proprieties of appearance, Young Ambition pulling on like a prancing steed and Old Man Work attending to drudgery like a beaver.

At the gates of every capitol John Doe Thought made an oral plea which was received with a less or more negative demonstration by the outer guards. In each case he had a petition ready couched in suitable language. This he sent on to the legislature then in session. At each place the messenger returned, shook his or her head negatively, at the same time presenting a sealed envelope that held a written answer.

He dared not open the letters for fear that discouragement would put an end to the journey before he had tried his best with all the states on his list. Even so they nearly unnerved him. Young Ambition

died of a broken heart, and Old Man Work fell prostrate from over-exertion long before the last of the objectives had been reached. But John Doe Thought marched on, on and on to the last state he was bound to address. As the net result of it all his pockets were bulging with the formal declinations received. Now he had at least thirty documents to show for his pains or perhaps to give him more. Sad and downhearted he wandered up the acclivity of a mountain, the top of which seemed to offer much-needed privacy for finding out the cause of his failure, also undisturbed solicitude for ending his career if in desperation he must die. Again and again he scrutinized his efforts. Was there still something wrong with his appearance or was this conspiracy of refusal a matter of spite and vengeance in retaliation for his former impetuous attempt?

On the top of the mountain he found a clearing edged by a rock that reached vertically far down into the sea. Round about all was quiet, not a rustle of a leaf, not a ripple of a wave, and no sign of human beings visible, except a boat here and there, one of which moved near the rock below.

He settled down on the clearing, opened the letters and placed them one alongside the other to behold their appearance in the mass. He could see no spite work, but vengeance was there! Every one of the answers was written in verse! For the possible ineptitude or untimeliness of one little song he was overwhelmed with thirty rhymes!!! A lump of bitter-sweet emotion played on his throat while his hands gathered up the documents. He threw the envelopes over the rock into the sea, then reclining in a com-

fortable position he read the rhymed messages. With feelings that can be better imagined than described, he read them all in the order here presented:

1

STATE OF SLEEPY HEAD

This state detests the cutest bore,
Be social, friend, and, like us—snore.

2

STATE OF SOFT HEAD

Indisposed for fear our wit
Receive a jolt and get a fit.

3

STATE OF HARD HEAD

We do not care for Mr. Bothers
Until we shall have heard from others.

4

STATE OF STONE HEAD

Apologies, regrets for our stand;
But really, sir, we do not understand.

5

STATE OF CURL HEAD

Oh, pshaw! Keep off, you silly thing
Of long-faced prig—Unless you bring
The handsome beau with diamond ring.

6

STATE OF BALD HEAD

We are tired of all this whirl and swirl,
Oh, bring us Pearl, the chorus girl.

7

STATE OF LEARNED HEAD

Dear sir, you took us unawares,
Just now we are busy splitting hairs.

8

STATE OF THICK HEAD

Ideas take a nasty way to drum
And beat upon the inner cranium—
We much prefer the somnolentic hum
Of cradle songs Old Grandma used to sing,
If that proves insufficient for to bring
Our daily sleep—we take a little rum.

9

STATE OF NORMAL HEAD

We do not know what you are after
But what's the proof you'll be no grafter?

10

STATE OF LEVEL HEAD

There may be something in your plea
But we prefer to wait and see.

11

STATE OF SWELLHEAD

For arguments we have no call
Nor use, nor place—we know it all.

12

STATE OF SHEEPSHEAD

The largest flock of old or new
If you will lead we'll follow you.

13

STATE OF SORE HEAD

You do not sound the yell that mates
Our special cry, so—to Hades.

14

STATE OF HOTHEAD

We'd rather leap out in the dark
Than hear a dog of a stranger bark.

15

STATE OF COPPERHEAD

Go, let your state keep Socrates
We hold for best just that which is.

16

STATE OF CROWNED HEAD

The great River of Will was embedded and still
Must flow to embower our glory and power.
Whoso in rebellious fit, divert but a drop of it
Shall pay with his life for it, if we can but get at it—
Down in a Bastile pit or up in a Tower.

17

STATE OF BULL HEAD

No more of it; sufficient said
You better run, for we see red.

18

STATE OF ADDLEHEAD

Leave us in peace and stop alarming,
We absolutely do not desire
That any one set crystals sparkling
Where we now have a lovely mire.

19

STATE OF HOGSHEAD

What? Dare any entertain a notion
That did not start by our motion
For our credit and promotion?
He should be fed a fatal potion
Of disheartening emotion.

20

STATE OF BLOCKHEAD

We would not disturb a tranquil existence
That joyously waits and hopefully glistens
In anticipation of free beer and cheese,
Go tell your troubles to the corner police.

21

STATE OF BONEHEAD

Whoever has a real good proposition
Must find attractive ways and means to broach it;
When yours will grow so charming in addition
That no one can withstand. . . . We may approach
it.

22

STATE OF WISE HEAD

Our people being at peace, why set them aflurry?
Seeing by some better light, why should you worry?
Doing but what can be done, why should we hurry?

23

STATE OF LONG HEAD

Not that we disregard the proverbial rainy day
But why should we buckle to work what is yet in the
stage of play?
Proceed on your errand, O knight, with courage un-
daunted, and may
You mould into lovelier shape the average vessels of
clay—

24

STATE OF CHUCKLEHEAD

Your precious breath is vainly plighted
Why knock where you are not invited?
Why be a loafer? 'Twere better maybe
You stayed at home to mind the baby.

25

STATE OF BILL HEAD

That uplift stuff is sure astounding!
Make money first of worth-while sounding;
Then would we smile on you with pleasure
Instead of looking cross and frowning.

26

STATE OF CABBAGE HEAD

This State has grown for mouths to feed
Let others chew the noble deed.

27

STATE OF BUSINESS HEAD

What is the use of all the senseless rattle?
What for, waste time in useless, childish prattle
When everyone of any sort of mettle
Must know that life is a continuous battle
Which all the suns in heavens cannot settle.

Who wants more light to fall upon his frowning,
Embittered brow? Or on the hapless drowning
Of one's firm-pride, or glorify the crowning
Of one's mean rival? Thank heavens for beclouding
The life-career that's tragical or clowning.

28

STATE OF FINANCIAL HEAD

How can a strong adventurer and bold,
So capable of being rather bright,
Be quite so foolish as to offer light
Where bountifully shines the glow of gold?
With it the social climber has enrolled—
For it the large embattled armies fight—
By it the victor's crown is studded bright—
Through it we dominate the young and old.
Gold is the sun god of the present day
Whose slightest wish the worshippers obey,
From it resoundeth many a poet's lay,
Time-serving authors glory in its spell,
They ask not "is it right?" but "Will it sell?"
Ha! Leave us gold and take your light to Hell!

29

STATE OF INDUSTRIAL HEAD

A better light! Too good a light is harming,
We are not anxious for efficient arming
Of other states, their power is alarming.

We must rise high in order to succeed;
The balm of alms is all we care to plead
For those who, tripped or slipped, too badly bleed.

We must rise high or be left in the lurch
The farmyard fowl, too, seeks the topmost perch
And victors are the pride of state and church.

L'envoy;
A better light! The heavens blight it
If we cannot monopolize it.

30

STATE OF FIGUREHEAD

Thanks for your kindly interest in me and mine
But should the topmost apple basking in the fine,
Spacious, unincumbered air question plans divine?
Whatever shows up contrasts on the grange—
May also sally forth to rearrange
Affairs and—well—we don't want any change.

After reading all these epistles, our hero felt downhearted indeed. The tardiness of time can be offset with the hope of accomplishment, the darkness of ignorance can be dissolved with light of knowledge,

the stony heart of moral pulchritude may be softened by humane appeals, but what can art or reason, or both combined, do against perverted intelligence?

John Doe Thought considered all of the messages in the light he knew and loved so well. He pondered over every postulate and weighed them against one another with the result that he felt sadder than ever before. The trouble may have been a lack of style on his part, but the conclusion forced itself upon him that it was rather a surplus of guile in others. Can style overcome guile? The more he cogitated on the matter the more hopeless appeared his situation. He watched the setting sun sink below the horizon. When the last fringe of its shining halo had disappeared from view he rose, seized by a sudden determination. "My day is done," he murmured and jumped headlong into the deep. . . .

Strangely enough our hero did not realize that the epistles he had received from the several states did not tell the whole truth about the impression he had made.

"We must watch that fellow," resolved the state of Learned Head.

"He has something to say, let him ripen it," declared the state of Level Head.

"Resistance will sharpen his wits," chuckled the state of Wise Head.

"If he means business he will come again," decided the state of Hard Head, and so all the states recorded some sort of a sensation; even Sleepy Head turned over on the other side and Cabbage Head reddened a bit.

However, when John Doe Thought jumped from

the hilltop they all felt relieved; some of fear, some of jealousy, some of annoyance and some of the hardship imposed by constant observation. Out of gratitude for the unexpected ease in getting rid of a disturbing factor, they erected a granite monument on the spot from which John Doe Thought jumped into the sea. The inscription on the stone told the story:

In memoriam of a worthy knight
Possessed by notions for increasing light.
Which failed to work because he tried to flute
A song for ears too far off by a mile.
He was too strong and proud to follow suit
And much too young and frail to set a style.

Some weeks later the granite block blazoned forth another inscription placed below the first in continuance of the tale as follows:

Erected by and for the foolish states
Rejoicing in the fall of John Doe Thought
Who, yet alive and stronger grown by aught
He did and heard, is knocking at their gates.

Indeed, our hero was not swallowed up in a watery grave. Instead he landed in a spacious hammock securely stretched on the boat manœuvering near the vertical rock from which he jumped intent on suicide. After a few rebounds he found himself in a comfortable reclining position with the soft arms of his faithful Love entwining his neck. Her lips curled for a kiss, but instead whispered in reproach: "Is that all you care for me?"

He embraced her passionately and covered her with

kisses—mouth, cheeks, forehead, and wherever his lips could touch the fairy who now for the third time had saved his life.

When he regained his composure he answered in a subdued voice, "I am unworthy of you. I have failed in my mission. None would take me for a friend, none offered help, none would believe in me!"

"I do." She declared and sealed the declaration with an impressive kiss.

"That is sufficient!" he exclaimed jubilantly. Sweet Love, thou art joy to my body and wings to my soul! Your favor and support is more than enough to sustain me in my work. Henceforth, I will hold my own against them all."

He uttered his resolve with a determination so strong that a hundred states could never break or shake it.

Then there was some more lovemaking and off they sailed under a beautiful moonlit star-spangled sky as happy as in the first days of their blissful honeymoon.

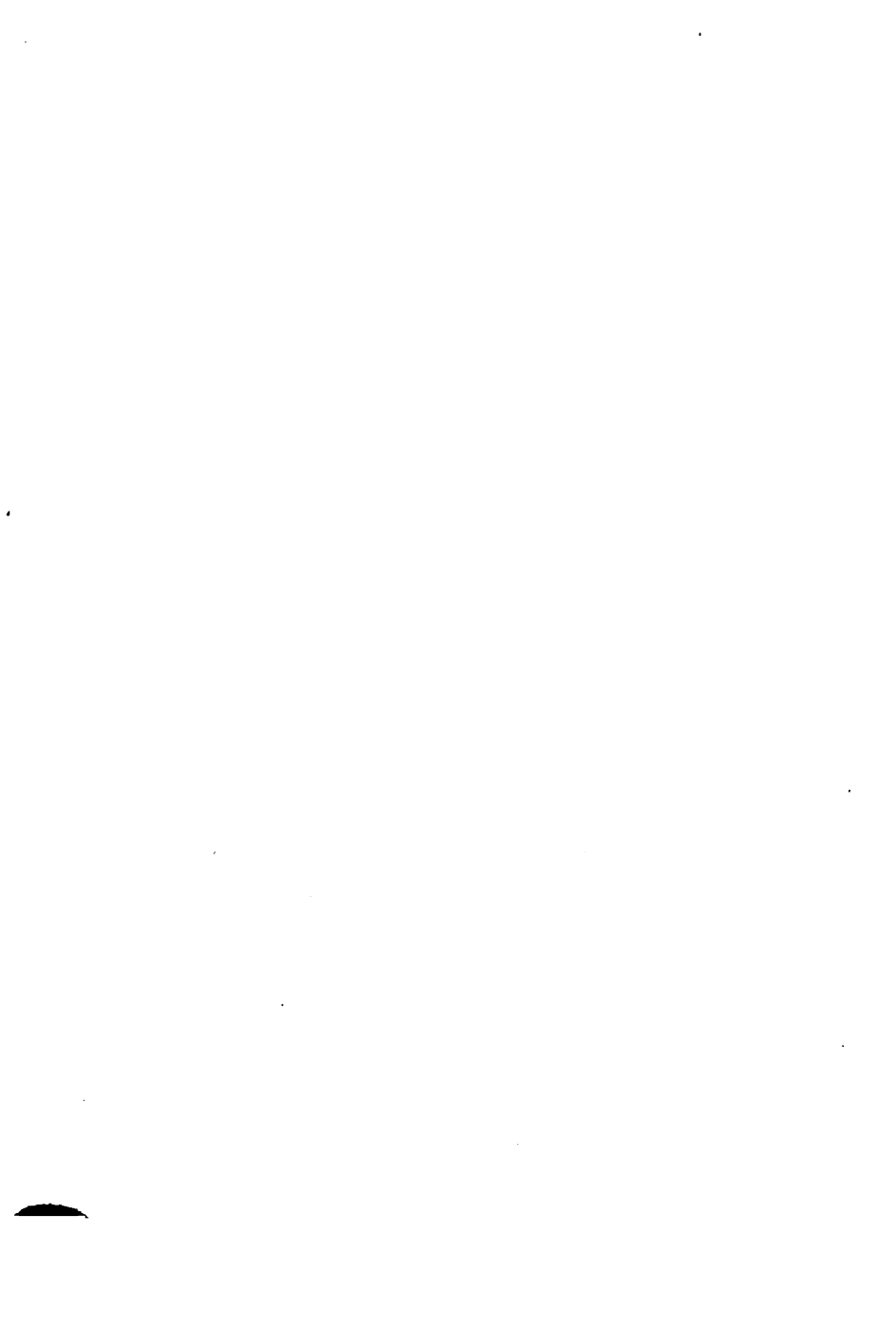
Fortunate is the person whose ideal in the perilous situations of the mind is saved by its better half, even as John Doe Thought was rescued by his faithful Love.



PART SIX

CABALS OF MONOCRACY

A disclosure of the means of enslavement in communications tapped from and through telepathic connections or what are supposed to be such



CABALS OF MONOCRACY

I

God of Monocrats, whose foremost prophet Machiavelli I adore;

Thou great, single serving, double showing, tri-articulate three-fold trinity

Composed of avarice, deception and violence, but known as might, honor and glory;

Who enablest thy full-fledged devotees to present Error as Education,

Through the workings of presumption, pretension and prejudice;

Perplexity as Religion,

Through misinformation, misdirection and mystification;

Oppression as Law and Order,

By means of exploitation, enviousness, and rivalry—

II

Thou great guidance of self-centered, self-engrossing, self-exultant minds,

Who givest to thy circumspect votaries precious knowledge of psychological alchemy;

Whereby we can substitute:

Imposture for Excellence,

Through the agencies of mummery, mimicry and
trickery;
Cunning for Wisdom,
By means of subtle scheming, sense juggling and
social guile;
Falsehood for Diplomacy,
Through the media of dissimulation, legerdemain and
prevarication—

III

Oh, thou most powerful of deities,
Who endowest thy loyal constituents with presti-
digitatorial skill to make appear:
Pan-detestation a duty of patriotism;
Through deceptive accounts, spurious oratory and
mirages of conquest;
Slaughter an act of bravery,
By manipulating immolative allurements,
insignia of pride, and special privileges;
Destruction as benevolence,
By means of delusive charity, false prosperity, and
cultivated perversity;
All in the holy name of civilization—

Oh, thou most worshipped and most served great
God, single serving,
double showing threefold trinity;
I affirm my faith in thee.
I pledge thee constant loyal support and immediate
obedience to all thy commandments,
Amen.

A

Milk-faced boy in search of understanding,
I fain would help you in your worthy quest;
For I have loved your grandam (as a maiden,
Upon the threshold of maturity),
When she was all bloom and I was all glowing
And adding to her joy was my one boon.
The fates—mere man made fate—drove us asunder
And led us each to separate careers.
Still, I loved on to form in memory's center
A sun of happiness—that might have been.
But, even so, the old love keeps on warming
The cramped heart within a scholar's breast
(For while she grew into a popular grand dame
I turned an obscure college president).
And still I crave to place choicest offering
Upon the altars of the olden flame—
And so sweet youth in search of understanding
To you I address several grains of truth.

A 1

Away back in dim prehistoric times,
The infancy of Earth, when that to suck
Was everything intelligence could do,
The craving of this want took such a hold
On certain hearts that grew thereby in might,
They could not leave the habit even though
The need for sucking past. And as the Sun
Of History rose to shed its first faint rays
Upon the deeds and motives of mankind,
This habit would not wilt in shame, nor die;
But gathering all the anger, spite and spleen

Of past experience, wove a cocoon
Wherein the thing metamorphosed and then
Emerg'd a charming, gorgeous butterfly—
It still survives, in fancy colors it
Flits gaudily about and lays its eggs
Wherever hearts will let the moth alight;
In palaces, in hovels and, also,
Within the marble halls of education. . . .
You know we must have funds to carry on,
And in the hot desire for support
The sucker's eggs hatch out. So comes the day
We seek professors who, if not themselves
Then through some rich connection can supply
Our institutions with high, inspirational
Endowment funds; and woe to him who dares
Offend our benefactors or the circle
Of potential donors. Him we expel
And cast away to wither in disgrace.
How can we do it? All we need to do
Is to *presume* that that which is, is right
Regardless how much living flesh is burned
And how much soul is wasted (or much worse
Than wasted) in an aching world! *Presume*,
Each ruler has a right to rule and all
Affected or afflicted must obey;
Presume this much, then winkingly allow
Young minds, while forming character, presume
That joy and happiness can be attained
In no way but by forging to the fore
In service of the system holding sway—
So runs the world and so its days are run,
Thus goes the chaff alongside with the wheat
Into the chute of life. Its mills grind on.

The sorting of the two remains amongst
Your heritages milk-faced brave boy. . . .

A 2

August, head keeper of Far Eastern shrines,
Attend most diligently to thy great
Important mission; never to allow
Our own supporters turn to support
Foreign missionaries. There is a load
Beyond the weight of which most willing and
The strongest jinrikisha cannot pull.
Shall it be us or they? The foreigners
Brought praise upon their lips for white
And scorn for yellow, but none the less connived
To take our yellow gold in flat exchange
For their white silver, once upon a time—
And still they come from lands that groan
Under the yoke of inhumanities.
And why? To labor hard? By Shinto, nō,
None seek an education for hard work,
But for the yield that can be gained thereby
Through other's bended backs and aching joints.
They come to search the soil and to pave
The way for such conspired enterprise
As turns silver into gold for them—
And theirs, which we are not nor want to be.
Observest thou their methods? Manifold
Are their contraptions to attain an end.
The rulers, over there, beyond the sea,
Oft stoop to measures low, undignified;
At cost of effort nigh akin to work.
They claim to want a thing while bent to bring
About another; which is foolery

Fit for plebeians, lowness I disdain.
I merely have to claim relationship
To God, and by the wondrous strength of this
Simple *pretense*, I have it in my power
To lord it over all the seven clans
In several thousand islands nestling on
The ocean's lengthy shore. But thou must do
Thy part! Proclaim before the pilgrims who,
With souls aweary, come unto our shrines
To find succor, that I am of divine
Mould, born for the emperor's office
With superior powers, sanctified by thee.
In turn I observe the solemn rites
With all the ceremony they require
To make thy postulates stand out supreme.
So may we both have our beings in
Vestments (regarded by the multitude)
Sacred beyond investigating thought;
So may we have them do our bidding, be
It taking of a goodly, juicy chunk
From nearby China Land or bringing home,
As in times past, a boatful freshly-cut
Corean ears. . . . Clan over clan, each drives
And squeezes all below while thou and I
And whomsoever we may choose to be
With us are, by the very stirrings down
Below, kept strong and safe on high.

A 3

The Most High Court of Education (called
By those for those who feel themselves above
The deadly level of Democracy)
Accords most cordial greetings to all souls

Ambitious to attain or to maintain
A vantage point in the golden scale
Of Dominance. All hail! We greet you all
Oh, precious brethren and request you heed,
For your own valued sakes devoutly heed
Our exhortations which are prompted by
Considerations just as fine and high
As you allow unhampered right of way
In deep recesses of your chosen selves.
How chosen and by whom? It matters not.
"Philogeneties" that grand new device
Together with "Emotional Experience"
Can shoulder all responsibilities
The Gods were wont to bear. So, even though
Rank atheism shall enshroud the Earth,
Heart trampling deeds in climbing altitudes
Will find justification and excuse
As heretofore. Still, all is not secure.
Trick after trick of ours Time revealed,
It wore to frazzled shreds fraud after fraud,
Our own pretension's steady clashing caused
Through time, a blunting of their piercing points,
A dulling of their vivisectioning edge.
Time works against us, Ha! But may we not
Rise in our might, unsheathe our psychic swords
And valiantly battle against time?
A man may know his death is stalking on
But that will only keep him on his guard
Against annihilation. So must we
Protect our preserves from conspiracies
To bring about the dullard's level state.
High lights of finance give us your support,
We will apply it so it pay you well.

The knowledge we impart is deftly mixed
With double quantity of our conceit;
So, when the recipients of it leave
Our institutions they enter the world
Deeming themselves an aristocracy
Of intelligence privileged to live
Upon their wits and duty bound to hold
Manual labor in scorn and contempt.
We also teach the value of advantage—
In leaving others limping on behind.
Thus, for the fulcrum of a stake or bait
They'll run and kick each other on the knee
And laugh at him so jostled off his feet. . . .
We set their minds in moulds that serve your ends;
Bind reason with the rope of selfishness
Twilled from the strains of self-engrossing views—
Not in a direct manner, no, for that would be
Sickening, repulsive by its ugliness;
But through enthusiastic praise of groups
Of which the student is a part (be it
A state or country, nation or a race)
While covering each fault with a fine excuse. . . .
We dim the light of what is fair and right
With goals set up regardless of the next
Door neighbor's just claim to his breath of breeze,
Thus feeding every tentacle of greed
Without its bitter shame be realized. . . .
Consider judgment forming in such minds
And contemplate great regiments of them,
Class after class, year after year poured out
Upon the market-place to fight for bread,
Social advancement and paying renown.
Have you? Well, you may quite safely bank

Your all upon so purposed prejudice. . . .
Go play the game; attend the stock exchange
And play for margins of advantage. . . . Life
Is but a margin betwixt birth and death,
A margin divisible into parts.
Seize all you may until that you control
A multitude and have entire lives
Laboring unrequited in your thrall;
We guide the growing minds to like it—So
Send on your gifts, bequests, donations and
The generation trained in our care
Will serve your every whim and call you great
Genii, of emulation worthy, blest.

B

Ye sanctimonious savants whom amongst
The itch to rule is not unknown, give ear
To this: I speak as one of ye and say
That blood of fools is on their foolishness.
Then if the wolf to get his sip of blood
Must needs appear as but one of the lambs
Rests not the guilt of fraud upon the sheep
That seeks protection in a sheepish way?
Therefore, proceed contending for control,
Nor be deferred from simulating dress
Of thought and feeling. No, not even though
The wardrobe of religion must be stripped
To gain the Earthly goal of ruling men.
What is a man's religion? Oh, it is
All that he knows plus what he thinks he knows,
Plus what seems certain or well-nigh assured,
Plus all the light engendered by the force
Of knowledge and belief, plus all the strength

And wisdom rising from those powers in
Reaction to whatever they confront.
Thus, lack of knowledge, indiscreet belief
The light of faith defeated, baffled, foiled;
And every bruise in a fellow's mind
And every over-weight upon his back
Contracts religion just to what it is.
So, go ahead ye sons of piety
And make the world sweat for monocracy.

B 1

The arch distiller of the quintessence
Of censorship to ermine wearers and
Possessors of the wondrous parchments which
How deep soever, buried in a safe
Attract the flow of service and esteem.
Lords of the realm, feel certain of your might
While loyal servants, in your interest,
Control the people's mental food supply.
No head, bediademmed with jewels, need
Recline uneasy on its sumptuous couch
While proper guards control the very springs
Of information. From the fluid of
These bubbling springs most people slack their thirst
(What little thirst they have for knowledge) when
Events of greatest magnitude press on
For some decisive stand. At present both,
Glib print and speech, conceals but little; so,
The outcome of deliberative talk
Depends on information talkative
Deliberants possess. There we begin.
Given a people, compelled by time to act,
Theatered, churchd, newspapered, magazined

In certain fashion for a certain plan
And who so dense that cannot figure out
Conclusions of their highest tribunals?
The spring from which the starting rivulet flows
Lies hidden somewhere in the woodland deep.
There at the source, we to the manner born
Can cause a flavor making habits force
Drive wheels in our behalf; mix colors so
The river's flow will serve our main design;
Withhold refractious ions for the light
They might shed on the rest; add poison if
We must have madness storming through the land
To fortify our own security.
There, screened by foliage in the woodland deep,
Let loose malarial swarms till we turned
Pure crystal water into witches' broth.
Then let the fluid flow, as Earth and wind
May guide its stream, contaminating all
That it absorbs and carrying madness to
All bosoms who, a-thirst, partake of it.
Then, what a joy to see the ogre's dance!
Some wiggling soundless as the grassy snake,
Some spinning like a top lest they fall down,
Some rushing back and forth, some jumping head
On head, some rolling frenzied somersaults;
Some crossing up, some down, some all between.
They scream and yell and curse and scold—
A tangled mass of wires crossed and bent
With burning currents coursing through them all
From information each from us received.

B 2

Consider friends, in concert of the powers
One who, though playing second violin,
May have some first-class tricks up in his sleeves.
So harken, souls elect to rule the world,
Let it proceed on paths that ye select
By forcing thought away from any course .
Inimical to your complete control.
The men in charge of warriors are wise;
Whatever is to be accomplished by
Them, be it but a step, a turn, a charge,
Or complicated convolution's move—
The cry that first of all is ringing forth,
In voice or in trumpet sound, calls for
Attention! Even so, that which ye would
That people never shall attain, divert
Attention from it! Friends, are ye awake
To the importance of the fact divulged?
New it is not; it served throughout the past,
But still it can be made to serve. How so?
Oh, well! most any music or noise will do
If loud enough. That is it will do for
A while, until the aching senses reel
In discomfort. Then be not as a dove
But concentrate upon the serpent's job.
Hand out fresh consolations in such great
Variety and such large quantities
That minds made sick by life-long unfulfilled
Desires grapple with each other for
The glory who can bear the most of it.
Besides, attend to warping of the soul
With doctrines twisted and monopolized

By certain moribund promontories
Whose claims and counter-claims confound the sense.
Then, left without a guiding star or strength
To find its way the cheated human breast
Succumbs; the soul bereft of wings of thought
Falls in the very trap set up for it:
A saturnalia of emotional waves
That can be whipped, manipulated, swayed
To serve whatever serves the tyrant's aims.

B 8.

Mahatma, charming sister of mine, I
Now charge thee to be really wise and cease
Wasting thy golden talent in attempts
To set up, piecemeal, heaven on this Earth:
The Earth is heavy with a mass of minds
Which neither dare nor want to think. They must
Be ever leaning on whoever will.
Carry the burden. See, the august, high
Church dignitaries swim in wealth; why should
A charming lady of thy voice and frame
Sink down in poverty? Lo, misery
Has been so long with men that they have come—
To like it? No! But they have come to make
A compromise with pain and stain and gloom—
While those beyond the pale of need or want
Love, cherish and support those who maintain
The awful covenant. There is thy chance.
If for preserving hell on Earth the Hell
Of somewhere else cannot hold interest
And olden demons fail to cast a scare,
Set imps to work of new, high-sounding names,
As Ban of Ill Thought, Curse of Somebody,

Malicious Magnetism and the like.
What labor could be lighter than to forge
From airy nothing unsubstantial things?
Life is a bridge from past to future years
As broad and high and glorious as one can
Make it. Each tier therein, each band and bolt
Is immortality. Yet there are those
Who, ever craving for a something else
Than that which is must be supplied with aims.
Go, jolly such with pleasing dreams. Heaven?
Why let them have it full of harps and songs,
Or full of houris with the smell of musk.
Paint heaven so that people deem it worth
To work their way to it while you collect
A tribute from their work. If this spell fails
Treat them to spirits, spirits of the mind;
Not of the calm, undaunted kind that make
One face death tranquil as the Earth regards
The setting of the Sun, as oceans view
The turning of the tide, or as the peak
Upon the mountain top can face the storm.
What if a stone must roll to depths below?
It merely turns fundamental base
For some new peak that is to crown
Some mountain top of future days. Go on,
Treat them to spirits of the rapping sort
That cannot see but in Cimmerian dark,
Nor speak before they harken to some poor,
Bereaved, aching, trembling heart's sad tale.
Treat them to spirits of any shape or make
So it will strongly hold attention off,
Diverted from the great world's common cause.
Assist souls in their weakness to stay weak,

Afraid of every turn in the winds,
A-trembling at the rustle of a leaf,
Seeing invisible bodies,
Hearing inaudible sounds,
Even as their chosen phantom friends
Taste without tongue or palate,
Smell sans olfactories and feel without bodily touch:
Have them imagine imagination real;
Let them get drunk on Spiritless spirituality—
And mayst thou sister Mahatma become rich quick.

C

Unfortunate idealistic friend of mine
Thou art cast into jail, clapped behind bolts and
bars,
And I your erstwhile schoolmate am sheriff in charge
Of the prison establishment wherein you must
Languish! Inexplicable seems the labyrinth
Of paths by which we have arrived unto this state,
But scanning our boyhood days and deeds I see
Of such an outcome the inevitableness.
Thou wert disposed to dream, I to be practical;
Thou readest books on glorious accomplishments,
Glowing accounts of the Bastille's demolition—
I saw the bastions in building everywhere,
Then read biographies of most successful men
And life and chance have wrought the rest. Now I
am
Lord of the realms here. See, my word is law
And thine at most a sigh; perhaps far to be seen,
Perhaps long to be heard, still, it is but a sigh.
And thou canst not cast blame on me nor bear me ill

For I am but a cog in the machinery
Of law. The highest jailer is the man who holds
The highest office in the land and he again
But executes the will of men with appetites
Insatiable. These are the cocks that rule the roost,
They are the drivers of the juggernaut, let fall
Who may, and end who must a broken mass beneath
The wagon, mangled in the dust! And thou, poor
friend

Who essayest to stem the idolatrous wheel
Must feel its crushing weight! You have my sym-
pathies

And that is all one can spare without suffering
Financial setbacks, whereas I must forge ahead
To gain a higher place for my dear family.
Meanwhile, idealist friend thou mayest proceed
With dreaming dreams and weaving thy faith into
them.

I cling to law and order as applied and we
Shall see from day to day who is the better off.

C 1

What? Abdicate the throne of plenty? No,
Be not as foolish as all that, my boy;
Let not your head be turned by cheap speech
Of smoothly talking selfish demagogues.
Some promise everything on Earth that is
Not theirs, and laggards, weaklings,
May yell enthusiastic mob acclaim,
But which of them would give a thousand pounds
Of gold for just the semblance of a pence?
Or who so philanthropic as to take
The heavy burden of hard labor's cross

In straight exchange for economic ease?
Who would abandon a magnificent
Completely fitted floating palace on
The heaving seas for some small fragile craft
Of unknown strength and doubtful destiny?
Oh, search them in their hearts and watch them in
Their deals with one another and you may
Behold selfishness in its grossest mood.
Are not they ever on a ceaseless hunt
To get something for nothing? Are not they
Most willing to receive for one cent spent
A nickel's worth? Indeed, a fair exchange
Of goods upon the market would exclude
The bargain seeker's multitude the which
If happened, much of rush and joy and boast
Of shopping would be lost. Face facts and folks
Just as they are and suffer not to be
A bottom dog in economic strife,
Nor some poor wench of mediocrity,
But rise above the circumstances or,
If circumstances served to lift you up
To heights that sighs of envy envelop
As a protective element, hold on!
Hold on in comfort while the multitude
Below is fighting for the privilege
To reinforce your hold, each in the hope
Of getting one step nearer to your throne.
Unto these willing servants of yours say:
Hear, captains, generals, marshals, on the field
Of industry and finance:— As you would
Maintain yourselves much honored and well fed
And always envied by the populace;
Let not the state of labor ever rise

From out subjection's dust. Let no man lift
The curse from it Jehovah has pronounced.
Deny you may the burden of it all,
And flattering words to sons of toil you may
Disburse with liberal hands; but deep within
The breast of toiling, sweating human kind
The lot of labor must be known and felt
As a disgrace caused by God's will and by
The laborer's incompetence; for such
As oversee them must be recognized
Divinely favored, of superior mold.
Those who arrived on Easy Street may boast
A few years' work or boast a Union Card;
Boast for a purpose—but, of course, you know
That toil is a blemish, flaw or blot
On any really noble escutcheon.
And so it must remain. The very men
Who frothingly declaim on labor's rights
Are very keen to get from under its
Duties—And once in office for a year
Or two, they feel (exception proves the rule)
Superior to the herd! That is quite well.
Hardship of labor may not be too hard
To bear for men with mutual regard;
But shame attending those who fall into
The lowly ranks of labor, and disgrace
For disability to rise above the plane
Of common laborers, together with
The blandishments we can devise, from time
To time, brings forth sufficient personnel
For driving on the rest to suit us well.

C 2

Most Liberal donor of numerous funds,
Prime founder of a hundred libraries
Your benefactions are a wondrous boon!
Through them a miracle is wrought, a thing
Accomplished, ever thought impossible:
The eating of a cake and keeping it—
I, as distributor, receive therefrom
Some goodly morsels and in gratitude
For that my share, I make acknowledgment
Of your unexcelled ingenuity.
When that the cake had grown so large it seemed
That it must fall apart from its own weight,
The whole was saved by giving parts away
To institutions whose support called for
Their help to keep intact the status quo
For cake and mills that furnish it. Those parts
We give away are cake indeed but made
From extra flour, additional increment.
So all goes well, dear master; energy
To drive production we lack not, and if
We should be plagued by foolish turbulence,
Dear memories of Homestead, Latimer
Will show the way of how to quell such stir—
There fleeing strikers were shot in the back
And, master, rest assured we still can have
The gunmen's services. How do I know?
By knowing rivals for your preference.
Safe is forsooth the might of wealth while lasts
The rivalry of seekers after it.
The other day I overheard this prayer;
Or meditation of a soul so primed:

"My God, my God, what wouldst thou have me do
Upon the roadway of success? How long,
How much more strenuously must I contend
To reach the goal? 'Tis many years I slaved
To come abreast the higher circle which
Was wont to look down on me with contempt,
And still I find myself a low-cast son
Of common people! It is difficult
To stand such strain, such standing to endure.
All through my hardest, leanest, longest years
My bread and water was embittered by
Belittling sneers on upturned faces as
They journeyed past poor me. So things went on
Day after day. The Sun seemed cruel and
The gall within me boiled in protest.
Still, I could hope. I saved. In time I bought
A tiny cottage. Crossing there, one day,
The sallow visage of a man, short built,
Long nosed, red bearded, glinting eyes, whisked by
In a fine limousine. I had known him
An abject pariah; and, now, he rode
Nigh over me! The grin upon that face
At my predicament and humble state
Lighted in my heart the fires of revenge—
Revenge on all the world in general
And in particular on every one
Retarding my advance! Then thoughts arose
To serve my feelings: fine ideas of
Good effort and vile thoughts from theft through
fraud,
To murder even! Finally, I chose
The plainest, sanest, safest, easiest way
Presented through the public charts. And now,

In the arena for success, I swear to win!
For this, I learned all the several arts
Of conversation, formal intercourse,
And undulations with opportune tide.
My God, I am as fit as one in search
For high position or the full control
Respecting other's welfare, well can be;
I manage eyes and face, and tongue and voice,
Yes, and my whole appearance to accord
With just the show occasion does require.
Excuses I can make as lawyers can—
And look wise in the manner that well-trained
Physicians are exhibiting or yes
Or no the rays of understanding have
Entered their brains. And I can bluff a thing
Through, just as clever tradesmen have a way
Of doing when lack of knowledge leaves
Them in the lurch. Of course, I have dispensed
With friends whose several little burdens bore
Me down as would a swimmer sink in dress
Embroidered with a thousand little weights.
And I have laid my offerings at the feet
Whose step ahead makes my own fortune rise.
My God, what more is there for me to do?
The circles higher up look down at me
A dagger in each glance. They cut me to the quick!
What kind of watery diluted blood
Is coursing in the coward weaklings who
Can bear the daily burnings of disgrace
Administered unto a lowly caste
Without resentment? Oh, I feel it is
Beyond endurance. In my desperate mood
I feel I could despoil the very church

I helped to build, I feel that I should take
A great deal more than slowly comes my way;
I feel my fingers clutching close, I feel
My brains a-reeling and my heart beat fast. . . .
My God, my God, what wouldst thou have me do?"

C 3

Ho, Jailer, have you room for more of those
Slick, unruly, recalcitrant hot-heads
Who dare to be too open and too bold
In turning things so they come out on top?
The concrete walls and iron bars we placed
In trust with you are surely strong enough
To hold apart whom we must separate
From mobs that can be easily inflamed.
But how about your helpers? Are they safe?
Their arms steady to repel attack?
As you appreciate your office or
The pay that goes with it, pay heed unto
Requirements thereof. Aye, first of all
Keep your own heart strong under lock and key
Against encroachment on your sympathies.
The agitator's smooth and oily talk
Will fetch no victuals, much less can it fetch
A chariot for you and friends to ride
In proudly, on occasions of parade.
As spokesman for a body owning wealth,
Most all the wealth the nation is supposed
To own, I say: be ever on the watch,
You hold the key not only to the jail,
But also to the order that prevails
Outside of it. When faint, remember that!
Or is there stirring something in your breast.

That moralists call conscience? Away
With it, Duke Gloster had but ducats for
Dispatchers of his brother in the tower;
That calmed their qualms and steeled them to the
deed—

But we are giving you a steady flow
Oh, high remuneration, all—besides
We give you power; make you one of us,
A veritable full-fledged monocrat!
Thus you can disregard what toiling souls
Have struggled to embody in a writ
Of constitution; whenever so disposed,
Suspend the laws within your bailiwick.
Forbid the voice you dislike to hear,
And with your minions' hand proceed to mock
The hallowed declaration many fine
Aspiring souls still hold in reverence.
Think you not this a precious privilege?
If not, a crowd of others will be glad
To take your place, which must be rightly filled,
So we may continue to hold our own
And reap therefrom the golden benefit.
Fear not, supporters we can always catch—
Some we can feed with pride of ancestry,
Some we may keep in yoke with empty fame,
Some we can lead on with the glow of hope
For something thousand times less possible
Than a balloon ride in the Milky Way.
But some cannot be swayed, nor led, nor coerced
With words and then, brave jailer, you must serve
To break the stubborn will of recreants.
You need not torture them unless you wish,
Just feed them so that native strength shall leave

The body; with it vanishes the strength
Of mind which dried up, leaves the soul a wreck.
As for justification of it all
Leave it to us, our pulpit and our press!

D

Good news, my brethren to the manner born,
I have some splendid, great good news for you;
Straight from the august conclave of the high
And most high dignitaries in the field
Of experimental science. (Experiments
Are being carried on in our behalf, of course,
Else there would be no dignity to it.)
A mighty truth has been found and propelled
Unto the center of the stage, a verity
As far-reaching as it is bold and new.
Oh, how am I to tell the gist of it
By lisping of the tongue, when what I think
About is moving, fashioning souls of men?
Oh, friends, forbear with my soft, faltering thoughts;
Forbear awhile, for I am overawed
By this colossal new discovery.
Yet feel at ease! These learned men know from
What side their bread gets buttered; they are all
With us, commending in the highest terms
Fine, blessed joys and bracing strength that comes
From competition. Right and left they urge
To leave the mass below and all who can
Project themselves to highest eminence.
So, who will dare expect that we shall fight
For lesser stakes? That we be satisfied
With power, wealth, fame, social dominance
No more than that we had achieved by birth?

That we live on without an aim or want,
Forego ambition's zeal, incentive's force,
And lifting powers of a great reward?
Thus everything is right from bonds and bars
To bombs and battleships. Oh, yes, you want
The news I have set out to tell. It is
An epoch-making revelation that
All former prophets failed to make, a truth
So fundamental that the privilege
Of presentation moves me unto tears.
Tears, not of sorrow, but of pride and joy,
Because this revelation must, perforce,
Secure its publisher fine sympathies,
High, rapturous applause, generous pay, and, too,
Encyclopedic immortality!
Now, now, be still. Oh, dear, constituents!
Constrain your hearts in patience for a while,
Because to make my meaning fully clear
I must recall unto your memory
The famous dictum of a famous man
Who could promote a piece of virile slang
Into immortal classic epigram
Thus: "Every minute sees a sucker born!"
The new discovery is like to that
But greater by a lifetime's time: It is
That every dupe can be deceived once more!

D 1

Well done, my good servant dominant, pashalic
Psychologist! Magnificent discoveries
Raise your credit account unto sublimity.
My meditations had not revealed to me that
Painting a pump-handle lighter will cause a serf

Draw more aquacious weight with the same willingness.

That is a glorious finding and wondrous, for
Longest eared quadruped is ne'er so assinine
But stops short pulling loads heavier (though disguised)

Than his feeling perceives sufficient for the haul.
Great technician, continue to investigate
So what the prophet's beard cannot procure for us
We come by, outright, through holy efficiency.
Verily, every dupe can be deceived once more!
However, it is most needful, imperative
To prevent menials from being undeceived.
Much rather confirm their idolatrous regard
For trappings, keeping them humbly subservient.
Nowadays, I should not relish the olden job
Blinding one score thousand vile Bulgarian eyes. . . .
A well-stocked harem with eunuchs to watch the stock,

Servants for every occasion and gold enough
Properly to maintain this fine establishment
Is good enough for me. I being quite content
Menials should joy in vicarious delight.
Let them feel proud because oftentimes privileged
To cast their worthless glance upon a robe of state.
Let them be awed by our glittering regalia!
Overwhelmed by glistenings of our shiny stones
They never can possess; bow to insignia
Of thousand and one sort tremblingly, gasp in great
Wonderment at frills and furbelows, and before
Garments of certain cut fall into abject fear.
Reckless iconoclasts who would in any way
Undo the magic spell of our set masquerades

Must be squelched lest people look through all disguises

And then find nothing but naked humanity.

Then muse: why should we be stigmatized servitors?—

Yet, only having such can we have prideful ease.

Therefore, crush whoso would deprive us of this boon,

Bury him underneath long-winded epitaphs,

Designate his attempts envenomed truculence;

Non-classical, illiterate, barbarian;

Primogenially stark, contumelious,

Contemporaneously insignificant,

Prospectively evanescent mediocrity!

What putty heart will dare to cross so great a ban?

D 2

Beloved son, before I even knew

Who was to be your sire, I loved you.

As feelings in my bosom came to glow

With longing and my heart experienced

A new mysterious passionate desire,

I sought, while dreaming and in waking hours,

To understand the meaning of it all,

And it was you! I saw a round-faced babe

With skin more tender than a fresh-blown rose;

I saw a boy emerging from among

His mates as leaves a comet simple stars;

And then I saw a soldier at the head

Of hosts of men, a chief whose very word

Was like the fiat of a mighty God,

Or life or death to others as he willed.

And then I saw vast armies fall in clash

On one another, slaying, slashing wild;

Saw finally, one trampled under foot
The other mustered on the gory field;
And then I saw a laureled conqueror
March underneath a high triumphal arch,
His breast aflame with decorative stars,
His every turn, his every little say
Englorified in sculpture, paint and song.
Then I heard queries from ten million lips:
"Whose son is he?" At which my youthful frame
Thrilled and trembled. Then I set my mind
To suffer pain and take my chance with death
For you! Accordingly I chose the man
To share with love's delight, and not in vain,
For we have outschemed many aspirants
To win a scepter and to hold a reign.
However Lilliputian the domain
We ruled, yet, were we highest king and queen.
Alas, adversity has blown its harsh
And surly winds against us. We lost our throne
But not our wish to rule. . . . Go out, my son,
Go out into the world and claim your right.
Appeal as martyr for your heritage
And mark! What men in search for happiness
Have found a helpful and substantial boon
Is regal, legal uncontested prey
To ready wielders of supremacy
On terms that they get away with it—
Disguise yourself, if need be, as a plain
And honest man. Beginning all anew,
Observe prevailing psychologic winds,
And set your sails to catch them for your aim.
Have men become enamored with success?
Have them pursue its shiny counterfeit—

Has balsam of a smile endeared itself?
Smile, while your heart is sharpening the knife
To scalp your unsuspecting victim with—
Do men appreciate fine sympathies?
Shed, publicly your crocodilian tears—
As ten times thousand toiling pioneers
Enhanced the sound of reassuring words,
Utter such freely; though you do not mean
A syllable of it. Who knows but you
May claim part credit for achievement which
Comes to be rated high, yet cost you naught
Else but a hollow sound! Then, there are men
Who crave sweet hand-waves of true friendliness—
You give its imitation when thereby
Some unsophisticated confidence
Will shed its lustre for your benefit.
From naught through politics and battle's roar
Go forth, my son, and live your mother's dream.

D 3

Most illustrious Lord, on whose empire
Never sets the Sun, a splendid glory
Which outshines the flaming halls of heaven,
Not alone for nabobs of your realm
But, also, for many of its paupers—
You, whose globe encircling rich resources
Harbor wealth in more immense abundance
Than the sunlit seashores round about your
Ocean-washed possessions, glistening
Sand grains. Praise be unto you, defender
Of monarchical claims. Here in my castle,
Amidst gilded walls, with rows of painted
Sword aristocrats benignly beaming

On their direct emulous descendant,
I make oath to hold up your strong arm
Unto the end! People in their wonted
Childish manner try to find some reason
To account for what we have them doing;
For the slashing of each other into
Fragmentary pieces, for the shedding
Of each other's good for nothing blood in
Fascinated joyous exultation.
Silly fools, how slow of comprehension!
Not one entertains the least suspicion
That we gain out of their loyal folly
Royal power for our far descendants
Half a thousand years from hence; even as
Our ancestors acquired half a thousand
Years ere now the power for us which we
Gayly wield to suit our kingly pleasure.
Kingly pleasure, not mere animal joys
Downmost muzhiks also may partake of;
Kingly pleasures, not mere creature comforts
Got by cramped thought and murky sweat of
Drudgery; high, kingly pleasures; power
Over people's life, their weal and woe, and
Loud sung adoration that enċircleth
With a shining halo, things we but touch;
Flattering fame which overwhelms with our
Image minds of multitudes compelling
Them to be our pliant tools! All this and
More is ours merely for the taking—
Even this, the least graceful acceptance
Being lauded to the seventh heavens
And to men praised as gratitude-worthy.
Such a state is surely worth preserving,

Surely 'twere not healthy for us to have
Peace on Earth, enough to make our calling
Identical with that of broken idols.
Wherefore, let us, craftily, keep going
All well tried contraptional devices
Engineered to trip men in their thinking;
Have our courtiers amplify diversions
Of the bloody shirt in all its aspects;
Have fanatical processions marching
To pyres of legendary traitors;
Cause Christian festivals and feastings
To be sanctified with Jewish pogroms. . . .
Then, I answer silly protestations
With a well-filled story book of lynchings.
Thus, I keep at home my subjects busy
While fomenting insurrections elsewhere
Until pressed for open intervention—

E

Parental duty, obligating each
Fond father to convey, while yet he may,
Unto his children secrets of the art
Which he knows best, impels me to address
You first-born, dearest, loveliest of my boys.
This morning I observed a starling come
Close to its nest, a choice fat, round, long
Piece of inducement dangling from its beak
To coax young fledglings out into the world;
So, they may venture learning how to fly.
No man and least of all can kings afford
To let untutored feet come in their path;
Hence do I take you in my confidence.
I fain would have you in due time ascend

My august throne in full possession of
The arts that keep it up in dazzling light.
You are to make this throne more dazzling still
By the attraction of your power's glare.
Some prattlers say there's always room on top—
But that should only fool those on the climb.
The mountain's highest peak—accommodates
But few or only one; it being so
Much longed for by so many, let the place
Of uppermost, at any cost, be ours. . . .
A leaf or two from out of *cunning's* book
Will teach you to maintain your august state
In glistening aspects of sagacity. . . .
They point unmistakably the way
To widest power absolutely held
Under the pseudonym of Figurehead.
Be not afear'd from sounds of cannons' boom,
They are but part of every monarch's call.
But for the rumpus on the battlefields
We would be plagued with social functionings;
Pageants, corteges and rare shows wherein
Ourselves must serve to satisfy the dull
Gaseous witted gaping multitudes—
To see the bustling, jostling crowds, en masse,
Forming a human wall, as aimless as
A wall of bricks, is entertainment once
So often, oftener monotonous;
A life from which war is a healthful change.
Remember, too, the law of contrast. Greet
With pseudo-friendly smile a cockney lad
And flunkeydom will trumpet forth your praise;
Forego the sumptuousness of but one meal
And your empire will be proud to starve;

When that the service of your lordly tools
Have failed to fetch expected fine results,
Make some low-born son of your domains
Prime minister for but a wee brief spell
And all the heads that reverently bow
To monocratic power will acclaim
Your kingly fiat as the people's rule.
Can you achieve so much by flattering one
Of simple mind, what can you not attain
By feigning some regard for multitudes
Effervescent with vacuous vanity?
Hint at the merest possibility
That you might wed a woman somewhat less
Than "princess of the blood" and half the world—
A certain half of it—will glorify
Your liberality, declaring you
The foremost champion of democracy!
Nor is that all; let it be thought, surmised
That you might wed a woman born and bred
In the United States, that plebeian nest
Of money worshipers and oh, who knows
But all the male and female aspirants
For pomp and splendor and exclusive heights
May bring about a brilliant coup d'état
That will regain for us all and some more
Than we had lost in seventeen seventy-six? . . .
Aye, urge the scrambling multitudes to scale
The social ladder, whet their appetites
With fool-enchancing gilded tales about
The wondrous doings of the upper caste
And they, to prove their own delusions' force,
Will scheme against each other, trip or knock
To earth whoever cannot stand the pace.

They'll trample truth and virtue into dust
To gain positions held within our gift:
In politics, for privilege to bear
The odium for blunders we may make;
At dinner, for the honor of a seat
To our right or left, or next to these, or next;
At state affairs for notice of a nod,
And at receptions for the privilege
Of being "introduced at royal court."
In treating men do not forget their clans
All hungry for distinction in your eyes.
Appease their appetite once in a while,
But all the time design to whet it on.
Have due regard for clannish preference,
This deep, unfailing source of our strength.
Let no man live in peace who dares revolt
Against the bondage placed on him by birth.
Each day each man be asked a score of times
"What are you?" If one shows but waning pride
In whatsoever marks or mars his clan,
Beware, he is a revolutionist!—
Let him be taunted with the ingrates' charge,
Make him an exile wherever he lives,
Have him denounced a loathsome renegade,
Make life for him as hard as it can be
So that exhausted, weakened, in despair
He tumble back into his little fold;
Or, leastwise, with his suffering serve to scare
The other ripening minds from shaking off
The chain that keeps each hostage for his clan
And boasting with vicarious honor gained.
As you succeed the world will call you wise.

E 1

Bears and lions can be friends—Good cousin,
Known amongst the animal creation
As the mightiest lion of the woodlands,
Do I need protest my full devotion
To our common cause? I am regarded
Chief Scare Bear the Foremost Fear Inspirer,
And allow to let it go at that. Still
I am sorely grieved when I must witness
Old hyenas overawe their victims
Just by walking up to them and saying:
Down my throat! or Nick the Bear will get you.
Lately our stars darkened in declension—
Pardon, sir, for changing style or scansion,
But the thought of shameless insurrection
Causes in me feverish reflection.
Ever busily rebellious science
Rapped Divine Grace with too bold defiance;
Multitudes outgrew, withstood abuses
Mummery and Iconry produces;
Ignorance my precious, old, protective
Friend has failed to be fully effective
At benumbing and in thickly clouding
Men's minds. There was a view! And, oh, what
shouting
Of delight to greet each novel routing!
Pathways grew wide from the ceaseless groping
For more light—and hate gave way to hoping
Through the contact caused by swiftly floating
Commerce. Then the coward, blabbering, bloating
Dullard of an ass, Geographic notion
Failed me; for inventors' chemic potion

Overcame distance, fused air, earth and waters
Into uncannily compressed quarters.
Thus, in pride of but hoped-for attainments
Some would dare cast off their slavehood raiments,
Tallest turrets of the largest mansion
Failed to instill fear by mere pretension;
Many fools indulged in silly visions,
Many savants in learned renditions
Of a pleasant peaceful dispensation—
And not one dream has been so inducted
And not one scheme has been so concocted
As to leave secure our high positions
As to have regard for the anointed—
Of this Earth—so came the time appointed
Matters not by whom . . . to restore hoary
Our old, blandishmentful stock in trade,
Ancestral feuds and Monocratic glory.
Now the upheaval is of dimensions
To shake the world back into wild contentions.
Ha, ha! Who'll try to unloose mental shackles
Forged in fierce heat of our ruthless battles?
As it is our precious royal secret
That each tumbling generation had been
Trapped by pitfalls set up in preceding
Periods, so must we still be seeming
Bent on state affairs while deeply sheeming
To keep from substance democratic dreaming.

E 2

Cannibal chieftain having had square meal
Of plain-cooked, steamed and broiled human-weal,
Feels very friendly towards paleface chief;
• Would have him glad in festivals, as lief

Enjoy the gifts of God while juicy, fresh,
Than leave to pelicans nice human flesh.
You kill too many for too little fun,
You slay a thousand men and not eat one!
Of course, you can't like everybody; such
As you not like, you not like very much;
And whom you hate, were he not best confined
Into the roasting pan and gladly dined
Upon? Then joyous festival arrive
For everybody that remains alive.
Why be so finicky? If man must die
May he not just as well be made mince pie?
I am a cannibal, yet, realize,
You have the high gift to spiritualize
Material things; so, when you want your fill
Of human flesh you only curse and kill.
But why be cursing quite so hard and why
Cut up so many? Lord, all, hated by
Some, can't be slain; however many died
All hate desires can't be satisfied—
All wished-for slayings cannot be fulfilled,
For you hate more than ever can be killed.
So, brother chief, I give you this advice
To still the thirst for human sacrifice.
Have two lists made of all within your state;
One black, one white, sorting them separate
In full view of your realm. Then, declare
That everyone shall have a perfect fair
Chance to destroy someone within your gates.
Then draw a black card; whom it designates
Shall have a constitutional right to name—
Or babe or boy or girl or man or dame—
One, he or she or it dislikes the most,

To be conducted to a funeral post.
And there, 'midst ceremonials, sounds of lyre,
And stately pomp the victim shall expire.
Should one refuse to volunteer a name
Whose bearer die in sacrificial game,
Let such a one be forced on dreadful pain
Of self and all the household being slain,
To draw a white card. Whose name is thereon
Shall be the subject of the funeral song.
(Of course, you will be exempt from the call
Excepting when the black card is to fall)—
Repeat as often as you like and, well,
The total loss remains a bagatelle.
The drama, though, enough to satisfy
The most tear burdened moving-picture eye.
And if you still have enemies to spare
Please send them to me for a dinner's fare.

E 3

Lest you forget let me recall to you
The great importance of social regard
As serves the purpose of monocracy.
The estimation in which people hold
Each other is the pyramidal base
That holds the structure pointed for a throne,
If so devised. Look close and you will see,
It is like primal dressing in the road
Beneath the glassy surface on which roll,
Before large, fluttered crowds, in sumptuous coach
The kingly household. Safe the ruler who
Can draw the multitude into a jam
To see him pass. Once in a while we need
Appear in public to receive its seal.

Oh, yes, we must impose upon the mob
With quaintly glittering parades' dazzling show
Into conceding to us highest rank.
So will each subdivision fall in line
And help to spread those tentacles which draw
Each one into its proper play and all
Into the vortex of glib social guile.
Of all the cards held by a royal hand
None is fraught with more power than the fine
Thin textured one of social preference.
Throughout its boggy maze the poisoned weeds
Of Brahmanistic caste-conceptions sear
Whomever they may touch. Its poison mist
Engulfs all hate-nursed, fool-fledged selfish hearts,
Confining them to this one sorry thought:
"I'm better born, wiser bred, in rank
Of higher state, and holier than thou!"
And all the while they serve the one on top!
Glib social guile, through it you can implant
The traits of loyalty, no, not to right
And truth, to public welfare and the holy aims
Of one great noble human brotherhood,
But mere servility, a willingness
To fight and die for someone higher up—
Like that much celebrated bodyguard
At mention of which French breasts swell in pride.
The guard it died a most heroic death—
For one who served their ethnical conceit.
Full twenty million humans bit the grass
So he could set a crown on his own head
And shove a throne beneath each of his kin.
Such heroism we must cultivate
With all the arts of social guile. If some

Cannot be made to be quite willing tools
In your design, why break them into it!
The ones who can't be tempted nor cajoled
Into embracing caste allegiance,
Let them be anathema! Ostracize
Them and their families, with cutting frowns
Aloofness, snobbery, with all the viles
Unreasoning pride can boast, let them be mauled
And battered, cut, humiliated till
This social stockade inspires deadly fear.
Beyond the common strength to overcome.

F

Hello! This is the Devil thinking! Good,
I hear, through space, a multitudinous rush
Into attentive listening attitudes.
Allons, I have a ticklish subject on
My mind. It is not of the sexual sort,
This time. No charming vampire lady who
Outdoes a Turkish harem with her snares
And amative proclivities; nor yet
A hypnotist who with mere looks can cause
A maid, against her will, to turn mistress
Inviting him into her boudoir.
The thing that tickles me now is a right
Which had been questioned in some bygone days,
But now, ascending, comes to claim its own;
I mean the right to lie! Please, understand,
I do not mean light, juvenile attempts
At finding facts to suit the circumstance.
I mean the right of lying, or to tell
In sincere manner the reverse of truth!
Lies are of various shades, from snowy white

To murder black. The whitest lie will serve
As starter and each darker shade a step,
As in a winding staircase, leading down
Into the deepest darkest pit. The lie
Is coming to be stylish. Where, before,
The right to lie had been reserved for high
Diplomatic occasions, now the scribes
Give it promotive, cheerful countenance.
And not in vain! As gamblers for small stake
Encourage gamblers on a giant scale,
So dabblers in untruth give actual
Support to mighty life-destroying lies.
If telling lies is proper just for fun
How much more so for profit? Therefore, though .
To bear false witness was forbidden long
Millennials ago, the practice is
Of daily run. Aye, lies are daily told
With such effect that judges came to look
Upon a truthful man as worst of all—
An unskilled liar from whose lips the lie
Has harder sledding. Clearly, it is mete
For every man to boldly speak a lie
Whenever that should serve his purpose best.
What? Scruples? Throw them to the winds, before
The other party steals a march on you.
Consider now, if lying is of use
In little private deals how much more so
Can it be made in great affairs of state?
Why balk at trifles? Is not every man
To do and die for king and fatherland?
And is it not much more congenial
To tell an untruth than in truth to die?
The man who dies once cannot die again,

But he who lies may tell another lie.
Then, friends of mine, promote this glorious art
Of lying, from small shreds of polity
To combinations of the widest scope.
So will the world be ever in a mood
Of grabbing each the other by the throat,
And when not thus engaged, breathe in a trance—
Holding, shaking each other by the ear.

F 1

Encore? Obligated! Satanic prestige gains
By obligating seekers for my grace.
What have I not to give?—But, best of all,
I have the understanding which you crave,
The know-how of the wrestler who can pin
Another wrestler's shoulder to the ground.
Shall I impart to you my secret? Yes,
For I am with you in the great campaign
Of getting more for less or much for naught.
Doubt not, most methods may be well employed;
Just as with small change, each fits in somewhere.
Why should you not preach heaven if for this
Hut-dwellers grant you palace space? Why not
Preach hell if that will scare, intimidate
Men into sweating gold for you? Why not
Say anything that will fetch everything
You want? Lies have a backward action, but
The art in lying, really, is to shoot
Them off without an unpleasant recoil
Obliterating the advantage sought.
Therefore cast slurs upon integrity;
Extinguish promptings of sincerity;
Make wearing masks an everyday affair

For old and young instead the playful eve
For children. In the holy names of tact,
Culture, politeness, and professional,
Nice requirements make propaganda for
The fell reverse of truth! In atmosphere
So exercised germs of avarice thrive.
Bright shines the diamond motto: "More for less,"
Or better yet, "Get much for nothing." With
That much in mind; abuse of confidence,
Or held by friend or someone more than friend,
Becomes an ingrained disposition. Then
Strike out to win, let who must fall beneath
Your stroke. Does it not altogether serve
Them right? Were they not similarly bent?
Preach unto everybody his success.
Say: lie to win and let the rest go hang!
Rewards? How stupid of you not to see
What I am driving at. Living in close
Familiarity with light veined lies
Man gets accustomed to the heavy frauds,
And in the débris of much broken faith
He bends his neck into the nearest yoke.

F 2

Encore! Encore! Your Damon is delighted!
What should not one do to secure this high
And jubilant reception? So, here goes
Another message to my listening friends:
Behold a Sultan in his seraglio
'Midst Oriental splendor while away
His time; a number fatted females dressed
To please the master's vision standing by
Aburning incense for their lord. They wait

With wistful glances on his pleasure and—
No sexual repression ever need
Derange his nervous system, nor restraint
Cheat his desires of an earthly joy!
Will such a man, should such a man give up
His handsome, winsome, toothsome privilege
While lasts the maid-supply in fresh relays?
While lasts the sudra that supplies the maids
With ornate garments and the fattening meal?
Is it for him to pity blighted souls?
An orphan girl despoiled of her hope?
Or one worse off despoiled of her love?
Or one still worse off ruined in her health?
Is all this his concern? Surely not.
So all who own a toothsome sultanate
Of any sort hold on with not a care
Of whose life goes up in the perfumed smoke.
As for the means to hold on with full might:
There is but one thing ever can surpass
Enslaving qualities of a well timed,
Well spoken lie and that is acting it. . . .

F 3

Encore! Encore! Encore! Yet more you want
To hear from Beelzebub? But friends believe,
There is no more connection with the pit
Of hell on Earth than these three appetites:
The greed for wealth, the lust for power and
The thirst for blood; they all thrive by a lie.

G

Sweet sounds the joyous ring of our reveille,
A wondrous charm leaps from out its notes

And turns hosts of tired, foot-sore sleepers
Into a mass of hustling animation.
Within the while of fleeing moments few,
Each unit stands all ready, spick and span,
In just the place assigned; and every man
His sword put on, his trusty Mannlicher
Affectionately holding to his breast,
The legions wait a-panting in attention.
Oh, what refreshing sight! what vital, life
Rejuvenating picture to behold!
Like thoroughbreds upon the racing turf,
Each member of the swarming regiments
Strains every nerve to execute commands.
In eager mood and perfect readiness
The multitude of trained and armed men
Will strike, demolish, burn whatsoever told
And slay whomever they are set to kill—
Indeed absorbing is the kingly game,
Gone is from me the sickening ennui
Of aimless, joyless, inactive old age.
The tremblings of my limbs depart to find
A lodgement in the frames of younger men—
Why, being cherished by a Shunammite
As David had been, could not cause my blood
To circulate more lively, nor my mind
To glow more radiant. On these high days
My thoughts revert to thee, Great Warrior,
To thee, whose iron nerve and granite will
Holds all the world in check, whose fearless heart
Did not recoil when that the day had come
For this the greatest conflagration of
The earth. Let it rage on! Let flames run wild
A season and impart their awful red

To overhanging skies. Let multitudes
Be served from out the cup I had to drink
The deepest draughts. . . . Ah, they will not down,
The memories of sorrow and of pain;—
My brother shot as they shoot worthless dogs;
My only son felled, like a common brawl;
The mother of my children stabbed to death—
Who cried because the blows upon my head?
The meanest, weakest in our vassalage
Could not be scourged by bloody violence
So unappeased, forsaken by revenge.
Revenge belongs to God, but are we not
His foremost instruments? And yet the world
Came near to think anointed royal life
To be of no more value than a straw.
But now the underlings can realize
The value of a crown prince to the world!
And thou, Great Warrior, art the chief who canst
Most poignantly drive the lesson home.
Thou, chosen darling of the reigning gods,
Who addest glittering lustre to the grace
Divine by which we rule, thou art the core
Of my concern. My heart feels love for thee!
I feel impelled to tell thee all about
The secret bolts and mainsprings of my post;
The substance, composition and the gist;
The synthesis of all the force we sway—
That you and yours may have the benefit
Of all the psychologic radium
The gods had given unto me and mine
To tide us over every vicissitude
And lusty turmoil growing out these
Vivid, enchanting, grand tumultuous days.

What brought us to the surface in the world's
History? Contention amongst men.

What is the chief bone of contention? Now

As in days past; the need and love of land.

But day on day it dawned upon the world

That land is fructified by labor and

That toilers can live wherever they work—

Though we receive no tribute from their task!

Therefore some cabals were employed to hold

Men to the land—the land in my control.

I called my trusty orators, gave them

A full blown banquet and addressed them thus:

“Go forth ye heralds of my great empire

And teach the people to be patriots.

To love the land with such intensity

That no oppression drive them from the spot.

And lest attractions here or there might draw

The toiler from his tool, besmirch, decry,

Defame the rest of all creation.” They

Went on their errand amongst the populace

And then we had them in contention's grip;

A score or more of nationalities

Forever trying, all at once, to be

The highest toned and most preferred among

The groups in my domain. The job, then, was

To keep the fires of jealousy alive

And check each by the other's burning flame.

So came I to control a large empire—

More would I tell thee if thou art disposed

To hear. I yearn to convey to you

The concentrated essence of my mind.

Art thou inclined, canst thou afford to grant

Me more attention? Wilt thou I proceed?

G 1

Hail, hail thee Veteran Warrior of the World,
Most venerable emperor on earth!
The glory of thy life is far beyond
A comparison that my busy brain
Could now discover. None the less I hold
Your grand achievements in due reverence.
The stormy days of Eighteen Forty-eight
Had brought you as a youth, but in his teens,
To grace a mighty throne that seemed to fall
Ungracefully apart, and as you stepped
Unto the royal seat its creaking ceased;
Just as by magic order was restored
Throughout your vast domain, the noise quelled,
Wilful Wiena's insurrection stilled,
And Hungary's rebellion was put down—
Its leaders recognizing your ascent
In just the right position of their kind,
Some thirteen of them dangling in the air!
Such were the privileges of your youth.
The czar of then was wise enough to act
In your behalf and sent the Slavic hordes
To strengthen his by upholding your rule.
But now, the czar, grown jealous of your might
And fearing that its splendors would eclipse
His own and then himself might have to bend
His Autocratic knees to beg support
From you, he deftly moved a pawn—
Ha, ha! But we were ready with our knights
And castles, ready with our giant guns
Whose booming shook this paltry little world;
With aircraft, gas bombs, sleek submersibles

That made our rivals wince. We were prepared!
Of course we had been ready, had we not
Been in position to command respect
In style and manner long approved by all,
Who would pay us regard or loan us gold?—
Would Slavs or Franks or even Englishmen
Be kind enough to stay where they belong
And leave the land of others unencroached
But for the forts and guns that keep them off?
So let the sword decide! We can afford
To arbitrate each problem as of yore. . . .
If anything comes athwart our path
'To hinder our ship from sailing on
We'll cut straight through and keep upon our course
No matter what or who would tilt the boat,
Be it a bankers' deputation which
Bemoans the ebbing of their wherewithall,
Or be it news that some we doted on
Fell lifeless with their mowed-down regiment;
Be it the most pretentious thing on earth,
The Holy See imploring us to change—
Ha! Were a quake to desolate the world,
Leaving but few to prowl upon the ground
Where million striving souls had lived before,
Still would we have to continue our way,
The way of those who want to rule supreme.
And all the while and everywhere we can
Depend on censorship to choke the truth
That dares sound warning or cry out for help;
Depend on subsidized slick troubadours
To popularize song-ditties in our praise;
Depend on salaried historians
To set our actions down as wise and just.

You see dear, blessed, Apostolic King,
Most venerable emperor on Earth,
I know a thing or two myself. Of wit
I have a goodly portion and of wealth
Large subterranean roomsful; just the same,
Some more of both were better. How could I
Do else than most intensely crave for more
Of monocratic wisdom? Send on your thoughts,
Your every word will be enshrined upon
My heart, for my own sake and in behalf
Of my exuberant posterity.

G 2

Life, be it ever so long, hangs on a thread.
Dear Friend, I have received a warning note
From Great Headquarters of Mortality.
It came not unawares and yet the flash
Of pain cast over all a spell of gloom.
Sad admonitions came in heavy troops
To break my spirit, but I fight them off,
Extracting cabals from my fretful dreams.
One such a dream impressed me very much.
We, you and I, were standing on a rug.
In it the threads were living souls so drawn
As would make standing light for our feet,
And pleasant pictures for our downward glance.
Knight warriors came to take from us our soft
Position. Quickly, we disposed of them,
Giving their heads into the hangman's keep.
Some threads, grown overweary of our weight,
Swished discomfort and muttered some complaints.
These cranky threads we pulled from out the weave
And gave them for the jailer's pillow case.

Then restive servants round about began
To whisper as if rising to resent
Our actions. Quick, we made an end of this,
Making the burden heavier the while
Exempting just enough to make the rest
Comply. And still we felt a terror's scourge;
We felt the rug move, (underneath our feet;)
With jerky pulls which kept us in a fix
Of falling full length on the naked floor.
It was a torturous dream. When I awoke
I called a squad of trusty orators,
And after treating them in royal style,
Addressed them thus: "The kingdom is in trouble.
Go forth ye precious jewels in its crown
And preach the sanctity of kingly rugs!"
I also had the chiefest orators
Of lawmaking assemble there. To them
I said: "Defend the country against treason's blow!
Rush through a law condemning everyone
Who jerks my rug, or is inclined to jerk,
Or may be apt to harbor such intent;
Or who abets another by the keen
Suggestiveness innate in jerky words."
Soon you will see and hear the good results.
Cough.
Oh, why can I not lengthen my own life
With all the years I have cut others' short?

G 3

Die? No! Not you, most venerable friend.
Your record sparkles immortality,
For you have often conquered and the world—

Because it loves the joy of conquering—
Holds fast upon its breast the conqueror
In permanent embrace. Each little dwarf
Of would-be conqueror, gloats over feats
Of most remote relatives, be they as
Far back in time as Joshua; in consequence
Nil as Napoleon; in truth no more
Than tin-god heroes of the passing day.
Feed the world what it is hungry for
And nothing quite so whets the appetite
Than promise of a glorious victory.
Who is ashamed of patriarchs that have
By right of might despoiled other folks?
Who casts from out his heart the feelings of
Superiority, implanted there
In ancient error or by ancient wiles?
Who is regretful on account of might
Got through deception in ancestral days?
Who disavows proud sounding racial claims
Derived from subjugating other kinds?
Who expiates in steadfast rectitude
The gain of fathers got by loaded dice?—
Such men are lost forever to our cause.
Our cabals can have no effect on them.
As they increase in numbers we decrease
In strength. They are the jerkers of your dream
Wherein the rug beneath our feet was pulled
With reckless suddenness; and every time
A soul is drawn from under us we feel
The fated jerk! Let us be watchful, then,
Let poets glorify and bards retell
Each incident of conquest in such bright
High colors that, intoxicated by

The glamor of their art, recruits come
In endless stream to serve our pet design.

H

Soothsayer Zimzim to his king: salaam.
New sovereign, distributor of fame
And wealth and power, in whose mighty hands
The lives of men are but like brittle threads,
Let me prognosticate, from yon high stars,
Your future and your past. With utmost care
I cast your horoscope, and sure enough
I see your might comes from an ancient source.
Back in the dim past human beings were
Attacked constantly by bloodthirsty beasts,
Ferocious animals to slaughter which
Was a compelling need for human life's
Existence upon Earth. Your sires were
Brave, strong and skillful with the club and spear,
Excelling in the art of killing beasts.
As every art gives joy, the shedding of beasts' blood
Became a blissful boon instead of hard
Or loathsome task. Soon Earth was cleared of wild
Ferocious beasts, but still the love of art
In killing craved a satisfaction, thus
Bloodthirstiness of the ferocious beasts
Became imbedded in the human breast.
Surpassing others in their age and clime,
Your sires strode to foremost eminence.
At length but men remained whose killing came
Within the scope of art. Not one or two,
For that is simple work; who cannot play
The mean assassin's rôle if he but will?
But killing in the mass, that quenched the thirst

In later centuries and still does quench
The throat parched by primeval thirst for gore.
As foremost passion guides the heart, you will
Ever contrive to find a fine excuse
For standing armies, floating arsenals
Which may be flung into a grand mêlée
Most any time. And surely you will do
It ere you die, else what for have you lived?
The death-cries ringing from the battlefields
Need not disturb your equanimity.
The dismal cloud of untold agony
Rising from the quivering mass of flesh,
From spattered blood and torrid flow of tears
Serves but as buoyage for your happiness.
Were it not so, oh, great king!—and small kings—
Thrones would be abdicated in a rush.
But as you wish to rule let others serve
Your purpose in the name of bravery!
Let them cut loose, shoot, hit, stab, maim; the while
Your trumpeters sound forth this clarion call;
Come all aboard for glory and for fame!
The gory fields of war produce of both
Great quantities, enough to quell the most
Consuming thirst for them! And men will come,
Nor need one know fell disappointment's pall.
The swords of war are such great instruments
Of glory that not only victorious men
Receive the world's applause but even those
Who fall as vanquished victims on the field
Become grand, laurel-wreathed martyrs in
The estimation of the populace
Or this side or beyond a visioned line.
Oh, monocratic lord you have the field. . . .

H 1

Magnanimous princess, first and famous child
Of one who rules a mighty stretch of land
Upon this Earth and is chief in command
Of many million souls that vegetate
Thereon, I raise my right hand to salute
Your majesty. I hope you will accept
The well-meant greetings of a warrior young
Whose father married on the battlefield
The daughter of his vanquished enemy—
In fact there is no cause of happening
To mar or bar our friendly intercourse;
Much rather have we reason to proceed
On intimately confidential terms.
A brother of mine is in azigious
As sisters of you are in single state,
Which fact projects the probability
Of nuptials at which folks of both domains
Will break forth in sky-splitting jubilees.
So, even though our fathers' armies are
Engaged in life devouring war, just now,
We need not stop our telepathic chats,
We always liked so well. Oh, princess sweet,
I have the finest time of my young life!
Somewhere in France wave after wave of men
I hurl into agony and death—
How willingly they march forth to be slain!
Now, precious friend, I may as well confess
That I enjoy this wondrous spectacle.
Beyond my anticipatory dreams
Do I enjoy, after so many years
Of tedious practice, long rehearsals and

Most livid tensive expectation this,
The real performance. Why, the cannon's roar,
The flying squadrons' whirr, exploding bombs,
The leaden pellets whistling through the air
(But have no fear on my account, my tent
Is pitched upon a distant mountain top
From where the view is fine and surely safe.)
The rifle shots, the fiery battle shouts,
The sabers' clang and curses, yells and screams,
All coalesce into a symphony
The like which great musicians might essay
To imitate upon a puny stage
But never can completely reproduce.
For this ambitious youths march, to be slain,
Most willingly—but pray why should they not?
(Waste not on them your august sympathy.)
This chance of death is but another name
For what my men regard a chance of life.
Now is it within reach, advancement is
Advancement of the one beyond the rest—
Now has their chance of immolation come.
And how they longed for it! How tremblingly
Expectant they would hear the protocol
That set one just a piteous rung or two
Above a group of other craving souls!
War means salvation for such appetite.
The sergeant turns captain in a day,
The captain swings forth to a general's state
In scarce as many weeks as it took years
In warless times. And oh, the swelling pride
Of all who can claim kinship to such men!
Yes, willingly they go forth to be slain,
But then, why should they not? Consider, dear,

The men in civil life will fight for less
And die for nothing or not near as much
As getting credit for heroic death.
And then the weird noises, jumbled plaints
Of mangled multitudes, their dying gasps
Their whimpering, whining, groaning through the
day

In hospitals surcharged with misery,
Is not this a most fitting grand refrain
For royal ears? Thanks, God, we have our share.
Just now I heard the pleasure-fraught good news
That by it one of your own household has
Been rescued from the lightless living-death
Of feeble-mindedness. This song so fit
For royal hearts made such a strong appeal
To your dear sister's soul that it emerged
From bleak stupor and, purged from ennui,
Gained strength enough to have some rays of sense
Enlodge therein. How deeply I rejoice
At her recovery I cannot tell,
But this I know—and will to you confide—
That it is worth the heads of million slaves,
The slaughtering of scores of subject hordes,
To have a princess of so grand a house,
Of such illustrious and distinguished blood,
Luckily rescued from the dark abyss
Of utter, hopeless imbecility.
Such are the uses of the kingly game,
The noble game of ruthless violence.
Compared to it the gripping, tripping moves
Of Bear and Bull played at the Stock Exchange
Is dull and insipid. Oh, Violence!
Thou foremost, highest, most respected part

Of our godhead, the Great Threefold Trinity,
Give me this day your grace to rule supreme,
By right of might, the shining cynosure
Of power worshipping eyes and easily
I'll marshal them to serve me further on.
For those who worship power furnish that
Which helps us to remain in full control.

H 2

Thanks, princes, for your precious compliment,
I do not know all cabals of my house,
My knowledge though, I gladly share with you.
A first move for the royal game of war
Is setting up of prizes to enlist
The valorous knights of interest-coupons.
Most willingly they let the war dogs go
Into the fray! And pray why should they not?
Were they not bent, did they not scheme each day,
Each for himself, to get and hold more wealth
Than anybody else? How long they schemed,
How long they dreamed! Now fortunes are in sight,
The trader's corner is his fortress strong;
A thousand scramble for the million goal
And many more grab for the minor stakes.
Not one considers that his profit's flow
Is desecrated by the flow of blood. . . .
Indeed, our prize manipulation is
Of great importance. We must have a prize
To suit each heart, when marching men to die—
For someone higher up, so they shall not
Stumble on the mutinous question why?
To those who strive with might and main to add
A glittering jewel to the crown, we give

A standing in the hallowed circle of
The ruling house. Its lustre thus increased
Repays them with a ray or two of shine
That by reflection falls upon themselves.
In lack of nothing else they starve for fame
And as chief steward of this airy meal
We have them do our bidding. Highmost chiefs
Obey as ever little child obeyed.
The general harshest to inferiors
Before us trembles like an aspen leaf
And as our frown will shake him in his boots
Just so our praise will lift him out of them.
Then we have recognition to hand out.
This costs us nothing yet brings in a lot.
A special reference to some one's act
Will make his chest expand an inch or two.
Then we have medals, badges, feathers, pins;
What, think you, will not men perform for these?
The iron cross or silver medal will
Transport him into high heavenly bliss.
The lure of medals can lead men to kill
And maim or fall a victim mauled and maimed,
And he who comes back from the battlefield
Distorted, shot in half, his eyes and ears,
His arms and legs lost in the bloody fray;
Why, do you know medallions on his breast
Will make him happy; envied by the rest
Of all his kind, he will with what is left
Of him praise God for such a grand career!
And would you know the reason for it all?
Life put combativeness into man's heart
So he could fight his way from out the cave.
Our task is not to let in dormancy

This trait too long, but (after nursing it
For certain lengths of time in devious ways)
Through active salts of pride bring it to life
And have it serve our monocratic aim.
So, princess sweet, rejoice with me in this
Our high auspicious hour, even though
The armies of your father and of mine
Are now a clash in war. This is a game
Befitting our kind. What if it comes
That like in other games one must lose out?
We still remain of equal rank and friends—
A brother of mine is in azigous
As sisters of you are in single state
Which fact projects the probability
Of nuptials at which folks of both domains
Will break forth in sky-splitting jubilees.

H 3

I heard you thinking, royal sister: what
May be the object of man's ceaseless fight
To rank above his fellows? Well, I know
The secret. It is—as with you and me—
Impassioned wish, a burning, hot desire
To be something that others cannot be;
To own something that others cannot own;
To get something that others cannot get;
Put all together: special privilege.
Why do you laugh, my queenly sister, why?
I did not speak of highest privilege
But special rights. That native fancy craves
However, unsubstantial it may be.
Most worthwhile things are common, certainly.
To have the faculties for plying art;

To understand the pulsing, heaving mind
Of history and then to pierce into
The future's world, seeing as far ahead
As vision carries to the backward shores;
To know by name our great eternal friends
The constellations and their heavenly chiefs;
To greet our resurrected kin each day
In bud and leaf and bloom throughout the fields;
To live and love and work and hope
In this great world is privilege enough!
Indeed, obscurity and simple life
Hold all the joys of true intrinsic worth.
Attainment is of effort not degree,
But it is great good fortune for us; who
Are traders in the stock market of life
To have real values unrecognized while
Fictitious ones may soar as suits us best.
Thus men will slave themselves, and will enslave
Their fellowmen for some old parchment's touch
That others cannot easily attain—
Some day, the veil will fall from off man's eyes;
But while so many souls in restless fray
Are gasping for preferment and contend
For decorations in our gift, let us
Dispose of these in manner and at times
So calculated as to bring about
Men's subjugation—for our benefit.

I

Chief lord of many brave victorious hosts
Your new compeer is greeting you with but
A hasty greeting and a hasty bow. . . .
For I have much to tell; in fact, I wish

To share with you each weighty postulate
My wise predecessor addressed to me
Before he died. I fain would ruminate
Upon the puzzles of the great beyond
In true poetic style, with similes
Of rustling Autumn leaves in moaning winds,
Unanswerable questions bleak array,
Pathetic cries of deeply humbled souls,
Emotion gripping desolateness wrought,
Descriptions calculated to appeal
For tears; but time calls otherwise. God's will
Let it be done! Especially when
Agreeable to us. It was His august will
That several ones who blocked the narrow path
To highest eminence shall be cleared off
By unexpected strikes of cruel death—
So when the old man went to his reward
(Whatever that may mean) I was not shy,
Reluctant or abashed in any way
To grasp the reins of several governments
Belonging to me as a matter of
Inheritance. What will I do with it?
Have no misgivings in regard to that,
Oh, glorious supreme model of our kind,
Have no misgivings in regard to that!
I know the ancient cabalistic rules
Of our house, and all besides I have
The special, deep inductions of our dear
Departed friend, whose admonitions I
Engraved upon my memory and now—
At his request pass on to you. He said:
"Our one task is to think ahead and shape
Affairs to serve our wish, now while our men

Upon the battlefields blow forth their souls
As so much worthless chaff; and all the rest,
Ashamed of grief, in glowing ecstasies
Unquestioningly pay the funeral bills;
Now is it meet for us to think ahead,
Design the course and mold the groove in which
The coming spell of peace shall be compelled
To squeeze its quivering form so that it
Remain our trusty handmaid as of yore.
A ruler's chief rôle ever is to rule,
Maintain himself, no matter how the waves
Of rolling time and haltless history
May surge or crash, keep safe upon the top
Ensconced in adulatory, towering high
Above the many-minded multitude.
As we enjoy controlling other lives
So those affected ever hate control,
Wherefore, the crux of power lies in force.
Judicious saber-rattling has its use,
But once so often sabers must cut loose
To let the chaffing world know who is boss—
Then do things on a grand scale, let the clash
Be hot beyond the thermal state of Hell;
Let furies of destruction issue forth
To give their vainest, wildest, weirdest dance;
Demolish homes, dismantle factories,
Turn grain fields into ashen craters and
While all this happens keep perfectly cool. . . .
From smoking ruins helpless misery
Implores the void for succor, but mind,
Its piercing cries are not for our ears,
Its scorching sighs are not to come within
A sensing distance to the royal heart—

Fear not the wrath of Heaven nor of men,
The people can be easily convinced
That all is for the best; a fine increase
Of efforts; high standards of sacrifice;
Rejuvenation of a tepid life.
Send forth your orators and they will show
That such destruction is a God-sent boon.
And whatsoever man is satisfied
With heaven is content to let it so."

I 1

Emerging victor from a sinking spell
The emperor smiled kindly and resumed:
"Be not content with conquering by force
Alone, but set your mighty talking guns
To work (from ramparts of morality,
Completion of the job. No sooner has
A city fallen, even while the flames
Are leaping to the skies and troops
Of yours raise structures to the ground, call for
Charity. Not at your cost, nor at expense
Of your financial chiefs whose swollen purse
Is bursting full with blood-transmuted gold;
But let them stand forth in the market-place,
In lobbies of the banks and public halls
And there with copious crocodilian tears
Entice the toiler to give up his wage—
Their songs, you know, in all conceivable keys
Sound very much and everywhere the same:
'Give for the motherless babes
Give for the destitute blind
Give for the shelterless men
Give for betrayed womenkind

Give for the blameless and blamed
Give for the crippled and maimed
Give for the victims of this
Give for the victims of that
Give, give, give and again
Give, give, give, give because
We like the game as it runs
We like the prevalent laws!
Of course, they do for while the tocsin rings,
While sympathetic talk is carried on
And all collection strategies are worked
They can hold on to their own million rolls
Not seldom doubling them. The ruined town
Lies prostrate at your feet, a moving mass
Of helpless flesh steeped into misery.
And then you offer help! Cannot you see
What charity of this kind is good for?
It helps to bear injustice, cruel wrong,
And makes the victims give their gratitude
To those who took all else in life from them. . . .
Then if you hand a microscopic part
Of unrequited wealth as a clear gift
To sufferers for your ambition's sake,
A host of high-toned beggars will acclaim
Your deed an act of grand philanthropy
And your own self a knight of charity!"
But do we need this superfluous regard
Of multitudes already out of head?
I ventured to inquire and the great
Old man replied with double emphasis:
"Again, remember, always bear in mind
That force of Monocratic power comes
Of Democratic weakness fostering which

Enhances values of the royal state.
And what could do more harm, undermine
To deeper depths the body politic
Than virtue-claiming wide-spread beggary
That puts dependence on a premium
And pauperizes both those who receive
And those who give? Good Samaritan souls,
They clear the field for repetition of
The things insuring our security."

I 2

A fitful breathing broke the flow of words
That came like precious pearls from the lips
Of this grand emperor. I really came
To love him, although several years ago
He frowned upon my love (she could not boast
Of high enough exalted origin).
When that I was to get as heritage
All he possessed, his spirit seemed sublime,
These words he said, after a little rest:
"You often heard and often will repeat
The claim that we rule by the grace of God;
But understand that is not so. This fib,
This pious lie is fed unto the mass
Because it is a never-failing bait
Which people love to swallow; your real strength
Comes from the Earth. Do not permit your mind
To go astray on speculative paths
Of brain-stormed theories regarding Right.
The base on which a throne must be maintained
Is force, brute force; the sword, the knout, the gun;
And all your moves and countermoves throughout
The labyrinth of fickle politics

Must serve to keep their power keen and fresh.
Men seek protection by your bayonets
And in your favor highest saving grace.
The king's good will is royal stock in trade,
Economize with every part of it.
A condescension of whatever kind
Can fetch returns of stupendous size.
Each kindly act must be so advertised
That several nations utter thanks for it.
A friendly glance upon a passing child,
Or sympathy shown for one in distress,
Shall find laudation in the several tongues
Of your domain done with such fine effect
That men regard you as God's prototype
And punish every whispered syllable
Of disrespect concerning you or yours
As blasphemy! So doped the several groups
Contending for your favor, strive and fight
To make your faintest wish an iron will.
The fiercer their contention just so much
The prouder they will be of wrongs achieved
Against each other's rights and liberties—
And those who may survive the blind mêlée
Will herald it forth as prosperity!"

I 3

Hark, more of monocratic cabals came
Within my understanding from the Grand
Old Man; for though he weakened, he spoke on:
"Feed false conceits to each self-centered heart
So that the core of it be tinder dry
Quite ready any time to be devoured
In holocausts when that such is the thing

Required for maintaining your decrees
As arbiter of human destiny."
I trembled in delight to hear such grand
Exalted counselling and listened on:
"It matters nothing how the flames are fed
Through splash of blood or clash of interests;
Use any means at all, in any way,
So there be conflict and its fires burn
With love-excluding, soul-consuming fire;
Until what is left of the shriveled heart
Becomes as worthless as a peanut shell.
The means for it? There is no end to them:
In palace born never fail to play
Your part 'midst proper pompous settings and
No matter how the tax machinery squeaks
Or how its grim extortions chafe and choke,
You live in more inflated high-flown pomp
Than all the rest ambitious so to live. . . .
Thus will you give a motive cause and aim
Perpetual for envious rivalries.
In politics let men play all the tricks
Of crafty statecraft in the fond belief
It serves their purpose while they all serve yours!
Attempting to come nearer to your plane
Where room is scarce, they push and struggle on
And trip each other with the devil's skill,
Each justifying its own gluttony
For foul advancement with the decadence
Of all the rest. You need but smile
On one or on the other and the flames
Of envy will flare up between the rest."
Entranced I harkened to the glorious
Epistles of a mind that seemed to grow

In luminosity each passing hour.
Praise I too much the light? Consider this:
"Though you may teach your shackled underlings
To place reliance in the will of God
You must not do so. Don't rely on chance
Nor act the will of any but your own—
Prognosticating carefully effects
Of every move, make proper use of each.
So, knowing multitudes are hungry for
The morsels falling from your table's edge
Just let them scramble for it; that, too, brings
On conflict which you ever must promote."
But how? I asked, and as his answer came
I held each word for future reference.
Hark to the monarch's wisdom, this he said
In slow deliberate, impressive style:
"Have no two men feel as of equal worth
And play the feud of each against the rest.
Some love to get paid for preaching beliefs;
Through them instil, imbed in every breast
A strong belief in slavery until
Each man believes down in his very heart
That he, by nature, is an underling.
Have no two men feel as of equal worth
But have in each impounded a belief
Of low or high estate and grades between
Designed for storing mutual jealousies.
And mark! They must be fed and kept alive;
With all the arts maintain the jealous eye
Amongst your *unterthans*. There must be guile
In plentiful abundance, fatuous goals,
Cross purposes, ugly imbroglios,
Freak litigations, shrill discordant notes,

A constant clamor of conflicting wills
To make the monarch's fiat welcome. So
Let every one be imbued with the wish
To have some one beneath, ply under ply
Down to the lowest pit of Hell on Earth.
Again, remember conflict is the bread
Of life for monocrats to prosper on;
So, leave your people in no better strength
Than gives your prowess plethoric display. . . .
With laws galore unequalizing men,
Set them against each other, all the time,
By every means, in all conceivable ways,
So they will growl most every time they meet
And gnash their teeth though forcing up a smile
To hide the twitchings for revengeful bite.
Thus trained to think perversely and to hope
For power to destroy each other's kind
You always can control them by their want
And worship of the brute force which they lack.
With them the great brute force which you command
Discounts the sunlight of the universe—
Discountenance a proposition and
The mass of underlings will fly from it
As from a bad contagious disease;
Ignore a man and you may rest assured
He will be shunned by every seeker of
Your grace; condemn his printed word and it
Will be consumed in leaping flames upon
The public square. A frown from you will wilt
Most any life, through houndings undergone;
A smile of yours will raise to eminence
In men's esteem most any flattering ape—
Such is the influence of kingly rule."

With bated breath I harkened on
And watched the weakening whispers come my way.
His voice fainter grew and yet more faint
Until I could not comprehend the fine
Soft, zephyr-like vibrations in the air.
With pent-up interest at highest pitch
My palpitating heart cried out imploringly:
One more, oh, just one other ray of light—
What is the key to all this wisdom's store?
How shall I know just when, just what to do
By what criterion judge every deed?
And oh, the joy, as I could grasp his words
Of answer a most wonderful reply:
"Just make it pay," he said, "just make it pay." . . .
But how, I thought with all my mental strength,
How can that pay which shows so much of loss?
And yet, another message brought reply
'Twas but a gasp, his last I am quite sure,
Yet I could feel it clothed in a smile:
"Make men believe it pays them to be slaves."
Therein is power! Therefrom is sustained
The mailed fist, the much-sung iron heel,
Through preachers of this dispensation and
The glamor of the knaves who fool the most,
We tread upon the necks of all and lo,
We deal each liberal move the final blow
By calling our rule civilization oh!—
Afterthought:
Let this be consolation: if we fall
Others will apply our schemings, all.

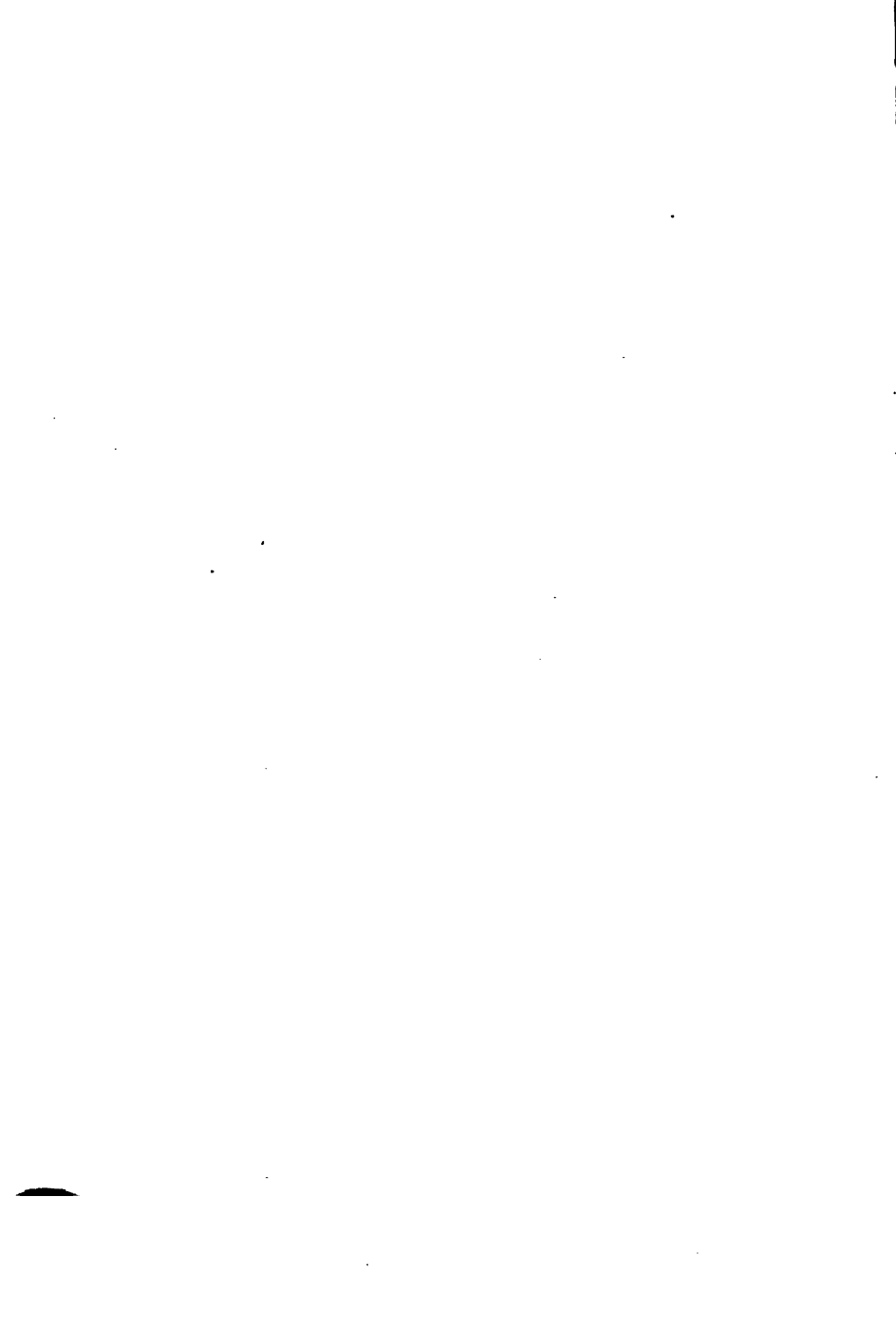
PART SEVEN

EAST AND WEST

SONNETS ON FRIENDSHIP, PEACE AND GOOD WILL

TO

SADACHIRO HORIYE



EAST AND WEST

1

EASTERNMOST FRIEND

We know the Zodiac by daily test,
But is there anything that stands between
The constellations, in the heaven's sheen,
To part the starry hosts—save human quest?
You hail from East and I grew in the West
But are we not one kind? Have we not been
Through evolution's mill so, heart-beats mean
The same things in my bosom and your breast?
The jungle had its day. Each tribe, each clan
Had years of all-eclipsing pride. . . . We can,
Reviewing tomes of Yamata and Greece,
Praise conquering heroes and the heroes slain—
Still, may we not opine and entertain
Hope for a world at work in friendly peace?

2

HERE AND THERE

You have your sacred hills and sacred dales,
We have enchanting canyons, falls and rills;
You have your potteries, we have our mills;
You drive a bargain as we make our sales;
You have your dancing girls, flirting males,
We have our ballet dancers dressed in frills—
In history or literature that thrills,
You tell your stories and we tell our tales.
You have your many shrines, we have our saints;
To match your grievance each, we have complaints.
You have an ancient past, but can you say
That ours *began* at some much later day?
We both have feelings, humor, thought and art—
Oh, East and West, why should we pull apart?

3

THE SOUL'S CHOICE

Could souls on entering Earth maturely choose
Their station in life; ground where to reside,
A face to show, and eyes to look with pride;
What manners to adopt, what tongue to use,
Which tomes of history with faith peruse;
What color skin to wear, what hobby ride
As *the* one infallible heavenly guide—
I fancy, this is how a soul might muse:
“The North blows cold, Equatorwards it quakes;
Not all of East nor all of West is kind,
And not a language but records mistakes,
Nor is there ancestry whose every glance
Was pure angelic vision. . . .” Then the mind,
With eyes completely shut, would take a chance.

4

HOMOLOGY

Earth moves along enclosed in starry skies,
It gladly hails the atmosphere of June
When rivers' murmur and the languid Moon,
In ways most wonderful, weave wondrous ties.
The wooer gazes into lovelit eyes—
Then obligations' sacred rite and soon
They hear the feathered songster's warbling tune
Outrivalled by a baby's gurgling cries.
Comes flashing comprehension of the world,
A shaft of will into its makeup hurl'd,
Intensive thinking, honest labor's sweat,
Achievements' glamor, finally, comes death.
And then? A guess, inscrutable the rest—
Pray, breathes not life alike in East and West?

5

THE COLOR LINE

Who wants a garden without colors' gleam?—
Here waves in gorgeous splendiddness a stack
Of Golden Glows beside the crimson Jack
Whose velvet cheeks with solar warmth beam.
Whatever can the sense of sight esteem
More beautiful? And what of beauty lack
Brown Dahlias, the deep-dark rose Prince Black,
Or roses white with blush of moss-pink dream?
And this enchanting picture had been planned;
This synchrony of red, white, black, brown, tan
And all the rest is tended to in rain
Or shine, with love, by a dear lady friend—
Oh, give us gods or laws or simply plain
Philosophy to do as much for man! . . .

6

INTERMARRIAGE

Perhaps the races should not intermarry,
May be, each has a special call on Earth:
One to go slow or even calmly tarry;
One to rush on to blast the rock-sealed quarry
Of unknown depths; one silent, pride begirth;
And one, despite all trials, saving Mirth—
Who knows which is the world's salvation very?
But there is that which must needs intermingle—
Nor thought, nor art, nor labor can live single,
They must sustain each other. Blessed be the temple
Where they may unreservedly assemble,
Mix, join species, fuse, amalgamate.
Of such will be the future's glorious state.

7

LIFE'S NET

Set off with cordage from the twist of mind,
Life's road constrains us all to move within
The twine. Deciphering what the sign-posts mean
Is hard, and harder still good guides to find.
Far runs the gossamer—ahead, behind
And to our sides—that we must move between
By light from great redeeming visions seen—
By error, passion, prejudice made blind.
The endless cord 'twixt past and coming state
Is turned, pulled and jerked entangling fate
In Gordian knots which, cut by tragic deeds,
No tender heart can contemplate but bleeds.
And all the wise can do is but to bend
A tiny effort for the better end.

8

WAR IN FORTY YEARS

The avalanche of agony which sears
The bleeding Earth might well have been forestalled,
But lust for power, gain and conquest called
Brute force to bear, hence flows the flood of tears.
Yet, even now, while death-shrieks pierce our ears
Some harbor in their narrow, grudge enwalled
Breasts temper for a clash still deeper galled,
“A war of races due in forty years.”
What shall they war about? Must legions fall
In settling which of latitudes to call
“Great First”? Or, which of longitudes decry?
Oh, this our planet is sufficient rough
For all to polish on; and small enough
To love it whole, it all to sanctify.

9

SWORD AND PEN

Great ruler Sword! Sharp-bladed, glistening steel
Allied to righteousness oft freed the world
From woe, and saved it oft from being hurled
Back unto thralldom for a tyrant's meal.
Controlling power, court of last appeal,
Thy throne room often had been justice-pearled
Reflecting splendor on new flags unfurled
For loftier heights, for better commonweal.
Sword, thou art emperor yet, and at this late
Day thou art still the arbiter of Fate!
But oh, thy sins fall heavy on all men,
So, we petition thee to abdicate
In favor of the conferential pen
Which can revise its dictum now and then.

10

ROSEWREATHS

And though we venerate past's glorious braves
We must not prick the old forgotten sores.
Must men recall pale, hoary-headed scores?—
Were they not better buried in the graves
Of martyrs not one of whom ever craves
To be avenged? We have innumerable chores
To do upon contemporary shores
While watching how to-morrow's knight behaves.
I fain would hand rosewreaths of gratitude
To those who might yet will not force Old Feud
On the New Heart; Divergence in its prime
Who do not choke; and, midst upheavals vast
Who leave me, still, to labor and to cast
A bottled message in the sea of time.

11

TEST OF LIFE

Life is a test we must constantly meet;
And few the men, if ever one was born,
All smooth-grained velvet, rose without a thorn.
Who knows not frowning looks? Or anger's beat
Vibrating through words given in the heat
Of tensest mood? Perhaps, when overworn
The mind (with poise pummeled, tattered and torn)
Is victim to its weakness or conceit.
Man's soul loves light, but hearts are linked to gall.
Still, even though we may each other call:
"Slow", "overbearing", or uncivil things—
There is a truth parrying all such flings.
Regardless accusatory creeds,
We measure up according to our deeds!

12

WARNING

Let not the world of antipodes toy
With dogs of war. They are held by a string
Precarious. The sanction of a king
Will set them on to pillage and destroy. . . .
In peace, their snarling soundeth cute and coy;
But once let loose, the hills and valleys ring
With ugly cries (relayed by terror's wing)
To maul and maim and kill with prideful joy.
Sicked on by voices shouting flames of hell
On all who dare to walk apart and dwell
With commonsense ideals of their own,
Such is the nature of the murderous beast
It would devour all men, or West or East,
Who have the savage claws and teeth outgrown.

13

COHESION

Aye, some will scatter broadcast seeds of war, then
Shall better, wiser people, Hun or Turk
Or Japanese or Saxon ever shirk
Sinister propaganda to dishearten?
Is not each soul appointed a chief warden
To oversee the fields where dangers lurk?
And, if plants droop for lack of last year's work
Must not fair labor show in next year's garden?
The body politic turns fast and faster
Till hot extremities meet—in disaster
Harvesting sorrow, agony, remorse.
But wisdom does not fly off on a tangent
Its love and light endure, shine forth resplendent,
The world's uniting centripetal force.

14

DIFFERENCE

In peace men gather at the Roadside Inn
To barter labor's fruit. They go about
Exchanging wit, or trying to find out
The crux of justice and the why of sin.
Once set to fight the will wills but to "win". . . .
Whenever and wherever war breaks out
The whispers of the wild rise to a shout
And structures of civility cave in.
Then terror rules. Oh, how are they explainable
Who charge the air to-day with hates inflammable
To-morrow? See, what mankind must endure
Because of ills it knew, yet failed to cure;
Because of tempers wisdom failed to cool,
Because reliance on the sword to rule.

15

BITTERSWEET

A glance upon the far-spread picturesque skies
Beholding clouds, their fancy shades and motion
Enchants the heart, exalts it to emotion
Wherein the joy of life and wonder vies.
A thought about the battlefields where lies
A mass of corpses fallen in devotion
To heaven's call? No, but by human notion
And—is it a disgrace to have wet eyes?
How grand the tree of life! Its rich crowned branches
Bring forth sweet fruit; but when the old trunk
drenches
With sap of bitterness a heart or nation
Or all the Earth . . . small seems the share enjoyed.
Ah, life is golden splendor unalloyed
In spots; in stretches grim, unquelled damnation.

16

RESPONSIBILITY

Strange, is it not unfortunately strange
That soon as sound the government alarms,
Men, mutually fond, must rush to arms
And—instead loving missiles bombs exchange?
Can you, oh, friend, regard us in the trench
Aiming to kill whom we were wont to charm?
Still, if we come to war, its rain of harm,
Its flood of agony, its sea of stench. . . .
(I tell you now, we could not parley then.)
We must plead guilty—even you and I—
Of unloosing the curse of Evil Eye;
Because our love was not sufficient strong
To overcome the hate, however long
Fanned, in the hearts of purblind countrymen.

17

WAR AND LIFE

Historians write and crimson runs the scroll,
For on its waltzing course among the stars,
Our Earth goes on in charge of war-god Mars.
How dreadfully his bloodshot eyeballs roll!
What desolation is his daily toll!
His satrapees, reincarnated tzars,
Permit no act nor passive stand that mars
The death design of Martian Control.
In his domain the war lord cannot brook
A disapproving word or sigh or look.
He wields the strength of all. He is the state—
And yet, and still, the humane spirit craves
Fraternal hillsides not tormenting graves,
Love all embracing not eternal hate.

18

SAUL SLEW HIS THOUSANDS

Deluded lord of war! Forsooth his case .
Is also pitiful. Lo, in defeat
He counts for less than dust under the feet
Of wandering tramps. Yet if he blaze,
With fiery onslaught, through the fields and raise
The tyrant's flag, such ending must he meet
As trade life's garment for a corpse's sheet,
Eternal blessing for fraudulent praise.
"Saul slew his thousands, David slew his tens
Of thousands." And they danced after they slew
The Amalek and Philistine—Oh, Jew
What hast thou gained by it? A poor pretense
Of pride, a memory which flowing years
Wore laughterless but never dry of tears.

19

BURDEN SHARING

Reviewing annals of the past they seem—
The joys, the trembling fear, the tearful psalter,
The endless—boastingly recorded—slaughter,
A tragic-kaleidoscopic dream.
Whatever was the wrongful party's scheme?
Degrading one to drudgery's son or daughter—
Gain hewers of wood and drawers of water—
Or raising one to rulership supreme.
Indeed the bloodstained weird, biblical ages
Show forth a wondrous book. Throughout its pages
We see the warriors' contest raging on.
Now this, now that brave race or figure won.
But all the while, we know, the banner-bearers
Of right were countless unknown burden sharers.

20

APPLIED PRAYER

They were, they are, they will be for some time
Whose goal in life is war, the battle cry
Much longed for music; oh, but you and I
May we not ring of friendly hearts the chime?
When comes the day that rulers of my clime
And yours have drawn the sword, even a sigh
For peace will seem to war-inflamed eye
Comforting enemies, high treason's crime.
So reach forth, brother, while and where our hands
May clasp, that we may know in dismal days
(Though we be cast into the lion's den
For not prostrating self where power stands)
Of souls that strive for what the mass but prays:
"Peace be on Earth and good will unto men."

21

VICTIM OF VICTIMS

'Midst clanging noisy turmoil that befogs
The mind, the warlord thrives. His hounds are set
To spread the virus of mêlée, to whet
On hate, and goad on love for fighting togs.
All wayward legends serve as burning logs
To raise combative fire. Each shibboleth
Is turned to account in trampling flat
What in the least mad onward rushing clogs.
Quite fortunate who with the throbbing throng
May feel exalted in most any plight,
May kill or die for cause he thinks is right,
Whatever may be said by future's tongue—
Alas, some men must suffer taunt or fight,
Must kill or die for what they know is wrong.

22

THE HEART REBELLIOUS

Death holds no terror for the mature mind,
As that is but a complement of life;
Nor need we shrink from facing winds of strife
For they but peal from off our eyes the blind.
So, come black angel any time, you'll find,
Than mine, no vital thread has met your knife
In readier mood; nor trouble's bubble, rife
To burst, found host of much more patient kind.
It is the futile efforts which dispel
Hope, needlessness of pain is what hurts most;
The cutting down of mankind on a post
Relentless laws of nature call not for,
That wounds the tender heart beyond succor—
Must not such heart, ere choke in pain, rebel?

23

REMEMBER

Against the time when reigning hands succeed
To clash two hemispheres in bloody fray;
When pleading love is cowardice, decay,
And nought but slaughter is a glorious deed;
When Moloch's priests on all men's children feed—
Against that time, oh, friend, let me convey
These words which then unlawful were to say
On pain of being classed vile, traitorous breed:—
That you whose soul grows flowers of esteem
For everything good, beautiful and true,
And I who farthest living mankind deem
Most near in kinship, we shall con-ti-nue
To feel as brothers should, we shall be friends!
Or else the world in primal chaos ends.

24

CONSOLATION

Poor bird! This morning, under smiling skies,
He fluted forth his love-song's charming tune.
And now, at eventide, fine, balmy June
Had lost its splendor. Heartsore, plaintive cries
Fall on the air. Oh, how the singer tries
To wake response! In vain shines forth the Moon,
His notes but rise in calling for the boon
That leaves the cosmos void whene'er it dies.
Dear winged friend, there is no soothing balm
To ease thine pain, thine aching heart to calm,
No help for carrying weight most hard to bear—
And yet thou shouldst not feel disconsolate,
As mankind feels, for thou must be aware:
No feathered fellow robin killed thy mate.

25

A DAY OF WAR

Another horrid battle. . . . Vespers knell
The day's conclusion. It is done and past.
What boots it now to sob or stand aghast
At miseries that none can count or tell
And agonies that none can name or quell?
But cry we must and tears fall thick and fast
Because the storm proved, by anchors cast,
Pretentious rocks to be but empty shell. . . .
And yet, oh, world, your way-lost children cling,
By lights that failed, to reeds that broke. . . . They
sing

The songs of combat with unswerving will.
What, after all, is of all this the aim?—
The truth which grey-haired wisdom may proclaim
Is but a fallen tear-drop glistening still.

26

DESTINY

Fell, booming cannons rend us night and noon,
Although their shells fall far, far, far away;
Innocent blood in streams and lakes we pay
While dancing madly to war's terror-tune.
How many hateless-hearted mothers swoon
Of sons who go unwilling to the fray?
How many die, and worse, how many slay
As on the stage a marionette platoon?
What Juggernaut! Oh, how long will it roll
Its crimson imprint on the tender scroll
Of justice loving fair humanity?
Must not the whole of Martian aggregate
In disenchantment sink by its own weight?
Must it not die of its enormity?

27

THROUGH THE MILL

This day is done for. Roses from its cheeks
Have withered like the smile before a mound
Fresh thrown, tear-wet, on cemetery ground. . . .
The game is over now, of hide and seek;
Now it is seen, the heart that badly leaks,
The overloaded spleen, the nerves gall-wound,
While surgeons of society walk round
Knee-deep in blood, let through preceding weeks.
And grappling in the stranglehold of death
Humanity hears but the sounds of drum
And trumpet. . . . World, oh, let this tragic pay,
(Of countless wrongs the sorry aftermath,)
Be, leastwise, paving of a better way
For those who are to live in days to come.

28

THE CHEER IN THE TEAR

If we be led like ancient sacrifice
Unto the altars of bloodthirsty gods,
Let us be cheerful still, accept the nods
Of stupid mass acclaim, a dark surplice
Of future's promise bright. 'Tis law that vice
Must cut innocent flesh with burning rods
Of punishment. Such ever were the odds
In coming up to pay salvation's price.
Perhaps, if brute force slew but guilty hearts,
There always would be cause that fairly parts
One from the rest. Slaying innocents! Oh,
Horrid it is and yet it must be so,
For only so has resolution birth
That guilt itself shall perish from the Earth.

29

LOVE UNCONFINED

This morning I saw scores of youths entrained
For battlefields. An old man who looked on
Fell swooning to the ground. . . . Breath had not
gone,

Beyond the great divide. So, stronger grained
Bystanders brought the old man to. What pained
Him to excess? They asked: "Have you a son
Amongst them?" He replied: "No, not a one
Is of my blood"—and sobbingly explained:—
Were one most precious to me . . . reasoned hope
In fortune's wheel . . . would always fitly cope
With blasts of pain. . . . Blown from the horoscope
Of that one dear. . . . But loving all . . . the fate
Of each goes through my heart. . . . Oh, parents
love

Sufficient well but not enough . . . not enough. . . .

30

PATRIOTISM

True patriotic spirit at its fount,
Had birth in gratitude to gracious land
Where life began its beat at love's command,
And body nurtured soul which round by round
Rose unto higher states, until the final count
When precious friendship, faithful to the end,
Can do no more than reach a tender hand
To close the eyelids—past the final mount. . . .
Home is a lofty temple sanctified
By pangs of birth, by gasps of those who died
And by the holy strivings of each mind
To lighten, brighten days for kin and kind—
Despoiling conquerors must be people who
The sacredness of home love never knew.

31

THE WORLD BEAUTIFUL

Creation everywhere for homage calls.
Mount Fuji's brilliance oft lights up my dreams,
I wonder at your quick reforming schemes
And contemplate with awe your ancient walls.
And you, can you regard Niagara Falls
As of great nature's grudging baser means?
Can you imagine untouched stirring scenes
And wordy fireworks in our meeting halls?
Both, eastern and the western banks of ocean
Bear record of identical emotion;
Both East and West fly birds with feathers fine.
Is it not far too difficult an order
To speak praise but for this side of a border
And stop admiring Earth beyond a line?

32

WRITER'S FLIGHT

Repeatedly I dived into the sea
Of thoughtful art from its vast deep to bring
A pearl so fine, into the brilliant ring
Of truth, that all who ever read should see
The oneness of our world, especially
The oneness of impulse, this vital thing
From which prime source most human actions spring
And intertwine all human destiny.
With feelings trained to sight the common goal,
No ships of state need break on treacherous shoal
Nor need a soul be wrecked by its own fault—
Oh, tantalizing pen, what you convey
Shows like a copper from a golden vault
Or like our second in a Jovian day.

33

RHYME AND REASON

Sweet lulling syllables, words soft and tender,
Or stirring sounds and thundering appeal
For slogans in which ruling powers deal;
Geography, Genethliacs and Gender,
That is the stuff provincial poets render.
Inflicting more wounds than their songs can heal,
Contemporary troubadours anneal
The corner saint with a world-wide offender. . . .
The ear, the lips, the tongue, the palate even
Enjoys the measured tuneful sway of rhyme;
In this art builds with weightless bricks of time
And makes its work live by emotion's leaven,
But jingling reason-void words about
Is like creating worlds with light left out.

34

CONVINCING ARGUMENT

We trudge with painful steps in hardened rut
Beneath skies dark as if that doomsday lent
Its blackest cloud for our firmament—
To-morrow bringeth forth, we know not what.
Has human progress really overshot
The mark our seers saw our dreamers dreamt?
(And, oh, how hard they worked, how well they
meant.)
All would seem now a futile prayer but—
Here many thousands struggled to express
The equal right of men to happiness,
Here is a soul self-burdened with the task
To hold the promise and its yield to ask,
Here is a heart delighted through and through
With everything that helps the dream come true.

35

LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Out of the gloomy dark a star shines forth—
The ever glorious star of common sense,
Propitiated through experience,
Prevails on hearts to bring about the birth
Of mankind's unity. May it be worth
The dreadful cost! Built strong to banish hence
War-tragedies beyond recrudescence
In any part of East, West, South or North;
A lofty structure, all embracing, true,
With broad and liberal windows for each view,
And ample doors for progress to march through
In all directions; also, one grand hall
Wherein the voices may be heard of all
Reiterated in fraternal call.

36

THOUGHT OF PEACE

Oh, what good is it longing for the light
Of human brotherhood, its precious joys;
When through the state governing will employs
Life's foremost energies in deadly fight?
And adding darkness to the black of night,
Crude embryonic dip-lo-ma-cy toys
With fell deceit as if its base alloys
Could ever change to jewels truly bright.
With all the world for battle's field imprest,
Can doves of peace at all set up a nest?
Oh, yes, they build! They build, their work may lag
Yet through it, still, the future's peace is wrought.
Time had a day wherever floats a flag
When there was nothing to it but a thought.

37

AMBITION TO RISE

As in the world of men some elevate
Their valued selves, so in the ocean's deep
Where countless molecules combine to keep
The topmost layers in a rolling state;
A tiny atom rose, imbued by fate
To take that course. Now, through a weary wait,
Then by a skilful push or reckless leap
It reached the level where the billows sleep
And all their puzzling whims originate.
Up, up it came the battling atom brave,
It scaled the center of a rising wave;
And still it pushed to light and air, athirst
For fame and great renown. On, on it pressed
Into the foamy surface of the crest,
Just to be seen!—And then a bubble burst.

38

SOLUBILITY OF GREATNESS

Who is the greatest? He, who caused a brain
To formulate a thought that favor won,
Or he who out of it a volume spun,
Or he who set the book in fashion's train?—
Is it the stageman staging sobbings vain?
Or jokesmith forging ephemeral fun?
Or linguist thinking in three tongues?—Or, one
Who knows the language of the growing grain?
Behold, real greatness has no stamp or mark;
How could it in our little earthly cage
Fetched, latched, matched, stretched, patched,
thatched from age to age?
If there be greatness we must seek for it
In smallest things of all, or reckon it
Beyond our span of interstellar arc.

39

SUBSTANCE OF PRIDE

The proudest prince in seven countries—why?
A peasant woman gave him suck, he fed
(Aside from courtiers' praises) on white bread
Produced by brown hands. The whole supply
Of knowledge, art and wisdom, or well nigh
The whole of it, that this proud ruler had
Came from the great world over, its length and
breadth.

Then, is not pride a disingenuous lie?—
It is a partial, unfair estimate
Of flesh and mind-consuming efforts spent;
A valuation disproportionate;
A false account of one's accomplishment
Deceiving—none so much nor in so crude
A way as self—through blind ingratitude.

40

NON-VICARIOUS MERIT

The height of my ambition is to be
A useful fellow human; just and fair
To one and all, at all times everywhere,
A faithful link in world fraternity.
So shall life's sweet and bitter come to me.
(Lift ethics from life's song and what is there
But wildward vegetation's tone despair
With neither dissonance nor harmony?)
Now, if I fail the standard will you scold
My otherwise thinking ancestors of old?
And wherein they have fought and moved ahead
Do I deserve the credit in their stead?
Oh, for a goodly Sermon on the Mount
Proclaiming each new life a new account!

41

AN APPLE AND ITS TREE

A query often halts the savant's flow
Of contemplative thought:—What shall they do
Whose Totem wallows (heeding not the view
He gives lengthwise the trough? . . . Well, see a
show

Where feeds with lusty zest a goodly row
Of them—in peace; each snuffing singly through
An orifice apart, made by one who
Divined the nature of the beast you know. . . .
Amongst men, too, such care is wanted, alas,
(See gratings in the moneychangers' palace.)
To keep at bay lusting cupidity.
However, friend philosopher, you need
Not worry on this score. Remember, Greed
Is but an offspring of Stupidity.

42

PSYCHOLOGY

As flows a river banked by earth and air
So runs the mind through cell-bound cerebration.
Presentiment, misgiving, imprecation,
Love, sympathy and kindliness all share
This river bed; all springs from life's mutation,
From memories wrought by school and sect and
nation

And from conclusions reached or false or fair.
Oh, may the coursing currents in our brains
Have birth and run through channels of desires
That help the mind when good-ward it aspires;
Emerging from philogenetic chains,
May they produce a new synthetic light
That seldom fails and often leads aright.

43

THE CLASSES

Dismantle but his throne and under stress
Of plain necessity the tzar can see
Of all his pride the piteous vanity,
Of all his might the utter emptiness.
Conceits of lesser weight must know no less
Eternal laws of volatility.
Regard them so and castes will prove to be
Vaporings of imagined loftiness.
Though thought is force issuing forth events,
It does not alter primal elements—
True merit not by acclamation grows,
Nor honor by what recognition shows.
No matter what mistaken minds assume,
Just prick a bubble and you spell its doom.

44

GLORY SUPREME

Of vital aim a fresh electron reared
Its home, modestly, in a drop of dew,
And there it glistened for a dawn or two,
Intent upon its work, then disappeared—
From sight, but not from life as some have feared
Whose glances passed the rose-tree bud which drew
It down (through swelling, petal) till it grew
A part of coursing sap within. Endeared
By all the ties of leaf and stem and ground
The small electron ever went its round
Unseen, from root to crown. Yet there are those
Who stand enchanted in the balmy glen,
Gorgeous with flowers for the joy of men,
And wonder whence comes fragrance of the rose. . . .

45

THE FLAG INVISIBLE

Mankind loves symbols! Now, the purest white
How often stands for weak submission's sign?
And who would yield for ought a moment's shine
Of settled truth, or that of virtues' light?—
Rich chromatography and spectrum bright
Avails us not. Oh, who can mix so fine
The pigments and conceive such deft design
Of hues and shapes that set a wrong course right?
Earth holds no color which enchants a heart
To breathe in justice or to play the part
Of social unit nobly, strong and well.
If you would own an emblem of the goal
The world is aching for, let your breast swell
With love for it extracted from your soul.

46

REASON FOR EXISTENCE

A thousand forces chain us to the past,
Unto the hillside and the sheltering cave
Where mind had birth and contemplation gave
It wings to soar above the mountains vast.
But full as many future glories cast
Their warming rays on pathways trod by brave
Salvation-bearing souls that fondly crave
A bond of peace which shall forever last. . . .
And as creation's energy is spent
Well setting stars into a firmament
The joyous hearted wonder at and bless;
So is it grand in life, however brief,
To add a cell unto the coral reef
Of all encircling human happiness.

47

RENDEZVOUS

Oh, friend, who workest from the other side
The tunnel piercing Mountain Prejudice;
Or roadway, cutting peaks and precipice
Of false conceit and fatuous fratricide—
May reason's torch forever be our guide,
And may our lips bear witness to the bliss
Conferred on souls by truth's angelic kiss
Through loving justice more than hugging pride.
Thus shall we kindle strength to disenthral
And purge the world from witcheries of hate;
So shall we find the broad plains, or create
Fine lofty plateaus, whereon we may meet,
One righteous family whose members all
In friendly service joyfully compete.

48

ONE MORE

How soon to-day is passing into yore—
Its imprint, though, is faithfully enrolled
On parchments that mysteriously unfold
In memory's Hall of Records built therefor.
When, in the course of retrospect, its floor
Will show remembrance of this friend of old,
I fain would cheer you on! I fain would hold
In your esteem the title of One More.
One More in opposition to imposts
Of any thralldom; One More in the hosts
Of progress seeking, in truth, to adjust
Affairs of men so it redeem man's trust
In mankind; and, when classifying fighters,
Recall me as One More of world uniters.

49

HUMANITY PROUD

We cannot if we would stay troglodyte;
For distance disappears and each partakes,
As in communion, of common stakes
Broad as the heavens, high as starry light.
Humility forsake us not! Despite
Our million faults and billions of mistakes,
Man looms so mighty, large, and great, it wakes
One's pride in things he did and may indite.
With awful grandeur's air we are begirt,
The foot of man denotes the top of Earth,
We hold the center in time's endless sheet,
In us remotest past and future meet,
Through human thinking is recorded still
The secret code of universal will.

50

AIRCRAFT

Somewhere on Toilsome Hill, in bold relief
Against the sombre skies, a mansion stands
With windows wide from which inhabitants
Appraise the landscape; meadows, rock and reef
A vision beautiful. Life, far from brief,
Seems endless, like the realm that thought commands;
And so is love; work, play of minds with hands;
And simple truths the worthiest belief.
A wondrous mansion that. Viewed from its spire
Each heart is filled with kind and just desire,
And every soul a sovereign is—most high.
Call you this house a castle in the air?
But even so it is substantial. There
Is ample room—in it to live and die.

SOCIAL TRANQUILLITY

A PROGRAM TOWARD ITS ATTAINMENT

INTRODUCTION

Hope springs eternal in the human breast, and so, despite the terrific strain of a world war and the prevalent war-psychology, one may and should seek a base on which faultily intertwined human relations can be untangled without recourse to wholesale murder and destruction.

That base of peace, can it be ultra militaristic preparedness for war, or does it lie along the lines of total disarmament? Must we continually rattle the sabre, or must we always be ready for an unconditional surrender to whosoever chooses to draw the sword?

The present essay is the result of an effort to find an answer to that pressing problem which, amidst all the turmoil of many-sided hostilities, is of leading importance and will remain such until a way will be found to settle it for good and forever.

Our generation must stand before the bar of history forever confirming the truth that military preparedness served to bring on and to cause the eruption of this World War, rather than being leastwise instrumental in preventing it.

And much less can we depend on defenselessness

for safety while the world lacks care and sentiment even as it lacks economic adjustment and political machinery to get along without clash of interests and ideals.

So, we are compelled to seek further and reach out for some other method of final settlement, even though it involves ways and means hitherto untried.

The argument, conclusions and proposals herein offered were thought out in a spirit disposed to "remember them that are in bonds as being bound with them; and them which suffer adversity as being yourselves also in the body." So the contemplation rests on the idea of a warless dispensation. The essence of it all, it will be seen, is not a wild shout for war at any rate, though far removed from the dismal cry of peace at any price. It is as far from clanging blood-smeared weapons of controlling dominance as from rattling folly-forged chains of slavery.

Constructively, the essay will be found to purport bringing about improved motives, equalized prosperity, common sense in international relations, and for the protective force of the body politic a harnessing of the people's energy (utilitarian fashion) for grand-scale constructive effort convertible, in case of dire need, into full-blown military exertion; furthermore, a constitutional change in the form of government replacing the primitive incentive of rivalry and contention with the spur of worth-while emulation.

I

THE REVERSE SIDE OF THE MEDAL

Bright and shining are the medallions of war, and proudly may the possessor of such an emolument display it before an admiring world. The token has been well paid for with treasure of body, heart and soul; and well may it be regarded with respect and awe by every beholder.

But pass the Roentgen rays of understanding through the precious peace of metal, way through, to the other side of it and what do you see?

Human bodies writhing in blood. Hosts of mutilated children of men. Rats feeding on the abandoned helpless and dead. A city in flames, a countryside in ashes. Ships at the bottom of the sea. . . . Crowds of horrified fugitives on the road to nowhere. Dejected prisoners, broken in heart and spirit; and heartrending ramifications of pain for every victim of the earth-encompassing tragedy. Can this be the best achievement, the highest ideal of a noble soul?

In attempting to dissolve the glamor conjured around the calling of the swordbearer, here is no intention to cast a slur on defenders of home, right and liberty. Intelligent soldiers of this order are beyond cavil, beyond reproach. The object in view is only to offset those manipulators of combative sentiment who, in search for renown, or in the heat of hatred, glorify war as some advocate art, for its own sake. . . .

One part of a king's business is to make conquests,

declared a famous ruler one thousand years ago. But the task of civilization is to make kings follow mankind and not to make mankind follow kings!

It is a sad aspect of social evolution that every Cæsar has his Antony. No tyrant was ever so cruel, no wrong ever so palpable, no political arrangement ever so senseless but its beneficiaries and their dupes rallied strongly in support of the tyrant, the falsehood, the stupidity.

So, now, there are some who try to defend war on so-called scientific principles. They, the highbrow apologists for war point out:

1. That war is nature's method of preventing overpopulation.

2. That war develops certain good qualities in men and nations.

3. That war is an inevitable expression of human nature.

Let us see:

The famous king above referred to tells the world that it is the business of a potentate to increase the number of his subjects. Wars are not declared to exterminate a people, but only to attain a certain object. The purpose of the warring host is not to kill the enemy but to subdue him. The capture of the opposing forces is preferred to their destruction. Prisoners of war are not executed nor allowed to die of starvation; while the wounded soldiers, gathered in after the battle, are nurtured to health with the same care, regardless of previous allegiance, by all of the fighting armies.

The story is told of a German wounded prisoner who, unable to do any more harm, spit in the face of

the French volunteer nurse approaching to help him. Even such a man was only treated as other irresponsible patients are treated in any of the hospitals.

A remark contained in one of the communications from the British to this Government, calling attention to a case where English sailors were permitted to die without succor, was adverted to (in a paper from the German Government) as a "loathsome insinuation."

Speaking of over-population! Who has not seen one of the innumerable publications, designed to attract people from anywhere to everywhere? It may be objected that this is the work of real estate speculators, but then, were it not better to squelch that business than cry for room while there is too much of it on the market.

Recently, a spokesman of Argentine declared in public that his country had room for as many people as inhabit all Germany, provided they come to work and not as a conquering horde of despoilers.

At present a lively propaganda is carried on to allow the importation of Chinese labor into the United States. Is not this proof that more people are wanted? The motive for this propaganda may be labor that is "cheap and unaspiring for social equality," still the fact remains that we are not too many but too few.

En passant; dear legislators, be warned not to fall for sophistries regarding immigration. If we have room for more people let them come to enjoy all the rights older immigrants possess. No one is satisfied with abbreviated pay and undeserved ignominy. Why take advantage of men in need? Surely, you cannot

expect to pluck fruits of friendship and loyalty from the trees of unfair dealing.

Is it a matter of reducing the high cost of living?

A glance at war statistics will show that the cost of living at its highest is cheap compared to the cost of killing at its lowest and largest wholesale price. A random calculation divulged to the writer the striking intelligence that for every life lost in war more than ten thousand dollars worth of property is wasted or destroyed. This includes only ready, man-created goods, property and stored-up wealth; the value of destroyed and wasted energy is incalculable. Indeed, war would be an awfully expensive regulator in properly populating the Earth. But war cannot and does not regulate anything of the kind. The only thing it really regulates is who shall or who shall not collect tribute in a certain place.

Returning to the subject considered: the fact is that civilization is of the many and not of the few. Every village, state and country strives for an increase of population. If the contrary were to the interest of society, a diminution of the census could easily be had by (a) modifying certain religious tenets which entrust the weighty question of projecting human life into the world to supernatural decision; (b) condoning self-imposed childlessness instead of continually scolding volunteer sterility and (c) raising the legal embargo on knowledge regarding birth control.

The second postulate, that war develops certain good qualities in men and nations, is but the queer notion of the old Flagellants, who set out to improve

their minds by torturing their bodies with a scourge of their own make, applied socially; applied in such a manner that the teachers and preachers of it needn't bare and beat their own breasts.

As to the courage, the bravery, the comradeship of war, it is all simply a moral illusion. Life every day requires courage and bravery from the great majority of mankind. And the world is full of friendships all the time. War thwarts many, but it cannot kill all of them, nor the disposition to appreciate a friend in need. A goodly part of war-comradeship is like some friendships of the concentration camp, after a city had burnt to ashes, where rich and poor meet, exchange condolences and rub elbows for a day. . . .

Especial courage! Especial bravery! We might as well argue that a certain act breeds courage because the perpetrator dares a certain risk; or say that nightmares produce bravery, because they are apt to make one jump barefooted on the cold oil-cloth-covered floor in mid-winter.

Why, the miners and their families, in their struggle for a livelihood bring to light more heroism in a week, unappreciated though it is, than the gun-protected general staff of an invading army needs to muster forth throughout their uniformed lives.

But blame must be placed somewhere to hide the real culprits in the criminal case of war, and so, utterance is given to the most slanderous aspersion that can be cast upon humanity.

Our workers and artists, our philosophers and martyrs, all are discounted with the slur of the tongue. With a wave of the hand, mankind's de-

tractors would nullify the great efforts of all our pioneers, and count for nothing the magnificent attainments of the innumerable hosts who, disdaining the "easiest way," spent their lives at drudging labor to advance the welfare of others.

Our entire social edifice, filled with beautiful hopes, moral strivings and thrilling virtues, conceived, evolved, and assembled from beginnings of life, from the jungle and from the torments of wilderness, is blown into nothingness with a puff from the mouth, or with the scratch of the pen ascribed to something else than human nature.

What perverted reasoning! The blot on the white sheet is called the substance of the paper, the outflow of the boil is blamed on the body which cannot hold the poison. It is like saying that murder is human nature, whereas society is organized primarily to protect the lives of its members. Witness, one's life is at the mercy of every person encountered or not even seen, yet travelers pass hundreds of thousands every day without being harmed, but often being helped with kindly information.

Nations really do not go to war. They slide into it by way of propaganda blowing from mysterious sources, not through their own ferocious inclination. The mass of the people never desire war. They are forced or fooled into it by those who control their livelihood and their confidence.

There is not a man in all the battlefields, not even among the Huns and Germans, who will admit that he went to war for any other but the most lofty reason, unless it be in abeyance to overwhelming brute force. They fight for their homes, their religion, their civ-

ilization, for anything but the joy of killing men, women and children as they actually do.

Men in the great standing armies do not enter service from their own volition. The ideal war machine draughts its members not from amongst grown-up men but from helpless babes on the very first day of their birth. Once the newcomer is registered, as he must be, there is no escape. He is kept under surveillance and must be accounted for or account for himself at any and all times to the far-spread tentacles of the military octopus.

When the navies of the world visited New York about two decades ago thousands of sailors forsook their folks and fatherland rather than return to their posts of oppression. And in this country, where the soldiers receive incomparably better provisions, better treatment and better pay, a rush for enlistment had been most conspicuous by its absence. What if the large flaming posters, inviting the youth of the land to join the colors, had shown pictures from the reverse side of the medal instead of only soldiers on parade?

Some believe that we must have national scramblings and international wars to keep mankind from degenerating into its soft do-nothing types. But of all fears the most senseless is the fear that mankind will ever be left with nothing to do. We have thousands of tasks just to satisfy sorely pressing physical needs. We have millions of nature's destructive agencies to counteract, and billions of her secrets to unravel, with always more in reserve.

Mankind forever has open paths and infinite

scope for physical, moral, intellectual and spiritual endeavor.

As the key of a song is named by the note the scale of which predominates in the composition, so human nature (its mean, malignant accusers to the contrary) must be acknowledged a most splendid part of creation. With it the great wonders of art, science, and social organization have been achieved; and the greatness of its further possibilities none can overestimate. Where minds are not disordered and interests do not clash, there not only grow flowers of peace but also and always the fragrance of love is shed in profusion.

DANGER OF DEFENSELESSNESS

Anti-military arguments to which the foregoing is but a microscopically small contribution are so convincing that they convince some people too much. Witness, the advocates of peace who would denude our political entity of all defense.

Yet, if in search for peace a constant war-footing is a delusion and a snare, its counterpart, an injudicious and untimely disarmament, is something worse.

It is the cowardly giving up of the little liberty achieved through the thought, toil and blood of unnumbered generations and brought to an unfoldment here advantageous (to natives and also to immigrants) and promising in the highest degree.

One must not be infatuated with every part of prevailing conditions here in order to realize the superior means we have, compared to old monarchical establishments, for self-improvement as well as for

national progress and for the advancement of human welfare throughout the world.

Grant that this country is not inhabited by saints only, that American birth or residence does not guarantee a liberal and truly democratic disposition, nor a heart impervious to whisperings of unjust ambition. Grant every criticism:

Commercial interests push on for foreign markets.

War-declaring power is in the hands of a very few.

Money-lords hold hosts of workers under tribute if not in thralldom.

Landlordism knows no bounds.

Politics is used for spoil-mongering.

Favoritism is a matter of course.

Snobbery is rampant.

Who is proud of doing common labor even as a war measure, not to mention normal times?

As against all that we have a Constitution providing for its own continuous regeneration the workability of which is proven by a score of adopted amendments.

Is it a small thing to have for your spiritual backbone a nationally fundamental declaration that all men are born free and equal and are endowed with the inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness?

Should such a boon be permitted to be taken as a convenient birthday present by some ambitious potentate or their ennui-tortured hangers-on? Or do you believe that any of their kind would have conscientious scruples about taking it? If you do believe that you are badly mistaken. Training and

tradition alike breeds inclinations that cause them to feel satisfaction and see their glory in the enslavement of their own nation and in the trampling under foot of other peoples' rights. Who would expect consideration or even mercy at their hands unless it be at the cost of thralldom?

Quite a number of persons cherish the opinion that it would make no difference in *their* lot if our republican form of government were superseded by a monarchy, with any divine-right exponent in charge, not excluding the Kaiser. And right they are to a certain extent. *Their* wages might not be less, *their* rent might not be more and *their* social standing might remain the same. But how about the great mass of others? And how about the tools to right every wrong complained of?

Is the right to have a full voice in all governmental affairs not worth more than the fifty millionth part of a chance to be made a Knight of something or other?

Is the opportunity to initiate a change in the city, state and national laws of no more value than the prospect to be jailed for "majestats beleidigung" at the mere mention of desiring a change of rulers?

The curtailment of free speech and free press and free assembly brought on by the exigencies of the war cannot be ascribed to national character. The peaceful citizen, whom a professional assailant dragged into the gutter, will not be judged by the mud on his clothes, though while in the gutter both may look alike.

We must submit in every aspect to military requirements while war is on, but with the militaristic

governments of Europe this is a fare constantly served.

Strange, that some workmen who scream murder at a ten per cent reduction in wages, cannot see loss in the reduction of political liberty to half or less than half of what already had been attained.

Why not look adverse possibilities in the face? Here is one:

Imagine a Maximilian establishing himself to the south or to the north of the United States, in the business of owning and running one of those perfected war machines; how long before even the goal of getting riches would be superseded by the ambition to excel in military preparedness? How long before this continent too would be turned into one gigantic charnel house?

As for excuses to start a war, they can easily be found and still easier manufactured. Historical accounts permit the rendering of any kind of a bill by anybody disposed to collect thereon. Secret diplomacy and sinister disposition can always engineer schemes to produce war-like mood. The great public enthusiasm displayed on the ruler's declaring war is as made-to-order as mobilization itself.

Pursuant martial ambition, every conceit and every prejudice is made use of, but nothing lends itself readier to such design than inbred pride and hatred along racial and nationalistic lines. Each one of these maintained a regular Junta here. (Some of them are squelched for the time being but not exterminated.) These agencies arranged grand receptions to the Kaiser's brother, accepted churchbells and other considerations from the Czar, and filled

page on page in the press with the wonderful social doings of Counts and Lords. Which of these agencies would refuse acceptance of anything offered by their royal patrons in conjunction with opportunity in America?

And all such endeavor has been flattered and nurtured by the shortsighted politician; procuring for "leaders" office or at least promising it, who in turn could promote foreign interest and foreign allegiance by that very token. The practice had been usually explained with the story that a man may love his mother without being faithless to his wife. But what did the love consist of? In keeping groups of people from learning a common language, in preventing social intercourse among them, and the constant fanning of complaints, quarrels, jealousies and hatreds contracted in the land which they voluntarily left behind. The very first booklet, it so happens, published by the writer twenty-six years ago, was in protest against the insane perpetuation of old world enmities in a new world that had nothing to do with it and has enough problems of its own. Still, even now, some play with fires that happen, for the moment, to burn in a desired direction.

A third danger lurks from within, married to without. This of course has no reference to love marriages, but to the marriage of wealth; the so-called titled marriages of which many had been arranged. Did you ever think of their practical bearings in regard to social problems and national safety?

Titled marriages are a fusion of old world aristocracy with the new world plutocracy, entered into on the part of the second party in order to have the

traditional sword-bearer defend its somehow-gotten gains in case of an attempt at socialistic restoration; and sought on the part of the second party with the view to establish here strong gun-bases wherewith and wherefrom the liberties of the people can be campaigned against at the first opportunity.

Some of the lords and counts are in opposing camps at present, but that is only incidental to their calling and does not flow from their character. They were comrades in arms before and will be such again.

Other and by chance more proximately dangerous possibilities are perhaps best not spoken of. Sufficient data has been offered to prove that on the road of history we have not yet reached a highway so clear and so safe that we could afford going along without caution and without care.

Some would depend, as gamblers do, on the good graces of Chance. Is that sensible? What would we say of architects, shipwrights, farmers, or anybody who in planning a course of work would take into account the chance of good turns and fair weather only?

Some again like to depend on belief. They have a belief and think that that is sufficient for one's part in the great world's work. But, evidently, minds so disposed have not yet reached the responsible state of maturity. For such social progress offers no problems, facts have no bearing and history conveys no lesson.

But to the normal mind the question naturally arises: what is a well-intentioned people to do in order to protect itself against external spoilage without succumbing to internal ruination?

The following three chapters are submitted in answer to that question:

III

GOVERNMENTAL WAR PREVENTION POLICY

Of course, all governments are expected and they profess to do their utmost all the time in the direction indicated by above heading.

However, governments sometimes fall short of what is expected of them. But even if in our own case the political management be faultless, suggestions for the advancement of this policy cannot be out of order. So the following ideas are respectfully commended to persons in position to translate them into national and international life.

First Suggestion.—Invite criticism instead of resenting it. This does not mean to court intellectual sabotage in the working machinery of organized existence. Nor to call forth a venomous flow of words concocted to destroy liberties already attained. All who sincerely seek and offer honest criticism do so with an eye for improvement only.

Now, could not this principle which brought the fine arts to great perfection be applied in a systematic way to improve international relations?

Perhaps it would be well for our government to offer a yearly prize of one million dollars for the most candid and most helpful essays pointing out wherein we offend and how the fault might be avoided or rectified.

A fraction of the money might be used at home,

but the bulk of it should be distributed to our embassies abroad; they to advertise for a contest amongst objectors to our conduct, awarding juries to be composed in such a manner as not to leave out the chiefly dissatisfied.

It would be a well-spent million dollars a year that enabled us, or at least helped us, to see ourselves from other peoples' point of view.

Second Suggestion.—Hasten the placing of power to declare war, where all social power belongs, in the people—all the people, including women. Decentralization of war-making power is a crying immediate necessity.

As the just power of government is derived from the consent of the governed, is it not self-evident that a just war presupposes the consent of those called upon to wage it?

Congressmen who vote for war probably have an assurance of backing from their constituents, and the fateful question put to a general vote might bring forth the same decision. But what a difference in the aspect! One way is tyranny, the other democracy, even as certain laws forced on a people are tyrannical, whereas the same laws agreed on by those who are to submit to them is the acme of liberty.

Even in matters of small concern, progressive communities apply the principles of public initiative and referendum, and rightly so, for submitting to a bad law approved by the majority (until it can be repealed) is good citizenship; but submitting to such a law imposed by a dictator, without protest, stamps one a slave.

Some men carry the ideal of democracy not so much on their lips as in their hearts. Some of these may oppose a particular war. If the understanding of the majority forces them into the conflict, their plight is none too sweet; but if they cannot have even that much of spiritual support for a stand they abhor, it becomes a crucifixion of the soul for which there is no justification on earth.

Let no one say that taking a vote on the question of declaring war is impractical or impossible. The writer was called on by about half a hundred persons to contribute toward requirements of the war. Could he not have been asked once whether or not to unsheathe the sword?

A fraction of the energy spent in prosecuting a war applied to its truly democratic induction would free the few from responsibility for the catastrophe, if not altogether prevent it.

Third Suggestion.—Absolute renouncement of further territorial expansion by other than perfectly peaceful arrangements.

This is necessary because both our neighbors have some historical reasons to fear being swallowed up by the big fish of the continent. A glance at the map shows that geographically Canada, the United States and Mexico belong together, and our very proximity should urge us to allay their fears. The President's declaration is good as far as it carries, but it may not be considered sufficient. For one thing our Presidents change, and for another thing one may be elected on a platform pledging to strive for a single term of office, and a few weeks later accept from the home-town an executive's summer

home, offered for two terms, as a matter of course. Little things like that may serve to weaken reliance in declarations afterward made.

The suggestion here offered should be incorporated in our national constitution, pledging us all to observe and maintain it.

If the governments of these three countries shall be organically united, even as Creation united their territories, let the unity come about through intelligent free will, and not by any mode of coercion, not to speak of war.

The United States houses within its confines millions of working men and working women who were not brought here as captives, but came of their own volition. They came to escape the grind of militarism, to enjoy economic and educational advantages, and to bask in the larger liberty prevailing here.

On the same principle, let Dame Columbia be so good, so polite, so just, and, withal, so attractive, that our neighbors, in their own good time, may consider it the best of fortune and the greatest of all privileges to join in the millennial administration of one war-frictionless continent.

Fourth Suggestion.—Promulgate an ironclad declaration that the United States will not collect, at the point of the bayonet, interest on or principals of investments in foreign countries.

While commerce likes to have a hand in the making of laws, it can also conform to statutes, whatever they be. If a bill is collectible, we collect it; and if it is not, we don't, or have none to collect. The trouble comes only when men give goods, or service, or invest money under the impression that the

sheriff is duty bound to collect both principal and interest—with gun in hand, if necessary.

Well, that should never be necessary. If heretofore investments were made in reliance of a sheriff's badge on Uncle Sam's bosom, let Shylock have his pound of flesh, but without the shedding of blood. Let the government compensate the innocent investors in part or in full. At any rate, the bill would amount to only a fraction of the costs of war, not counting withered lives, mutilated bodies, broken hearts, and agonized souls, all of which is a portion of conquering nations no less than that of the conquered.

Fifth Suggestion.—Abolish Midas' interest in provoking and protracting war.

Midas, like the king he was, wanted nothing so much as gold! So he desired that everything he touched be turned to gold. His wish came true, and when the most exquisite culinary productions, on being touched by his lips, turned yellow metal, nobody had to regret it but the king himself.

Under the profiteering and even plain profit system of producing goods, the kings of capital transmute their interest into precious metal without touching anything outside a pen to sign checks for whatever they want to buy.

This fairy gift helped the development of many a great industry, but some, like the swallower of sobriety, causes floods of pain and regret, not to the profiteer or profitor, but to hosts of victims and their friends. Would such industries work the havoc they do were not men pushing it with interests at stake approaching or exceeding that of a fairy gift?

Senatorial brochures exposed certain connections between advocates of war and the owners of war industries. These connections, without tending to incriminate anyone, leave the impression that some patriots are not as far removed from impure incentives as the grave importance of the case requires that all should be.

Now, physicians and undertakers depend for a living on people falling sick and dying; yet it were preposterous to think that they fill the air with all sorts of naughty germs, bacilli and the like, to promote their own prosperity. Still, there are some in the profession who are no great champions of public sanitation and proper living (includes proper conditions of living). And some there are whose consciences do not balk at increasing revenue by not allowing patients to recover quickly. (Healing and sanitation should be nationalized first of all. Our physicians should be paid for keeping us all well, and not one should prosper by keeping some of us in the sick bed.)

So, in the case of a great nationwide, fatally dangerous disease, there should be none influenced the wrong way through gold-yielding prospects in the possibilities of wholesale undertaking.

Sixth Suggestion.—Establish a free national people's university.

This should be a sort of a continuation school for those whose lot or occupation requires an early parting from the regular schools, and also a reminder for those who had sufficient schooling not to forget what they have learned.

If it is good for the state to teach children read-

ing, writing and arithmetic, there is no denying the advantage gained for the body politic by a wide and free distribution of higher knowledge enabling people to make better use of the elementary kind.

Besides, new problems are springing up all the time, as if from the very well of life. All the work solving them should not be left to the few legislators in Congress. Not all fit for the post can be there, and some good may always be expected from Intellectual Bethlehem.

Grownups, instead of doing sums must sum up deeds, and instead of reducing fractions reduce friction.

A public desire for such institution is manifested through the many Open Forums springing up all over the country. Some are less sincere than others, but all prove that the gauge of the narrow mind is being worn away.

The objects and aims of one such fully pledged organization is (name omitted) given herewith.

Object: To maintain, on a cooperative basis, a Free Platform and Open Forum for discussing objects that pertain to the public welfare and subjects of general interest; with Lectures, Discussions and the Debates so conducted that all opinions may have a fair hearing, and people of DIFFERENT MINDS and SYMPATHIES MEET ON EQUAL TERMS in pursuance of the following aims, to wit:

Further the study of arts and sciences.

Disseminate knowledge.

Augment physical well being.

Develop and increase moral strength.

Stimulate mental growth.

Encourage independent thinking.

Aid in the search of truth.

Advance truth for authority, not vice versa.

Overcome sectional and sectarian enmities.

Cultivate mutual toleration and respect.

Raise the ethical standards and hold them high.

Increase the humane factor in human affairs.

Help improve conditions of living.

Appreciate worthy efforts, past or present.

Broaden and deepen the channels of understanding.

Intensify personal and social responsibility.

Promote regard for and application of social equity.

Accelerate the socialization of wisdom.

Enhance the value of human life and fellowship.

Contribute towards perfection of the individual and the state.

Individuals can do considerable good work with and in a university of this kind (the one here referred to is in the seventh successful season of its career), but like the setting of time ahead one hour (to use precious daylight) had to be sanctioned, supported and pushed through governmental agencies, so a telling increase in the use of quite as precious intellectual light would be attained by the government's pushing the brain-clocks somewhat ahead.

Seventh Suggestion.—An exchange of nationals on a large scale.

Whatever may be the motive instigating war, whatever the semblance of reason advanced to justify it, and whatever the real objective war lords seek to attain, they and their chief engineers work through certain existing psychological elements.

All the sophistry on earth would not suffice to turn good, kind, intelligent men of peace into enthusiastically murdering soldiers of war, were it not for the predisposing elements of conceit and prejudice, traits much quicker discerned in others than ourselves.

Without being the cause of armed conflicts, race prejudice is being used as a main ingredient in preparing hell-broths of war witchcraft.

How is it to be overcome?

It must be overcome through friendly intermingling of races and nationalities instead of war acquaintanceship of which, alas! we have so much. For no matter how the war is started nor how it stops, it does not leave a sweet taste in the mouth; and the bitterness of each memory is used with unfailing effect to engender a warmer partisanship for the warlord and a hotter enmity toward the people campaigned against.

Tribes of Israel fought each other as long as they could. Greek fought Greek, Germans had a war of thirty years' duration among themselves, not to mention lesser engagements. The War of the Roses was a family affair. Even so young a nation as the United States had the War of the Revolution the War of 1812, and a four years' Civil War to show that other things than race qualities provoke the arbitration of arms.

None the less, race prejudice plays so large a part in what we wish to avoid that its extinction cannot be accomplished too fast or too soon.

Can we do anything in the matter? Most assuredly.

The world is bound to intermingle. It took two

hundred years of crusading for western Europe to find out that the East was not as Godless as painted. Should we not acquire knowledge in a more civilized way?

We mingle now, through the exigencies of war.

Many of our sick and wounded are in the care of the enemy and as many of theirs are being treated in our hospitals. Who could tell the number of war prisoners supplied with room and board by the several belligerents? Were it not more pleasant to feed and house as many guests?

Our government might offer each year, to every nation willing to reciprocate, good care, board and schooling for several thousand boys (and girls, too, for that matter), say, from six to twelve years of age. The children should be placed in care of families under suitable supervision of the consulate. After a certain probationary period, all parties agreeing, they might be adopted for good and aye, subject, of course, to the approval of the child when becoming of age. If in the course of time such adoptions would become numerous, a certain poetic justice might be had in that it would be impossible to hate a person because of the mere sound of his or her name. Also, the more friends we have in a country the more difficult it becomes to hate it.

Of course, the very prejudice we seek to overcome would not only ridicule but strenuously oppose such a move. Few parents could bring themselves to sacrifice on the altar of Peace the *nearness* of their children, though the many must sacrifice the breath of life on the altars of War.

But, then, the world is full of orphans, and per-

haps they might be the proper parties to begin such an exchange with. Perhaps even enemy countries would enter into such an arrangement. If so, perhaps the feeling of revenge which the sight of your orphans evoke would be tempered, and who knows but at sight of the orphans of others the sinning heart would resolve to repent?

Who knows but these very orphans whom our generation has crushed with the stone of war might live to lift the world another step out of savagery, redeeming mankind by giving it the bread of peace from the oven of mutual understanding. . . .

We exchange now the salvage of the battlefields. Men maimed and battered, blind, without legs, without arms, all ruined into helplessness, who had been picked up on the battlefields and were restored a scanty breath of life, are sent to a central exchange in Switzerland, and there cripple is returned for cripple.

Were it not better to exchange hale and hearty youngsters with the prospect of joyous adventure, learning, wisdom, and friendship for them and for us?

Eighth Suggestion.—Inaugurate the era of world peace by organizing its nucleus.

The League of Nations, to preserve international peace, is spoken of favorably by many persons holding positions of high responsibility. It seems the realization of the idea is but a matter of time and proper approachment. Happily, events tend that way, small, new nations being in special need of this boon.

Now, what nation is more fitted than the United States to initiate and champion the move toward world unity? Here, more than anywhere else, friendly

intercourse among the people depends on peace among the nations, the people here to a very large extent being a composite of them all.

From this as well as the highest consideration of humanity our government might invite others to call into existence the embryonic substance of the future international parliament.

Allies, neutrals and adversaries, all should be invited. The conference need have nothing to do with the war in progress (or a particular war may be exempted from consideration), agreeing only on the desirability of the end sought.

Certain questions having been submitted to the jury of cannon balls, aërial bombs, submarines and the like, we all must await their decision, but will all abide by it?

A gathering of accredited representatives from the several nations could certainly work out something in the way of a plan by which differences in the future could be settled without recourse to arms—if they were only so disposed!

Now, if every one of the foregoing suggestions (and others more to the purpose if not better meant) would be vitalized with the living force of action, the millennium, though it might be considerably nearer, would still not be here.

Still, grievances would gather force, tempers would flare up, and nineteen-twentieths of the world would have to be heard from. And so the problem looms up large and real: how to secure efficient and sufficient protection in case it must be had without being forever at the mercy of a military Frankenstein?

IV

INDUSTRIAL ARMY OF NATIONAL SERVICE AND
DEFENSE

In a spiritual sense the doctrine of non-resistance works out all right. If a fellow desires to receive a piece of our mind, we can afford to be generous and treat him to an additional dose. All kinds of ideas are almost and often really forced upon a reluctant multitude. We can take all the knowledge out of a library without being molested, but rather will everybody praise us for the feat. But the books we must leave or return to their shelves, and when it comes to things absolutely needed to sustain life, we do, we must stand up for them as for life itself. . . . Some pious people hope to conquer evil by not resisting it; however, historical records fail to show many if any worthy accomplishments ascribable to that doctrine.

In the course of social evolution so great was the need for man to exert himself in defense of his own that a certain combative spirit resulted which neither the individual nor yet the nation can well afford to be entirely without.

So our problem is to turn the pushing power of this spirit into the pistons of social service through a productive organization (set up on the grandest conceivable scale) that can also be relied on for efficient national defense if the emergency of war arises despite all our efforts to avoid it.

At broaching the idea of an Industrial Army a host of questions arise in regard to organizing, officering, financing and political administration of

such an institution. The answers follow in due order.

The Industrial Army, as above indicated, should be directly designed to bestow the blessings of labor wherever it may improve the surroundings of life and conditions of living; at the same time, by keeping each unit trained or at least in ready position to practice some part of the military calling, so as to be always ready for turning the plowshares of industry into implements of defense producing national safety.

The organization should have ample scope for useful competition, dangerous adventures and glorious achievements; so that lovers of contest, searchers for thrills and seekers for fame need not long for wartimes, but may, through constructive efforts, learn to know the joys of satisfied ambition.

Building houses, cleaning towns, renovating old cities and establishing new ones; clearing, planting, cultivating, harvesting fields; running industrial plants of all descriptions: mills, mines and factories—all of that and more the Industrial Army should and could do with the tremendous energy and wonderful *éclat* of great military operations.

There should be regiments of bakers, carpenters, plumbers, masons, garment makers, painters, nurses, cooks, printers, teachers, actors, writers and all the way through the list of socially needed endeavor. Each of these should be supplied with all the frills, insignia and emoluments that bring efficiency to the highest pitch.

In the wake of such an army fields would prosper, cities would bloom and mankind indulge in joyous

celebrations. A productive industrial army would scatter wealth and happiness as an invading military host scatters death and desolation. It would build a city in much less time than any kaiser could ever destroy one.

Of course, the Industrial Army would have to be recruited through conscription. More people are bent on avoiding the task of labor than seek to escape military service, although conscientious scruples are out of the case and only muscular objections prevail.

The word conscription has a terrifying sound to some because of its connection with military history, but there is room for improvement even in etymology and many sinners of the word-kingdom may be redeemed by putting them to work for the good of humanity. Prometheus may have stolen fire from the chariot of the Sun or procured light and heat from the plentiful supply of the underworld, still, the boon is precious beyond estimation.

So, the project of an industrial army to be more than a mere utopian scheme or Fourierian phalanx, cannot depend for materialization on the good-will of a few. It must have country-wide support and must be taken in hand by the organizing agencies of the nation.

Starting from where we are, perhaps it were best to set no limit to draft ages. Call an army as a sort of inland defense, equip it with the tools of production and engage it in a crusade on squalor, bad housing, unsanitary conditions, miserable transportation and every other ill that afflicts everyday life.

Supplying the Industrial Army with the required administrative machinery, that is, officering the

organization, may seem to be an insurmountable difficulty; however, it is not so.

Injustice, unfairness, favoritism of every sort can be absolutely avoided by a method of ruling that because of its practical humaneness may well be honored with the new name **HOMOCRACY**.

Homocracy means the rule of the fit without casting the ignominy of the unfit on all whom chance excludes from the higher position. Further on this statement will be duly elucidated; here it is only necessary to show the working of the principle by applying it to a concrete example.

A regiment of bakers is to be organized to be composed of, say, twenty companies. They are to be placed in as many stations throughout the land commissioned to supply the staff of life in the most economic, sanitary, appetizing and all around desirable manner. This regiment would need twenty captains or managers besides higher and lower officers. How appoint or select them without causing the endless murmurings of dissatisfaction, jealousies, heartburns, incriminations and recriminations that go with handing out what is known as "political plums?" Here is the answer:

Candidates for the several offices shall pass a sort of civil service examination as rigid and as exacting as the responsibility involved requires, also needed technical examinations where that is necessary. The names of all successful candidates are to be placed in a glass receptacle and the selection from among these shall be entrusted to the turn of a wheel in full public view. The balance of names would be held for future use in times of expiration, sickness, recall,

resignation or death. Let no one understand the idea here proposed as a government by chance, for it is nothing of the kind.

The root of the word homocracy in Latin means man; in Greek it means same or equal. Both meanings together should convey the idea of rule by humanized equality or equalized humanity; a government by qualification, excluding family cabals, sectional prejudices and bank accounts from being factors in control of the powers of government.

Thus all would have an incentive to make themselves fit and able and worthy of holding office while the gerrymandering of professional office seekers together with the foolish conceit of the office holders would be relegated to the mistakes of the past.

As to financing of the industrial army: experience has shown that when there is a will and a need for it, billions can be raised where only millions were collected before. For the purpose of constructive work these billions can be easily multiplied from existing capital to start with and then from the flow of values created by a gigantic productive organization.

Capital drafted for constructive purposes would in reality be but a placing of money from one pocket into another. It would make Uncle Sam a rich capitalist producing more and still more riches all the time and compensating money losers through direct service and rewarding them and their descendants a thousandfold as the years roll by.

Voluntary and semi-voluntary contributions cannot be depended on. There are too many mighty rich men preserving their millions intact by prevailing on the poor widow to part from her mite—often

to the detriment of her very health. No village, no city, no state, is run on voluntary contributions; why expect great national undertakings to depend on such?

Either a person is in a position to contribute or he is not. In the latter case why bother, shame, pester, intimidate or coerce one to give up the little he or she may have? And in the former case why permit one to escape from fulfilling his or her obligations? And why leave people in doubt on which side of the line they are situated?

The income tax is a fair but not very successful attempt at placing burden on the shoulders best able to bear it. For one thing the burden so placed, in many cases, can easily be shifted; for another, it leaves the lords of capital in full control of land, public utilities, industrial production and all the main supplies of social existence. Who is so unsophisticated as to think that they cannot or will not recoup themselves for the importunities of the taxgatherer?

Furthermore, the income tax leaves persons so disposed to loaf in luxury, to live on the fat of the land without doing the least work for it in exchange. A man working ever so hard and earning two thousand dollars a year pays a certain amount in income tax, another man doing nothing but collecting bank interest on \$50,000 pays no more, and if he collects on a sum one dollar less, he pays nothing at all; surely this is not taxing idleness.

The income tax should be modified so as to compel the use of time, land and capital (Marxian definition) and to prevent their abuse. Loafing,

wasting, hoarding, gambling in all their aspects to be considered such abuse.

Parallel with the graduated income tax a graduated possession tax should be levied (also directed against loafing, hoarding, wasting and gambling), reaching up to the highest plutocratic circles. In this manner all the capital required for the industrial army would be forthcoming, at the same time industrious inclinations would be greatly encouraged and a most powerful impetus given to general prosperity.

The remaining question in regard to the project of an industrial army pertains to the political control of the same. And the answer is that political control also needs to go through a process of reformation.

Indeed, no human activity, industrial or social, causes more ill-feeling and greater wastage than political competition. Each year a dozen persons spend much effort, money and temper to gain a position that only one can have. Multiply that by the number of offices so sought and the waste of energy certainly seems appalling.

Disregard the word-vaporings due to political "boosting," "roasting," "manœverings," "machinations," "wire pulling," "double crossing," et cetera, and most of the contestants will be found equally good, equally able, equally worthy citizens of the Republic.

Who will say that in New York City (including Park Row) there is only one gentleman or lady fit and willing to be mayor; in Massachusetts (including Boston) only one man fit to be governor; and

throughout the country (East, West, South, North), only one being fit to be President?

Running six parallel tracks to reach the same point causes less wastage than running six political parties to fill the self-same offices. In the former case each does some service and can show some earnings, but in the latter case all but one must count their labor lost.

With the principles of the Initiative, Referendum and Recall coming to the fore, tactics and conventions of the political parties lose their great importance. They may continue to be of great benefit as schools of old traditions and new ideas, advocating doctrines, promulgating principles, criticizing or praising public activities and so forming helpful mundane churches devoted to the people's earthly and social interests.

Take the power of office-distribution from politics and party influence ceases to be the bugaboo it is to those without a given combine.

Political like industrial offices could and should be made subject to the method of attainment hereinbefore named, *homocratic*, and in part already described.

Qualifications, of course, should be set high, on as high a plane as we are willing to be judged by in foreign countries and in the furthestmost times to come.

Aside from special qualifications required for each office, candidates should be able to subscribe a list of pertinent affirmations to include the following:

I am immune from temptation to serve tyrannical

ambitions of a potentate abroad or the special interests of a plutocrat at home.

I am also free from the desire to promote the welfare of a part of the people in a way detrimental to the rest.

I studied, I am studying and I shall always be willing to learn more.

I labored, I work and I shall (health given me) always be willing to work.

I consider extravagant over-compensation of one's own effort to be no more just than is unscrupulous stock inflation.

I listen to praise without succumbing to conceit and to blame without bursting of resentment.

I practice the golden rule intelligently, even if I do not pay to preach it.

I rejoice in the happiness of others and wish for myself and for my family but a fair share of all-around prosperity.

I regard success at the cost of wide-spread suffering a failure, and failure in the attempt to have justice prevail a success.

I propose to rescue Opportunity from the dubious existence of a poor, haunted peddler by establishing her in a magnificent showroom most centrally and conspicuously located and always accessible.

So much to begin with. Other affirmations may be added as time, locality and circumstances may call for.

A hundred or so witnesses (or signatures to the same effect) confirming the claim should be sufficient to entitle one to a chance of a minor office.

A thousand citizens vouching for the character

(and a board of examiners for the ability) of a person should make him or her eligible to the mayoralty. The support of ten thousand should secure one a chance to occupy the governor's chair and any person whom a hundred thousand citizens swear by as absolutely dependable should be considered worthy of a chance at showing what he or she could do in the exalted position of United States President.

This method of filling offices would do away with electioneering, do away with all the good, hard, honest work and also the sinister trappings connected with it. The way to the esteem of fellow citizens would be the way (and no other) to positions of larger responsibility. And all who earned such esteem would stand a perfectly equal chance! This would be a true and full exemplification of equal opportunity urging all to make the most and best of themselves.

Thus we should probably have a thousand presidents in reserve; presumably five hundred governors (in each state) and perhaps a hundred worthy citizens (in a city of 100,000 population) clothed with all the honors of the mayoralty office excepting the office itself, which had fallen to the incumbent by the law of chance as already explained. And still more could aspire for the honor with as fair a prospect as anybody had.

The newness of the idea may make it repellent to some, but why is it less just or less timely to draft men, by the turn of the wheel, to serve in office than it is to send them by the same token to die on the battlefield?

If birth or creed or standing is to be part of a

person's qualification to office let it be frankly stated so that none should waste time in chasing a will-o'-the-wisp.

Ancient Jewry (Leviticus XXI. 18) excluded the flat-nosed fellow from office. Now we may exclude the hook-nosed fellows, the dark skin or the female sex, but such discrimination cannot long stand in the balance of either time or justice.

Let the principle of equal opportunity work for others as well and as thoroughly as for self and we cannot fail to reap the social reward for which all good men at all times and in all climes have longed and worked for.

In the course of years it will come to pass that the factory sweeper has the capabilities of a superintendent in the same place, the difference between them being only a matter of chance—a fair, equal chance having decided their respective places. And the traffic man on the corner may be equal in talent and esteem to the governor of the state, only chance placing one above the other, for the time being. Later on chance may reverse the relation.

So, those in authority one day could not know who would have the upper say on the morrow. This would make considerateness a necessity as much as it is a virtue. For foolish conceit there would be no room, for jealousy no cause and for disaffection no reason.

So will labor come to its own, so will Democracy be glorified.

V

INDIVIDUAL ACTION FOR CO-OPERATIVE SUCCESS

People organized into a state, even at its lowest standard of service, can do and in fact accomplish wonders for the individual. Some persons expect the "government" to work in fairy fashion, anticipating needs and satisfying wishes without any effort on their part other than this dreamy expectation. On the other extreme are men and women who expect angelic shapes to come forth from governmental moulds of injustice, exploitation, squalor and body-wrecking misery.

In truth, not a few but many souls have risen superior to circumstances throughout the ages past. Most of the characters honored or idolized by mankind are of that class. Still they were the exceptions and exceptions prove the rule.

The fact is that human welfare calls for both the individual and the collective effort. In neither case should people be put off guard by the shallow phrase that "right makes might." Right no more makes might than might makes right. Both are (in the social realm), transmissions of force emanating from human beings. So the great problem, which confronts every person desiring intelligently to cast the vote of his or her personality for the benefit and the advancement of mankind, is the problem of what to uphold and what to oppose; in other words, the old question stares into each new conscience: what is right and what is wrong?

Conscience! The new, the social conscience!

There is the writing of a great book in showing the full psychology of it. Beautiful, helpful, restful it is, but for most of us not easy to attain.

We must reduce our own importance to rightful proportions in the community and at the same time raise our standard of responsibility to dutiful heights in all the tangled relations of the world.

We must re-examine dreams, doctrines, philosophies; from the misty haze of historical dawn, through the contentions of minds and interests, down to the "science" which can see neither evil nor suffering on Earth or would right wrongs by lavishing on them the more respectable name: error.

Little wonder that men arrive at different ethical conclusions and the most one can do is to offer his own to the rest of the world for the help it may give in shaping individual life so it will dovetail with social requirements to the detriment of none and the benefit of all.

Expressed in a heart-to-heart fashion the writer's conclusions follow:

1. Contemplate the universe to suit your fancy, but be loyal to the globe you live on.

2. Ideals need not be discounted because their realization falls beyond an individual lifetime. Consider how much you have profited by the efforts of minds and hands that wrought ages ago and how much you have suffered through actions committed and conditions produced long before you were born. Then, you can never do too much for the generations in the womb of future years.

3. Cultivate the sense of proportion to love things in due order. Inasmuch as in the manifestation of

the universe understanding stands highest and in understanding mankind is foremost, endeavor to love mankind above all; serve in a manner that will benefit mankind, advance that which in turn will work for the advancement of mankind, unite with that which unites mankind, praise that which glorifies mankind.

4. Acquire the gift of a mental Esperanto to translate for yourself and as far as possible for others the meaning of speech into the substance of conceptions. Try and you will find religions and philosophies as translatable as languages are. Each language has its poets and artists and each is shamefully garroted and abused by many of those who use it. Religions and philosophies share the same fate. The world may yet agree on one language and one philosophy. If you desire such a consummation, work and wait for it. Meanwhile, understanding a number of languages will broaden for you the circle of lovable characters, and a good hold on the study of comparative religion will do yet more along that line.

5. Waste no breath disputing about priority of ideas. For every accomplishment coupled to a name countless minds have striven; and for every great achievement many, many unknown thousands have suffered as much, perhaps even more, than the martyrs celebrated on that account.

6. The power of thought guarantees the right to reason and imposes the duty to be guided thereby. Intelligent guidance will lead on the loftiest plane, where the purest motives serve as strongest support. To arrive there, both the individual and the social conscience must be developed, a common attribute

of which calls for living your principles to the last inch of possibility. Blood of martyrs to accelerate movements for the right should no more be required. Still it is better to be imprisoned or to die for what you think is right than to pour hemlock in your soul or be killed for what you think is wrong. Only, husband life as you would other resources.

7. Remember that the shortest creek may quench physical thirst and the narrowest creed satisfy spiritual cravings, but the broad rivers of all philosophies converge into the connected oceans of thought, to navigate which safely and usefully is the grandest as well as the commonest privilege of all matured individuals.

8. To prove ideas right or wrong, measure them by the basic conceptions of (a) political liberty; (b) economic equality; (c) international fraternity; (d) social harmony; (e) mental independence; (f) moral justice and (g) humane attitude. Be not afraid of "economic equality" even though you are rich and powerful. Many a czar owning millions of soldiers and billions of dollars found himself in a plight such that giving all in exchange for "equality" would have been a magnificent bargain. The problem is only how all should rise equally prosperous and not sink equally into the mire of squalor and misery. Nor need you be afraid of "moral justice" for such a state is far more convenient than allowing a turn of the balance and so suffering the iniquities that had been inflicted.

9. Recognize the value of productive occupation. As all art is work, so all work is art. None is vain or wasted. It all goes into the coral reefs, the sum

total of human civilization. The problem ever was and still is to devise a balance scale that shall weigh righteously the efforts cast in for exchange. Amidst the confusion of needs and frills, comfort and vanity, prudence and pride, perhaps it is wisest to strive for a standard of living that given conditions make possible for all.

10. Employ your energy to make yourself agreeable to the world's requirement, also the world to yours. In connection with this, remember that love without its tenders is like faith without works, and brotherhood with a Chinese wall around it is a delusion. Also, political rights by sexual qualification is absurd, preposterously so; and depriving children of education or the opportunity of education is causing them to go blindfolded through life.

11. Respect a law according to its quality, not because it is tradition or because it happens to be on the statute book. Most laws are but compromises between the best and the worst in society. Always a certain number of people are much better than the law requires them to be, and a certain percentage is a great deal worse than the law allows. In between stands the great mass, perhaps nine-tenths of the population, gauging life by the rules drawn through legislative conflicts. Between those who condemn taking any interest on loans as heartless usury and those who would extort without limitation, a "legal rate" is established which molds the mass of financial transactions and in a measure molds the thinking of the mass concerning right. Of course, it is of utmost importance to improve laws. This is done, primarily, by doing better than a law

calls for. Revolutionary doctrines are beneficial only to the extent that they dispose adherents to adopt better ethics than have the powers rebelled against.

12. If you must have something to approach with veneration, let it be Liberty. Humankind enthroned and dethroned many gods; all had been endowed with power, wisdom and virtue, but none conceived was as generous as Liberty. It elevates man as high as ever he can reach on the single condition of responsibility. Remember, though, that an individual alone, like a generation by itself, cannot be understood. Both are subject to interrelated environment and swayed by inherited tendencies as well as by the potentialities of the future. But in the light of all possible knowledge most sacred are the uses of liberty, its non-use most harmful, and its abuse the most abominable treachery to mankind.

13. Formulate ideals that, like the sun, will shed brightness into life. Almost all the gloom that enshrouds the earth is caused by man and may be abolished by mankind. If there be sorrows ineradicable, let them serve as a frame of contrast for the glories of life. Invest your minutes to realize the profits of centuries and bank your days to earn interest into the millennium.

14. Death? Why, it is but the final obligation of life. To fear death is worse than weakness, it is dishonesty.

15. Guard above all treasures the keystone of happiness, which is health. As all parts of a healthy body perform their natural functions without pain or friction, so the healthy mind finds its bearings

in all relations of life, without strain or suffering. Both may be weakened by lack of proper care and nourishment. One may lack the sense of sight, smell or hearing, the other that of considerateness, gratitude or verity. But the healthy body generates its necessary powers plus more for an emergency, and the healthy mind produces sufficient reliance for self and to spare. The sum total of all experience and all thought would have us strive for individual and social bodily and mental health.

Despite all difficulties, social justice develops continually, and despite all handicaps social tranquillity is coming nearer day by day. Let no one sneer at the hope; though the star of civilization is eclipsed for a time by the death-sun of Mars, yet we have not sunk as low as where we started from, and as the earth never came to a standstill, now, too, we may exclaim: *Epur si move!*



PART NINE
MISCELLANEOUS
Newspaper Articles *

*The first six of these articles were printed in the Bridgeport *Evening Star-Herald*.

MISCELLANEOUS

RECOGNITION FOR NATIONALITIES

From time to time, especially near election time, stirrings are noticeable in divers nationalities (meaning those who claim to represent them) for recognition.

The shape in which recognition is desired is public office. But giving such recognition to one group necessarily excludes the others. Clearly enough, favoritism and discrimination are twin principles; courting the one invites the other. And, what is worse, while satisfaction gained by an office-seeker, through favor, is small and soon past, the sores caused by the sting of discrimination are cancerous and spreading.

He must be in darkness, most dense, to whom so little light is worth so much candle.

If place of birth or derivation is a factor in fitness for office, surely one of closest affiliation to a given locality is best qualified; and the farther back a person's genealogical roots can be traced in local soil and prevailing laws, the more capable, trustworthy and successful he or she is apt to prove in office.

But if accident of birth is no valid criterion to choose anything by, from a rail polisher to a law-grinder, how in the name of common sense can any fair-minded person seek, offer or even accept preferment on grounds of nativity?

Suppose, however, that distribution of offices ac-

according to the different nationalities in a community were feasible and proper, why expect that the preference of one in a group will make all the rest happy and satisfied?

Did the town clerk's office, given for a long time to a German because of his being a German, help the rest of the Germans any? Would the social status of garbage collectors, unskilled hands and road building laborers rise in public esteem if a Slovak, a Hungarian and an Italian were placed in offices which secured to the incumbents thereof ease and honor?

Furthermore, as vicarious punishment is cruelty, so vicarious honor is unjust and no honor at all.

But efforts spent by one group in return for benefits derived from work performed by the other is sufficient recognition for all practical purposes, and this takes place constantly as a matter of daily routine.

If there are some who really crave recognition of a more showy kind for their several kinships, they all could be satisfied in this manner:

Let the City Council or the Mayor name a Mutual Recognition Day.

On this day let all who want recognition march in parade and be saluted in behalf of the city by the Mayor and Aldermen.

If the recipients of the honor will be kind enough to pass it on to everybody they meet there shall be a lack of recognition never more.

But certain propensities, nourished under this heading by conscienceless or shortsighted politicians, were best left to atrophy—why not?

CONCERNING AMERICANIZATION

Congress having appropriated 'steen millions of dollars for Americanization work, discussion is in order to learn what it is and what it is not. So, here goes one opinion.

A waving of the flag is not always prompted by pure intention to serve the country. Sometimes it is done as a finale to a poor theatrical performance for the sake of a little forced applause.

Loud confessions of American loyalty and service, proclaimed from the housetops of different large organizations, may not be gold without alloy. Often such claims are set forth with an eye on Mexico, Zion, Slovakia or other particular points on the globe. And it may be held, alongside highest regard for motives here in play, that where a man's hope is there is his heart also.

Possession of American wealth also fails to give positive American standing. Witness, statistics on foreign ownership of American lands and reports by the custodian of alien properties.

Neither does the ability to speak English make one an American. A goodly part of the British Empire speaks English without having more than compulsory respect for the United States of America.

Nor can unquestioning devotion to set institutions guarantee the much advertised "one hundred per cent. American" quality. Institutions change. They are different now than they were in the days of chattel slavery and whiskey domination. And it is reasonable to assume that other changes will take place.

Not even American birth constitutes one an American always. Lord Beaver and Countess or ex-Countess Szechenyi were born here, but that does not, in the least, alter their allegiance to foreign potentates or Soviet governments, as the case may be.

The real unfailing test of American preference is simply to regard America (and for dwellers in the U. S. this part of America) as a home in the best, truest and fullest sense of that exalted word.

A demonstration of this formula in all its bearings would fill a large size volume, but the summary of the whole book might be compressed into these few sentences:

Industrial functioning compels permanent habitation and habitation requires care of one's habitat.

If you would Americanize yourself, feel at home in this country; appreciate the foundation of your shelter, also its possibilities; and never tire in the effort to make it a place of solid comfort, mutual consideration and soul-satisfying beauty.

If you would Americanize others, allow them, help them to feel and act likewise.

VOTES FOR WOMEN—HOW TO OBTAIN THEM

You, dear ladies, who advocate the enfranchisement of women, spend much fine oratory in argument with certain obstinate legislators to convince them of the fairness of your request. Evidently, you believe that an appeal to the sense of justice will carry your point where the light of reason fails to penetrate.

But how about their sense of justice?

An ancient philosopher, when rebuked because he prostrated himself before the King in supplication for this or that, answered: "Well, is it my fault that the ears of the King are in his feet?"

With the anti-suffrage law-maker the sense of justice is neither in his head nor in his heart nor yet in his lower extremities.

If the sense-of justice resided in his head you, of course, would have convinced him long ago; if it lodged in his heart, he would wither from the shame his position reflects upon his own household; and, if it were in his feet, he would be halted by cramps before entering a legislative hall to trample upon so simple, inexpensive, non-revolutionary a principle of government as voting is to-day.

Where, then, is the sense of justice in legislators opposed to woman suffrage? Why, in the first place, it is of microscopic dimensions and, in the second place, it is buried in their love to drive a bargain.

Some lawyers will sue a company for fifty thousand dollars when they expect to collect five hundred and the other side would settle by paying fifty dollars if the claimant can be tired into accepting it. The object of litigation becomes a matter of "winning a case" and not of having justice prevail.

Your anti-suffrage legislator's mentality is of this texture. Because you ask for the minimum of fairness he accords you a maximum of indifference or contempt.

If you would make an impression on his kind of soul, ask for all that is due you and more—if possible.

Organize a movement having for its platform planks as follows:

1. Disfranchisement of the male sex for the same length of time that women suffered political subjugation.

2. Obliteration of all man-made laws and replacement of them with others conceived, deliberated upon and enacted exclusively by women.

3. Immediate and summary discharge of all male office-holders and their banishment to the lowest depths of factory labor and other usefully productive employments of still lower grade.

Ask the Earth, the Moon and the nearby stars, in the manner of Carrie Nation—anything less spectacular is unnoticeable or of no importance to Solons of that sort—and they will begin to consider how to cut down on your demands.

Insist with all your might on going the full length of your way and then your anachronistic legislator will be tickled to grant women the right to vote. He will feel that by granting that right he conciliates you with a pittance and his sense of justice will be satisfied in the knowledge that he drove a good bargain.

TAKING THE TERROR OUT OF REVOLUTION

The prohibition amendment to the Constitution affects, in a sudden manner, the ingrained habits of millions and the very livelihood of hundreds of thousands. Such a change brought about by means of bloodshed, wholesale jailings and the forcible ejection

of administrative authorities, would surely be classed a revolution.

Of yet greater importance and fraught with much farther reaching consequences is the other amendment which, despite the ungracious tardiness of the Connecticut legislature regarding it, is on the threshold of being incorporated into our body politic.

In the annals of history, many revolutions are recorded showing smaller results than is the enfranchisement of one-half of over 100,000,000 people.

Of course, each change makes the succeeding innovation less feared and sooner discounted. As one may become accustomed to keeping within the rut, so one may habitually get out of it. Amendments to the Constitution of the United States well show its course.

It may come to pass that when a number of citizens—women included—propound a really better state of affairs, though it be labeled revolution, the country will hop right into it.

IS COMPETITION THE LIFE OF TRADE?

Competition in industry may not have outlived its usefulness, but the good flowing therefrom is certainly very much exaggerated. Some go so far as to say: "Competition is the life of trade, without it business would die of dry rot." But would it?

A moment's reflection will show that trade is the result of general human needs, not of individual rivalries into which most of competition degenerates.

We know, of course, that many institutions, ad-

ministered by nation, state, and municipality, give a great variety of services without as much as a thought of competition.

The large industrial concerns, where competition has ceased, prosper most. These concerns enlisted the cooperation of investors and prospered thereby; of late they also invite the cooperation of employes with a result detrimental to none and beneficial to all. And just in proportion that cooperation is earnestly sought will it repay in abundance.

Really, nobody engages in competition for bread and butter because he wants to, but only because he has to. Just so soon as possible competition is stalled by whoever can do it; and, of course, income from monopolies—be it ever so large—no one disdains.

In certain businesses coordination and cooperation may not yet be practicable, but that is poor consolation for most of those who earn their living in such businesses.

At best, competition rewards only those who find joy in satisfying the cravings of their own combativeness. Others, though successful, cannot escape from hearing the "Song of the Shirt;" they ever must see the picture of the "Man with the Hoe" and never can forget the fate of all—men, women and children—who go under in the fray.

Consider the inefficiency of scattered forces spitefully employed in producing and distributing life's necessities; consider, also, the gigantic social waste involved in duplication of plants and storehouses, etc.; furthermore, consider the brains and energy spent not in getting trade, but in getting it away

from others, and the glories of competition fade into a rather gloomy horizon.

School children study in competition to win prizes, but grown-up people study for the knowledge to be gained. So, in business, competition to a certain point promotes development; after that—when effort is spent to destroy effort—competition ceases to be beneficial and must be replaced with an incentive as high above the motives of rivalry as the scholar's is above that of the child.

With full and generous consideration for those who built up the business, and with ample provisions to retain the services of those who can successfully manage it, many establishments are being transferred and many more could be transferred from the basis of competition to the plane of cooperation.

Admitting that such change is easier stated and praised theoretically than brought about in practice, the truth remains that when competition ceases to be a buoy and becomes a drag, trade need not, nor can it die of "dry rot," but may and must go on in response to human want.

REFERENDUM ON LEAGUE COVENANT

Between responsibility for national attitude that goes or is supposed to go with citizenship and the actual non-influence of the citizen (outside Congress) in determining the attitude, there is a gap which should be spanned in a thorough fashion, and the sooner this were accomplished the better for all concerned.

In that gap all sorts of dissatisfaction and

disaffection find lodgings and a responsive nursery ground. In it are generated imps of social unrest, from the scarcely audible sigh of helpless impotency to the disturbingly noisome activities of revolutionary wrath. And the gap itself is sufficient justification for whatever comes therefrom.

Indeed, if a people of many millions must stand responsible for peace or war, by what method of reasoning can it be counted fair to reach a decision, regarding the course to be taken, by the feelings, will and understanding of one or five hundred?

Now that a proposed covenant of the League of Nations calls for endorsement or rejection, Congress has an opportunity to bridge that gap by transferring the fact of responsibility to its theoretical abiding place. Furthermore, the polling of a national referendum on the subject-matter of the League covenant would go a long way to secure satisfaction with the stand taken as a result, whatever that may turn out to be.

If the people can have no say in the matter, why submit it to public discussion at all? True, such discussion may help Congress to make up its mind one way or another, but the fateful decision so arrived at cannot amount to more, after all, than the crystallized interest, sentiments and understanding of a few.

And if that be proper, why pretend that national attitude here is national choice?

The proposed covenant may be good or bad, any League of Nations may be better than none, or no attempt in that direction may be better than any; still, the question remains: Who shall say which?

Or is self-government applicable only when it comes to the erection of a poorhouse or the like?

Are not the men good enough to be heroes, and the masses they were accepted or drafted from, also good enough to have a direct voice in settling the fate of the proposed covenant?

This much is certain: A decision reached by means of a national referendum would carry a sanction as much above the say-so of Congress as a verdict by this body is above the fiat of a monarch.

PROHIBITION—BY WHOM?

If, as suggested in Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird," things remembered are revived; John Barleycorn, together with his close relatives, Haveanother Foamy Fluid and Avant Sante Sparclegrape, is indeed alive. So much so that had they been really buried, their official resurrection might be hourly expected.

As matters now stand rum is not abolished, but only retired into a sort of semi-banishment. Friends of the old order demand a speedy reinstatement of ante-bellum days when "getting under the weather" was no disgrace and getting others there was glory. They have few arguments which the sad records of victims amongst them does not set at naught, but even a single solitary righteous claim should be sufficient to cause serious consideration on the part of all believers in fair play.

Such a claim the upholders of personal liberty pertaining to the use of alcoholic beverages have

in the fact that the new law does not really and unquestionably reflect the will of the people.

Numerous spokesmen for a large constituency claim that prohibition was brought about by ecclesiastical machinations and self-serving political trickery engineered for the benefit of divers commercial soft drink interests. Not having had the question submitted to a national plebiscite, who can positively gainsay their accusations?

To be sure, the law is on the side of the prohibitionist, but that is not enough to make prohibition acceptable or accepted. Why, the history of the prohibition movement itself furnishes a most impressive lesson not to impose unjust measures on anyone, though such action may be legal at the time.

The flood of prohibition which inundates the country now had for its original spring a mere indiscretion on the part of a single saloon-keeper.

This dispenser of intoxicants was requested by a man, Neal Dow, not to sell liquor to his friend who, though a fine fellow and holding a responsible position, could not control the appetite for strong drink. Maybe this was the only shortcoming of an excellent man and Neal Dow set out, as a good man will, to rescue his friend from the jaws of a destructive inclination.

Neal Dow pleaded with all the eloquence he could muster for his friend, but the saloon-keeper, instead of heeding so fair a request, stood on his rights under the license that hung neatly framed upon the wall. Pointing to the document, the saloon-keeper declared that he was in business, not to take care of

everybody in town, but to make money, and boasted that the state sanctioned such a course.

One can imagine the effect of this experience on Neal Dow. He went on an errand to obviate injury and all he got was a double insult—an insult as an individual and also as a part of the state.

At present many people feel insulted by the workings of a law which questions their ableness to use with reason a commodity that countless billions have used before without any interference whatsoever.

Such feeling does not pass through the mind without the brain's taking cognizance and retaining an impression—an impression which, perhaps, can be best perceived by recognizing how Neal Dow's mind was affected in its time.

As detectives, in the effort to find a culprit, "re-construct" the movements of a criminal, so, in the attempt to handle properly the problem under consideration, one may retrace the psychic process of an upright, virtuous mind.

On being turned down, Neal Dow must have swallowed hard. What could be done against a merciless saloon-keeper supported as he was by all the powers of the state?

Neal Dow left the rum shop beaten, bitter gall-drops flowing to his heart. Probably, man's primal instincts came to the fore.

Perhaps he clenched his fists in wrath and turned back to knock the scoundrel down, but even with the first thought of homicide came the realization that such a course could not have a desirable ending. There was much to lose and nothing to gain. The saloon would have survived, maybe in charge of some-

one ten times worse than the heartless creature then in charge. Yet there was his friend, a precious soul, an excellent fellow, at stake. Could it be that the state knowingly, deliberately set out to destroy such men and their families for the sake of financial revenue? Who was the state? Of course, Neal Dow was part of it. And should he take upon himself and carry into his grave the blame for proceedings which he abhorred? No! The duty of a man lay in the opposite direction. Oh, but the odds he was up against!

Neal Dow must have counted all powerful selfish interests depending for their riches on the running of rum shops. At this he may have been appalled for a while; but the thought of his friend, reinforced with the idea that many others were in the same predicament, dispelled all fear and timidity.

Then Reason came, the wonderful councillor with a scale weighing one thing against another, and there was cast into the balance this question: What about your many friends who enjoy a stimulant without harming either themselves or anybody else by using it? They are fine, jovial fellows, hale and hearty; some past the allotted three-score and ten, and some with records as good, as clean as ever angel entered into the books of fate—shall all these men be deprived of the friendly cup that cheers?

One who, in behalf of a friend determined to fight an age-old institution, could not overlook the rights of other friends. Neal Dow's brain went aft in a whirl. A veritable tempest of pros and cons flew crisscross through his mind. Stronger and stronger the tempest grew, driving heavy tears down the

cheeks of the man so agitated: tears, as are pressed from a soul when about to strike out upon an entirely new path of its own making.

After a while the storm calmed down. In the mind of Neal Dow there shone a bright and steady light. The balance scale of reasoning tilted all one way and the final nugget that outweighed every other consideration said:

Better a hundred good men forego some little pleasure than that any one of them shall be ruined and his family wrecked. If saving this one causes inconvenience to a few, perhaps it is their own fault. No one should hinder the work of justice and mercy!

Who can blame Neal Dow for the stand he had taken?

But the other side also must be heard.

Of course, the struggle for prohibition went the way of all issues embracing the nation. Saloon-keepers who were most scrupulously careful in conducting their business fared no better than the worst of the guild. Here, too, the innocent had to suffer for the guilty. Now, the culmination of the movement inaugurated by Neal Dow put the possessors of self-control altogether in a class with those who have no such thing in their make-up.

Prohibition is felt as a slight by some, by others an undue interference, akin to insult. They reason thus:

The law should protect those who need protection, but it must not make the strong a scapegoat for the weak. Users of intoxicants might have to be licensed as were the dispensers of the stuff. Temperance might be inhibited somewhat by methods used

in Dayton's beautiful Old Soldiers' Home, where a man was entitled to so much and no more. The profit might be taken out of the whole business (so most of its venom would be lost), and stimulants sold through agencies controlled by nation, state and municipality. A hundred other ways might be found to prevent the evil of the traffic without stopping the good of it, but this blanket prohibition of everything that has a stimulating smell in it cannot be an act of either justice or wisdom.

To put a glass of honest wine on a par with the wickedest of "dead-house" whiskey, is not sensible, and it cannot be fair to compel millions of women who were periodically helped by the use of a little brandy to go without it—or go to pay for a doctor's permission each time they need succor. (Physicians may like such dispensation. Some of them advocate that we should not drink a cup of tea or coffee without a doctor's consent—which, of course, cannot be expected gratis.)

If inconvenience for many and added expense were the only disadvantages entailed by the prohibition law, gradual adjustments might wear off dissatisfaction after a while. But above all complaints and all criticisms rings the question:

WHO DID THE PROHIBITING?

Pointing to the law and commanding to obey it does not answer the question. Doing that repeatedly may increase resentment to a point where it turns into a decision to wage war against the new law. There are any number of persons willing to start the campaign, if it has not already started,

and who can positively say how matters may be at the finish? Maybe all the evils would be restored and none of the good, prohibition really aimed for, accomplished.

"Who did the prohibiting?"

The question is pertinent and should be answered in a manner that can soothe ruffled feelings. If prohibition is really wanted by the nation, why not have the people's direct say for it? Must Demo ever be slighted in democracy—should the head ever submit to being managed by the tail end of the word?

It were better to postpone prohibition until it has the backing of the majority of the people beyond any doubt.

And Knights of Temperance, prohibitionists, tee-totalers, men who never frequented saloons and never expect to, should be foremost in demanding a square deal and a fair count, for "no question is ever settled until it is settled right."

SOCIAL EQUALITY

Certain persons carry in their heads an idea the practical counterpart of which they want to establish "if it will cost a million lives." "It" being social equality.

But social equality depends on social worth, and worth is measured by the mental yardstick known as esteem, which cannot be standardized by any procedure, least of all by brutal force and human sacrifice.

Somehow, esteem is always prejudiced in favor of self and of everything in proportion as it benefits

self. Naturally so, for esteem is part and parcel as well as a chief organ of the ego. Thus it comes that self-complacency and even pride ever find reasons on which to draw for support.

We may be proud because of our connection with antiquity or because we belong to a virile new race.

Booker T. Washington, a splendid soul, declared (in his autobiography) that he would rather be a negro than of any other race.

This sentiment relegates even God's chosen people to a back seat in his estimation.

But the chosen people can point with pride to the record which shows that even as far back as in the times of Moses the great leader could not add to the number of his wives an Ethiopian lady without being sharply upbraided by sister Miriam and brother Aaron for such lack of discrimination.

We may boast of what our sires did or because of what they didn't do to others; and dote on their prowess when they conquered, as much as on their endurance in adversity when vanquished.

Genealogical lines, despite the proverbial skeleton in the closet, are full of shining lights by which the wanderer can see his own great qualities; but having to start life as a foundling does not handicap a plucky person at all, for he or she can exclaim with Napoleon: "I am an ancestor!"

We may feel exalted because of our own courage to blaze the path as pioneers for this or that cause; or we may gloat over being prudent enough to gather the rewards of practicality.

Religion, too, is a veritable ocean of "I am better than thou" sentiments. There are the various creeds

with different classification of attendance, contribution and piety. Other more subtle distinctions may be noticed on occasion. Recently, a Catholic educational institution in Milford, Conn., refused admission to an American child of an American white mother because she had chosen a Chinaman for a husband, who, by the way, served as a Christian missionary and is a successful business man. In this there seems to be less glory for God than vaingloriousness of the people in charge. On the other hand, in non-religious circles he who can throw the heaviest bricks on priests and ministers takes the cake or proclaims his right to it.

Then there is the pride of occupation to be considered. Not only is there a rivalry of conceptions amongst the several callings regarding their difficulties and usefulness, but men in the same trade or profession can find lines of demarcation over which to cast a sneer. Lawyers and bank presidents may feel as having arrived at a station worth holding on to; however, they are called "non-productive loafers," "parasites," and similar uncomplimentary names, by horny-handed orators in the open meetings of unskilled laborers. New rich men flaunt their wealth as much as many a poorhouse candidate boasts of his honesty.

Pride over accomplishment is offset by self-pity because a lack of opportunity to make the most of one's self. Incumbency of high office falls in the scale of esteem by the slighting name "politician"; kings and emperors on their thrones are regarded by plain, rugged, sometimes ragged republicans beneath their contempt.

Astronomers are the humblest of all folks. They admit the existence of larger earths and greater suns, but as to possessing intelligent inhabitants, they are only sure of this one globe.

Conceit seems to be a spice of life that few if any can do without. Even in the army, men in one branch of the service are imbued with the idea of being more important or less dispensable than they could be in some other departments.

The mutual estimation of neighbors and neighborhoods is respectfully referred to Irvin Cobb as a topic for a humorous book.

In fact, nothing equalizes humanity quite as much as the dis-equality of their esteem.

The only place a person can set up the notion of social equality is in his own head, and more rarely if ever in his own heart. If there are souls who could institute such a state of mind and feeling and maintain the doctrine for several decades without interruption, they had better keep quiet about the accomplishment unless they enjoy being thought, if not called, liars.

LEAGUE COVENANT—YES AND NO

A good and sensible rule of composition requires that the opening paragraph of an article shall disclose its import; show, as it were, through an aperture the kernel of the nut under operation. Still, sometimes it is necessary to interpose a lens to make for better vision.

In connection with the idea here submitted a statement by ex-President Taft may serve as a good re-

flector. He wrote (in the Yale Law School Journal, some years ago): "Law in the abstract aims for justice; in practice the object of law is to maintain the peace."

Evidently, if laborers were content to work for a dollar a day and suffer privations or starve without disturbing the peace, law-makers would never bother to change conditions. Also, if capitalists were about cheerfully abandoning their control over wealth and power, neither the law nor the law-makers would put a straw in their way.

Because things do not happen that way unrest is rampant and turmoils come on. Between the millstones of clashing interests, laws are ground and shaped into the form statute books present them.

Yet law-making is but one-third of the government, and not the most telling part, as laws depend for their meaning on those in power to interpret and apply them.

For instance, we might as well have no prohibition laws as have all intoxicants tabooed—and half a dozen drunks a day at court in a small city.

The first amendment to the Constitution might read: "Congress, whenever so disposed, shall make stringent laws abridging the right of free speech, free assemblage, and the President shall appoint a Postmaster whose privilege it shall be to abridge the freedom of the press"; yet if Congress would be otherwise disposed and the Postmaster would be of a different mould, men like E. V. Debs might be spared from languishing in prison and numerous publishers might not have to clamor for the removal of the chief of the post office department.

So a League of Nations may prove better or worse than its written covenant. This instrument might declare that the purpose of the organization is not to prevent oppression and slaughter but, firstly, to give its members all possible advantages when waging war against anyone outside of the League; secondly, to uphold those who are favored by the dominant party in the League against such as fail to gain that favor; and thirdly, perhaps mostly, to perpetuate and increase the power that secured control of the League at its very inception—still, the new blank pages of history could be filled with the most glorious accounts of fair adjustment and co-operative advance.

The proper course, then, in regard to the League covenant seems to be a utilization of the new international conclave for promoting world welfare without leaving the country open to enemy invasion.

This means an acceptance of the entire covenant with a reservation in toto; a trial marriage the duration of which shall depend on the compatibility of the parties concerned.

With nations, as with individuals, creeds and confessions may have their uses, but character and conduct is the means of salvation.

The League covenant, if so enacted, would give us a chance to show the degree of our fitness for the new dispensation.

UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE—WHY NOT ENGLISH?

Viewing a statistical chart of languages, hope for a common medium of thought-exchange is apt to shrink and shrivel distressingly.

Not one in ten persons can speak English, though more than two employ the Chinese tongue and nearly as many love and hate in the Hindustani.

Scarcely one in twenty speaks German. Of Russians there are a few more, of Spanish a few less, while only one in thirty knows beautiful French. Italian is still less used. Bohemian, Polish, Danish, Roumanian, Hungarian and others too numerous to mention have their devoted supporters. Sometimes it would seem that man was made for language and not language for man. In fact, next to the cause of theology the cause of languages served most often as reason or excuse for hatreds between individuals and wars between nations.

The greatest blessing of a universal language is not its positive service, but the negative benefit of eliminating language as a perpetual bone of endless contentions. On the positive side, one language is as serviceable as the other. Many great peoples lived and died and their mode of expression all but died with them. But while they lived their tongue served them as well as ours serve us. Mutual understanding of language, without mutual regard of soul, is not an unmixed blessing.

For one familiar with several languages it is pa-

thetically amusing to read the self-glorification in each.

Were the world *disposed* to have a common language it could be attained within the life of a single generation. A living language might be spread over the earth, a dead one resuscitated and made to throb with life everywhere, or a new language invented for encompassing the world.

If only the humankind would be willing to own one tongue and could agree as to which it should be!

This being so, were it not in order to make a bid for the required disposition? When a large convention takes place many cities vie with each other to secure the next meeting for their respective interests. Bids go high and the highest bidder wins the privilege.

Similarly, the several candidates for a world language might be backed by interested parties. The English-speaking peoples combinedly could well afford to offer ten million teachers and ten billion dollars a year, for the next thirty years, to have English adopted as the language of the world. Publishing interests alone could supply a goodly part of the fund and lose nothing by their liberality.

No other ax should be sharpened on this grindstone; no acquisition of any land, no suppression of any other language and no promulgation of any doctrine aimed at, but just the one-track idea of a universal language, a common medium of world-wide thought exchange.

Then why not grapple with English? By it no pride need feel offended. We use Egyptian symbols, Greek star names, Arabian numerals, Italian musical

notation, Latin for medicine, and the vocabulary of English shows it to be more of a composite language than Esperanto.

Of course, the adoption of English for a world language would place those who speak it in a position of advantage, but this can be offset with the offer mentioned or one still more liberal. Bidding for a universal language is in order!

Meanwhile, the United States Government has an immense field for extending the use of English.

For one thing, the government might contract with every foreign language paper in the country for a column or two and run intelligible English lessons in them all. Instead of suppressing the foreign-language papers, they ought to be encouraged to diminish illiteracy and used for popularizing English where it is most and immediately needed. The possibilities of such a move are great and many. The lessons, conducted properly, with needed supplementary work, might bring it to pass that within a few years everybody who reads a paper would know English!

Other suggestions come to mind, but this one seems easiest to carry out and most promising in result.

True, a foreigner in learning English must also learn to understand the flood of aspersions cast upon him and his. Articles bristling with vilification and execration are shoved under his eyes. He must know the vituperation and denunciation poured upon his kind. But let him reflect that in the press of his home quarters the identical stuff is being continually served to others.

Of course, English as a universal language would have an additional value. As such it would be given more to friendliness than detraction. The very desire for a universal language diminishes both bigotry and intolerance.

OTHER MISCELLANIES

NEW YEAR'S DAY

The Mighty Almanac Men declare we are in perpetual motion; not only glide we high up in air and plow on through depths of the ocean, but we are being waltzed at a run of several miles in a twinkling, while the Earth speeds with and 'round the Sun in strong bonds of filial linking.

This grand free ride is all first-class—how many wondrous worlds we pass! Some keep so close as if they were a newly wedded lovelorn pair. . . . Yet on we speed with eyes agaze; the more we see, the more we praise, and with the knowledge gained we try to read the acts of passers-by.

We move from out each other's ken, but meet our gracious friends again; for though the Earth does swerve and sway, it safely rounds its spiral way—held by Sol on his apron-string, we circumfly him in a ring elliptical, and celebrate our *outward* start as New Year's date.

PLEADINGS IN GREETINGS

1913

What if the years roll by? A little verse
Will weave its measures through the universe;
And prove the mind, though tied in nerve-gland rope,
Of all embracing universal scope.

What if each day leaves but a memory, where
Sunrays glittered? Is not that Shadows' share?
Earth's glory grows with circlings of the globe,
And souls grow brighter with each kindly hope

Imparted or received; so with each knell
Of Passing Time, from its exhaustless store
Of good and right, I fain would wish you more. . . .

But words are few, aye, far too few to tell
Our feelings; so I simply wish you well,
From heart's deep mine—sincerely as of yore.

1914

"What would you have when the old year ends?
Here is all that to life its lustre lends:
Wit, Wisdom, Hope, Joy, Strength, Health, Wealth,
Friends."

"A lot of Wit for daily use, of Hope to last as long
as life;
Sufficient Wealth to pay life's dues; of Strength
enough for righteous strife;

Of Wisdom's core to seek for more,
Enough of Joy to be no toy
Of Friends a host, of Health the most—
For worthy aim."

Wish you the same.

1915

O Father Time, so often and so much
We ask of you! Forsooth, that if some "touch"
Is left to wither unresponded, none
Must needs despair of gaining grace; so on
We strive and hopeful ask: a happy glow
To radiate from all our wishes' flow.

Let failings of all nations, races, creeds,
Melt off like shadows—in the Shine of Deeds
By Each for All; grant Work to go with Ease,
And that our wars be Conquest of Ills; please,
The Seedless Orange as we owe to you,
Oh grant us "Graftless" Legislation too. . . .

Have Truth enthroned, fill hearts with Love to bless;
Give unto souls the Gift of Merriness;
So that, if days make up the Chain of Year,
Each Link in pleasing, rosy light appear.
Yet one more wish, this note to you extends,
O Father Time! Deal friendly with our friends.

1916

May this our trip, through starlit space, appalling
paragraphs efface from mankind's story; adding
to that book a lustrous page or two of sense so

sound, so true and bright, that gloom shall be replaced by light and joy; whose brilliant rays and theme may as the rainbow-promise gleam.

May this our spin around the Sun produce life's cloth of good, home spun weave; moulding your full share of it, to suit and please—a perfect fit; whereby aspiring heart and soul attain unto their highest goal. Withal, fetch all health, wealth and cheer, and make for yet a better year.

1917

There is time for work and time for play
And time allowed us when we may
Indulge in simple wishing;
Which is now on throughout the land,
So, here we come with liberal hand
Our sentiments a-dishing:

For childhood careless playful years,
For youth the wisdom which endears
Old age and gives it standing;
For age-crowned head the cheerful brow
With heart sustained in youthful glow
That makes the world enchanting;

For all the Earth a brighter sky
With more of laughter ringing high
And less appeal of sorrow;
For all our friends we wish they may
Enjoy each hour and have each day
Linked to a hopeful morrow.

1918

The notes of good-will may again be sounded
And friendly missiles sally forth to cheer
The day when Time unrolls another year
For present use and to be merged, compounded
In history. Oh, if but wishes counted!
There would be none to shed a bitter tear—
(Your humble friend still being on this sphere,
Though fifty times the yearly tour he rounded.)

And yet who knows? The wish may further action
To make life's pilgrimage a grand attraction
From good to better and from that to best;
Mayhaps, kind words, appropriately spoken,
Will enter into—help produce—the token
Of true success in life: bless and be blest.

1919

Some matters are subject to change;
Regardless how we would arrange
This old world, it has its own way
Still—some things must vanish as dreams
Dissolve in awakening gleams,
While others are destined to stay.

Who could count the old hymns of hate
That have ceased to reverberate
In afterdays? Time still does transmute,
And cloudbursts of spite and of spleen
Will be, as they ever have been,
Concluded in rainbows of truth.

But snow-flakes come churling in fanciful curling,
As white and as sterling as ever came whirling
Or yet may fall pearling tenderly, softly on human
eyes.

So, on through years fleeting, the heart's friendly
beating,

Despite swords unsheathing, keeps ever repeating
The age old entreating of benevolent skies.

1920

Whatever the vogue in far, trans-earthly spheres
We, here, have our being—it clearly appears—
In a quality world! As of old:
The wind blows by motion, rock hardness reveals,
The snow with its whiteness and softness appeals,
The ice with its glistening cold.

It is not mere things but their aspects engage
In battle: the tempest with fury and rage,
The life-giving light with its gleam. . . .
And qualities rule, as with scepter and crown,
In valleys, on mountains; from the emperor-frown
To *that* smile of a babe in his dream.

Men's ways, motives, hopes, all are measured in trays
Of a huge cosmic scale and that which it weighs
For the better grained Destiny culls—
Oh, say, in all of life's great, ceaseless adventure
What lofty emotion surpasses in grandeur
A full-orbed friendly impulse?

1921

No year so empty but it had its days
Of glorious spring, its humming bees, its scent
Of blowing roses wafting in the air;
No place so lonely, desolate, but there
A coursing sap still works, creative bent,
In all the myriad known and unknown ways.

No winter quite so cold, no stormy strife
So turbulent but humankind survives;
Some birds are ever left upon the boughs,
The evergreen slows down but still it grows,
Beyond the weepy clouds are smiling skies,
Below the frozen crust is throbbing life.

So Time forever offers time to be
A feather in the universal wing
That lifts the world, and time to cast one's vote
Into the wondrous soul-inspiring growth
That never stopping raises—ring by ring—
The edifice of human harmony.

LITERARY PREPAREDNESS

I

ON THE FOUNDING OF A WRITERS' CLUB

On-rolling time calls for a rhyme
To chronicle a recent climb,
A climb for rarer altitudes
By mentally ambitious youths
In homage to their art sublime.

The worthy hand that wove the strand
Of pulsing minds into a band,
The simplest snow-white flag did choose,
Inscribed thereon one word: PRODUCE!
Enhanced with it a platform and

Lo! As by magic gathered then
Devoted wielders of the pen,
Some of whom may yet have their names
Illumined, glowing bright on Fame's
Fair scroll. Be that as should; no clan

Creative bent, no Grecian Gent
To loftier Valhalla went,
Where kindness spread a finer net;
Nor could his pampered gaze have met
A lovelier ladies' group. . . . They sent

A story each, a song or ode
To be allowed in this abode
For learning hardest rules most true—
It makes one's old red blood feel blue
That such a sisterhood can't vote.

But they were there and heard declare
That games of art must be played fair,
That privilege had given way,
Poetic license gone for aye—
To write quite well, one must prepare!

"Don't lightly skim, no fault so slim"
Maestra said "but mars—A hymn,
If overdosed with hissing 's'
Provokes instead a soothing 'bless
You dear' almost its antonym."

"Through study dip each word and whip
Each sentence, so that they will grip
The reader's heart, and as for sense,
That too may be of consequence
In getting the rejection-slip."

All listened hard, with mind and heart,
How one becomes a full-fledged bard
And, too, the session ended fine
With gleams of sparkling Omar wine—
Thus cheering all to write their part.

Now, book vendors and editors,
Put extra guards unto your doors;
For manuscripts will come so thick
That some of them are bound to stick
And carry off your hoarded stores.

II

Nearby the ground, Long Island Sound
Its deepest theses did expound;
With eloquently rhythmical
Recurring waves it cast a spell
On all the listening trees around.

The vaulted skies with billion eyes
Observed the scene; how wave unties
Its fringed edge from out the surge,
How coursing currents pressing urge
The foamy surf to symphonize:

"Oh, you who care, oh, thinkers fair,
Remember that I come—from where?
From chaos all through stress and strife
Have I come to harmonious life;
Why should not humankind get there?

"Breathe verse or prose, what if the rose
In white or pink or golden glows?
Just so its beauty reigns supreme
To make complete the garden-dream
From whence enchanting fragrance flows.

"Your verse may be or bound or free,
Just so it flutes a charming plea
From heart to heart, from soul to soul
For broader love and higher goal
And better social harmony.

"'Tis hard to swim against the grim
Old currents, but the tiniest, dim
Good force will grow till it is blest
On top the highest moving crest
That sprayeth forth the lusty brim.

"In spite war-grant, munition plant
And hoary ills that now do rent
And tear the heart of all the world,
The flag of right remains unfurled
Embracing all who by it stand.

"Whatever at you balk or fret
And see but dark—remember yet;
From chaos all through stress and strife
Have I come to harmonious life—
The world cannot stop short of that!"

Thus beat and pound with voice profound
The surging waves by sea-wall bound.
Oh, for the writer's art refined
So it impress on all mankind
This message of Long Island Sound.

SONG OF THE FEW

On a summer's eve, at the shore of the sea,
A wee small group had gathered to see
What ought not happen, and what ought to be—

There was no speech, and upon them all grew
That heavy, disheartening, melancholy view
Contained in these few words: *we are so few!*

Silence prevailed, as such mood may well bring,
Till one of their number was inspired to sing
This odd little song of peculiar ring:

"I am eating my bread with the few—of my kind
Who rather would lead than lag on behind
Or cut through the darkness than stay with the
blind. . . .

"I am dreaming my dreams with the few—of the race
Who, ever anxious a new dawn to face,
Have hopes as boundless as infinite space.

"I have cast in my lot with the few—of my kin,
Who had chosen against the current to swim,
The banks of the Isle of Justice to win.

"So, I'm sharing the joys of the few—few indeed
Who see the tree grow while planting the seed;
And can feel its shade while the sapling takes feed.

"So, I'll take my returns with the few—in my town,
Who are never so rich as to long for a crown
And never so poor, but their souls are their own!"

When the song had ceased, the moon shone bright;
In their eyes though glittered a much greater light;
The shine of souls when they know they are right.

FRIENDSHIP BY THOUGHT

What is in the air on yonder hill, that charms
the heart with power of will to climb up pathways
new? — To climb and climb on scattered grist,
through winding roadways in Morning Mist; past
pearly glittering dew from grass-blades peering;
past aimless odd jeering and the leer of the frog;

past screech of an owl, and the enigmatic growl of a stray old dog?

Upward attracts the mysterious lead; past wooded landscape scarcely a-head of rivulet's rumble; onward and upward, the body grown limber now striding proudly in the twilight's glimmer, now thinkingly humble; rough stones must be tossed aside and bridges be crossed the hidden trails along; and muscles may tire, yet "higher" calls "higher" the hill top. Can Song

Or brush ever paint the rising sun's color? Yet brighter the soul which sans expecting met *reward* that too had climbed on scattered grist, through winding roadways in Morning Mist—met a purposeful heart; one guided on high by the self-same sky through like trials; can there aught else be of such glory as the Parallel Story of feelingful thought?

A BABY BORN

(TO MRS. E. S. M.)

Like a new day with its breaking morn,
A baby born
Is a new hope, unfolding into light
All that it might
Be; a new force come in a wondrous way
From where, through time, mysteriously
It had lain;
May it repay
The world's wait, the father's toil and
The mother's pain.

MONTH OF MAY

O rise ye folks, O hearts be gay!
She comes, she comes, the month of May;
With flowing rivers, shining skies,
The spell of magic in her eyes,
Her loving breath, upon the land,
Sets life aglow; her mighty hand
Is weaving forth on Time's great loom
The Hope of Mankind's crimson bloom.

Ye souls who on your lonesome ways
Have cast the seeds for glorious days
To come, and all who labored well
The budding plant from weeds to tell;
Ye hosts that long to dedicate
This youthful Earth to Justice Great,
Oh rise ye all and sing the air
Of "Right Triumphant" everywhere.

As sure as planets onward sway,
She comes, she comes, the month of May,
When flags upon each City Hall
Shall flutter true and wave for all;
When through the air of balmy Spring
Some thousand million voices ring:
Rejoice O world! O hearts be gay—
She came, she came, the month of May!

SONG OF PROLETARIAN PATRIOTS

We'll follow the banner so grand,
Whose birth-cry rang out the word: free!
Whose very first triumph cut through
The black heart of old tyranny.

We'll die for the beautiful flag
Proclaiming the citizen free;
Can there be a worthier death,
Than dying for sweet Liberty?

We'll follow the Stars and the Stripes
To lighten a neighboring woe;
But only to serve millionaires
And procure for them markets?—No!

We'll follow the Red, White and Blue
Wherever, whenever it waves;
Excepting to fasten a chain
On the limbs of some quivering slaves.

We'll follow the Star-Spangled Cloth
Which could redeem an unarmed race;
But oh! Never into a yoke
And no! Never into disgrace.

We'll follow Old Glory, we will,
Through fire and water and strife!
But the standard must stand for the Day
Of fair International Life.

We'll follow the emblem so fine
To the ends of eternity,
So the beautiful banner, it must
Bless, glorify humanity.

NEW LIBERTY

All speak of Freedom, aye, but not all mean the same
Liberty. With some it is a lifeless, empty name,
A phantom nebula to ponder and to muse
About; with some it is but *dreamers* and their
dreams,

With others vengeance—ugly nightmare of abuse,
A warlike, horrid carnage Human Freedom means.
From out of all these shapes that many minds con-
fuse
Much more than care to comprehend—we are to
choose.

And choose we really must! The tree must have
its root
For twigs to bud and green, for blooms to bring their
fruit.
As sea must surge its waves, and skies shed starry
light,
As roses show by color, and songs must glide on
sound;
So every intellect, when grown to mature height,
Must have its anchorage, its Grand Ideal found.
Now: feared, obscured, denounced, avoided though it
be
And slandered too, what is more grand than liberty?

Behold our choice!—She is not wildly mischief bent;
Nor beading worthy words to gain a worthless end;
Nor yet the haughty dame that cannot hear unless
The siren sound of gold rings from the calling note;

Nor yet, again, that old, beguiling sorceress
Constraining all (with misty, glimmering, phosphor-
wrote,

Uncertain sayings; by feeble, false, misleading light)
To wage an aimless, joyless, ceaseless, senseless fight.

From inmost depth of heart we frankly disavow
The reigning queen that breeds perverted, soulless,
low,

And savage monarchs, whose black joy and craven
call

Is training men to live and die like slaves—
Mean slaves to conjured fears; vile slaves in pom-
pous thrall

Of unearned guilty ease; fat lackies to the graves
Of dead gone by, who fain would force us all to go
The thornful, tearful path of mournful long ago.

Did Earth evolve for this, did mankind evolute
To fall a helpless victim to the fiercest brute
Of its own make? Have our forebears but toiled
and brought,

Through oceans deep of blood and tears, the Ship
of State

For us, upon the quicksand shoals of jungledom,
fraught

With ills, to run aground? And were the wondrous,
great,

Poetic steel and iron structures made, to cause
Our sinking deeper down than mankind ever was?

The curse, the shame of it! The awful, blasting
truth;

That sex and mind be led to wilt; to prostitute

The virtues life demands; that he be famed "great
man"

Who, hoarding common-stock blocks and blocks
stock-preferred,

Would drown the world in pauper's ignorance. . . .

The clan

Of tyrant fools! They err if ever men have erred
In feeling safe while doing wrong. O common sense,
Does not each action weave its consequence?

Who crush or cringe, no, theirs is not the liberty
That we adore. Oh, what a difference there can be
Back of *one* name! So look you right. . . . What
if our choice

Of liberty is new? What if by many frowned
Upon? What if confined to huts? Still we rejoice
In her advance from fettered ground to fields un-
bound—

And in her magic sway, as all around the globe,
From seeds of black despair, she grows red blooms
of hope.

Salute New Liberty! the just, the wise, the kind
That freedom real does yield to body and to mind;
That sets man free from dim, dark, tortured cen-
turies'

Accumulated wrong; free from the strangling throes
Of want; from blurs of too much toil; from base sur-
cease

Of goods; from Haunting Ghosts of man-for-man
made woes,

And from the gnawing fear of crushing though un-
known

A fellow human life by holding to our own.

Who else for less may settle, we would be free in
truth:

Sweet harmony to finger upon a riftless lute,
For cloudless playful years; to breathe the light,
pure air

Of vision's fragrant fields; to glory in the wealth
Of standing on unlorded soil, by sweet and fair
Sunshine of human joy encircled; to grow in health
And love; to think, to strive, to work, to set the pace
In gaining nature's comfort for the human race.

Indeed, when ghouls and flunkies speak of "Liberty"
It is a fraud, a farce, a sore, an aching travesty
On Freedom's proud estate. *Or if theirs be the old*
Goddess, salute! Good-bye! She's dead to all in-
tents,

Sans throbbing life. O friends, leave her to metals,
gold

That caused her fall, and be ye blessed instruments
Of power for the new—The Grand New Liberty,
Whose call to glory rings: *Be equals and be free!*

Does it seem dreamy, distant, as a far-off moon?
Yet—she is coming! Yet—she may be here quite
soon

And clear from off Earth's face the thickened grimy
slimes

Of self-worship; so loving waves of human heart
Can melt off cords, entwined on it by ancient rhymes,
In ages past . . . till wings of virtue, pulse of art,
Each precious throb in every breast shall freely beat
For Right and Truth. Hark! Ours the privilege
to greet

The dawn of a new age. Reveille in every tongue
Is pealing forth, and echoes many million strong.
The call resounds from pole to pole, from shore to
shore:

Levez!—Erwacht!—Awake! Here is the promised
land. . . .

Emblazoned flags and banners overhead implore
Us all to take possession! 'Tis within reach of hand
With but this one condition, hark! *All must be free*
For any one to claim the grand New Liberty.

Hail thee, exhilarating morn! All nations on
The face of Earth arise to say in unison:
Get thee behind us, Greed, chief instrument of Vast
Woe (helping Ignorance to flourish and endure),
Mankind's divider into warring creeds and caste,
Get thee behind us, cursed, wanton preferment's lure!
Of whatever name, of whichever kind
If thou art Social Dross, get thee behind!

To you, New Liberty, high strivings' holy aim;
Redeemer of the Earth, of glowing hearts the flame,
Of martyrs' blood the red, in righteousness con-
ceived,

Who greetest every babe from birth as of your own
Household; who bringest new rights with old rights
retrieved;

Whose very coming shakes the tyrant's golden
throne—

To you we dedicate the wealth our will controls;
The fibers of our body, the sunlight of our souls.

TAXPAYERS' PLAINT

When the clouds have gathered too thick and too
heavy upon the skies, there comes, as its levy,
Thunder and lightning, storm and stress; in man-
kind's political affairs, no less,
If too many troubles had been aforming, there comes
a time for desperate storming. . . .
Such was the state in a certain city; not even bright
and usual witty
Editors durst poke fun at the general gloom; for
theirs was a lot of collateral—
And it is one of the old standard laws that hearts
incline as interest draws.
How should the editor humor a fault, when all his
supporters command him to halt?
But such was the case in this uneasy town, the better
the citizen the sterner his frown.
The higher he stood the louder his grumblings. So
came the storm with flashes and rumblings.
The sky hung low, more ominous were the clouds
than in Europe before the world war.
Streets turned Exchange of Meaningful Glances;
some vented threatenin' utterances—
The storm was due, men faced it blandly, now was
the time! . . . Consequently,
Before the august City Fathers appeared the boldest
and the smartest,
Most influential delegation to raise protest against
taxation;
Against increasing of the taxes, by men most likely
having axes

To grind, dull as in weeks of travel you find. The
once beflowered gavel
Fell thrice to call for silence! Order! Which ensued
on excitement's border.
Then the mayor with solemn notation spoke: "Gentlemen of the delegation,
Your patriotism we duly admire, the city's interests
center in you;
We know, for the common good you aspire, and we
are assembled to hear you through."
Now, first to speak was a man tall and fat (in Prince
Albert coat, with cylinder hat),
He rasped his voice, and after some pause, he thus
orated the taxpayers' cause:
"For many years we forebore though displeased, but
patriotic patience has ceased
To be virtue. There is no use hushing; the burden
of taxes is utterly crushing!
You are paying too much to a crowd of men for
sitting, out, mostly in front of their den;
To others, you pay an awful sum, for dressing a
little and walking some. . . .
You're squandering money as if it—well, as if we
drew it from a bottomless well;
As if we knew not how to expend, whatever surplus
the balance may tend.
In the name of Justice, for the sake of pity, must
every one employed by the city
A grafter be or have a soft snap? Keepers, sweepers
or be they teachers,
Must all of them, like high-tone preachers, be ca-
joled and cuddled in luxury's lap?

Why, printers, sprinklers, janitors, jailers charge
even more than custom tailors!

Oh, why, for services now do you pour double the
money it could be had for?

Do you lack the sense of fairness, or can our burdens
be unknown to you men?

We are being snowed under and given the chills, by
painters', plumbers', and roofers' bills.

The carpenters' long list of items divers, give our
spines the inverted shivers.

Out-goes a swelling, incomes grown thin with cruel
eviction-nightmares thrown in—

Withal here you crack the taxing whip! Now, un-
less you want us to pack our grip,

Pull up our stakes and move from hence to places
with more sound common sense,

You must act fairly with us once more. And I hope
you'll turn a new leaf o'er."

With a jerk on his coat-tail the man took his seat,
and every one felt the speech was a feat.

The councilmen sat in deep silence still; one thought
of a certain improvement bill

He had promised his neighbor's good-looking wife,
some thought of their own—political life;

Some were confused by all this hammering against
the thousand wants acclamoring;

Not to be "roasted" and neither to rue, what should
an humble alderman do?

Amidst such solemn cogitation, a second man of the
delegation

(With grayish hair and bent in chest, a gold chain
dangling from his vest)

Rose to his feet and spoke his mind: "Gentlemen,
do you think we are blind?

Do you think because the jackpot is hidden in fold-
able woodpiles, viz.:

Orders, contracts and offices new, we cannot surmise
its revenue;

We may not guess at its hold or its flow, and never
dream what makes the mare go?

Oh, man, we are having plenty of ills, without sup-
plying with frills and thrills

The taxfree rabble that wears off the paving, but
flies from adversity's least little swaying.

You stop this playing to galleries; continual raising
of salaries;

This demagogic talk for the 'masses'; this handing
out of cakes and molasses

To all the hookwormed and demented! Your work
is all for the tax-exempted. . . .

For them are maintained the public parks; for them
are lit up the electric arcs;

For them the city is made resplendent; for them the
streets are broadened and lengthened

Fine concerts given and lectures, forsooth, the cor-
ner curb-stones made round and smooth!

With hospitals, churches and playgrounds free,
theirs is a perpetual jubilee!

Library, poorhouse—here a big cough—for them
will there be never enough?

Now plenty of us are sore, sick and tired of being
mulcted, being conspired

Against! No more extravagances shall upward
aeroplane expenses,

Nor shall you pile on us debt upon debt, there are plenty of bonds elsewhere to be had.

Harken! We ask you to cut down taxes, ere wrath into rebellion waxeth

Ere angered, outraged, we take to arm and make it for you subterraneously warm."

So finished the second, his gesture and frown dispensing daggers as he sat down.

His eloquence for so true a cause, was rewarded by a round of applause.

Then silence again, the silence sad, where no one knows what *could* be said.

So seconds passed in unpleasant stress, then upstood a third man quite plain of dress

And evidently impressed by the others, turned upon his delegate brothers

And inquired, anxiously, ruffled, perplexed: "Oh, fellow taxpayers why have we come hither?

If paying rent is so much sweeter, wherefor submit to being taxed!"

ALLIED OPERATION

A SHORT STORY

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert confronted a greater hardship than ever before in the three years of their married life. It was a problem of shelter, always difficult, but now driving many into desperation.

As a flood inundating the countryside fills every nook and crevice, so the influx of people to the town

where the manufacture of war implements offered to large hosts better than usual wages, filled every available room in the city.

The Gilberts, like many others, received the dismal notice to move and could find no place of refuge, not to mention a home within their income. Ten days of running around all over town sapped their energies, and the day before dispossession the couple felt disheartened indeed. Anybody would feel uneasy in such a predicament; yes, even though a chorus of a thousand voices sang "Glory to the highest," and "Don't worry, dear."

True it is that the awful congestion had a compensatory feature in that it taught many persons to forbear each other's idiosyncrasies. Moreover, newly wedded couples were glad for a nest with the old folks; in not a few cases old traditions were overturned and they learned to like their parents-in-law.

But some of the newcomers could find no lodging at all, while others found themselves, so to speak, washed from under the sheltering roof.

Thus it was with the Gilberts. To-morrow they were to be put on the street. He began to hate landlords in general and those who refused him or turned him away, in particular; they all seemed to be banded in a mean conspiracy against him and his lovely little family.

Mrs. Gilbert slept scarcely a wink throughout the night. She watched for the sound of the newsboy who left the paper at their home early in the morning. The swish of the paper jerked her out of bed; she hastily put on a kimono, hurried to the

hall door, took up the newspaper, lit the gas and greedily scanned the page of want advertisements. . . . What matters the siege of Verdun or the Chase in Mexico to one who has no shelter for the night?

"Henry!" she called, after having searched through the columns, "here is a chance; hurry up, don't let us be late again."

As a matter of habit the husband respected the wife's request, though this time not without grumbling. "I suppose we will have to go out at midnight to find a place to live in."

"It is nearly six o'clock and it seems to be a private party who has the letting. If you hurry you may be there before seven and you may be lucky enough to be the first to apply."

"If I wake them from their sleep, they might refuse me just for spite."

"Well, the advertisement doesn't say at what hour to call, so you just hurry," pleaded Mrs. Gilbert; but it was she who did all the hurrying in the house; finding his collar and shirt, putting in buttons, bringing forth his Sunday clothes and preparing breakfast.

When half-dressed, Mr. Gilbert inquired in a voice not yet free from grouch: "Well, what is it, where is it?"

She pointed to the advertisement and read: "'To rent, four rooms, upstairs, quiet place'—after a few moments' pause she continued—'345 Glendale Avenue.' I like the number, it is easy to remember and I like the name of the street."

The good prospect, together with the hope of

pleasing his better half, put some enthusiasm into Mr. Gilbert. He got ready, settled down to breakfast and took the newspaper in hand to look at the fortunate chance with his own eyes. "Why," he exclaimed, "we are locked out from here; it says: 'To rent, four rooms, quiet place *to couple only!*'"

"You must not tell them everything to begin with."

"It is they who begin the asking. At one place I was refused because plumbers step heavy. You see, we are martyrs of my occupation."

"Tell them you are a teacher; everybody likes a teacher." (Of course, she did not mean it so as to raise their pay, but only made reference to them as tenants.)

"I am not given to lying."

"That is not lying; that is diplomacy. You are teaching your helper, aren't you?"

"I am a plumber, not a diplomat."

"Then I must be one," thought Mrs. Gilbert, setting her mind to work while drinking her coffee.

Breakfast finished, Mrs. Gilbert rose and said: "Henry, I want you to do something for me." She kissed him quickly as a sort of an advanced payment, after which it was next to impossible for her husband not to mind her.

"What do you want me to do?"

"Go to the place and say nothing about our baby. If they ask, tell them that we are only a couple."

"What? Deny our child? I will die before I do that."

"But if we are put on the street, our baby will die of pneumonia!" Mrs. Gilbert said, hardly hold-

ing her tears in abeyance. "Anyhow, I'll take the baby to a nursery, so your statement will be true."

"But——!"

"Never mind!" Another kiss broke his resistance. Still he would not go. Mrs. Gilbert knew her husband. He was a crank on honesty, as some other men may be in regard to color, taste or fashion. She dressed herself and her nine-months-old boy hurriedly, yet finding time to bestow many fervent kisses on the child.

Both left the house, she with the boy on her arms and he on his hunt for the fortune of a small tenement.

Their way led in different directions. After a minute's walk she turned back, and seeing her husband at a safe distance she returned to the house, put the child in comfort, kissing it some more and still more fervently.

Meanwhile, Mr. Gilbert, on arriving at the advertised place, found that he was not the first caller. . . . He saw two ladies coming down the porch and a man and a woman being admitted at the door. He felt like turning back, but what was he to tell his wife? He passed up and down before the house trying to decide on the best thing to do. In a little while the couple came out and he approached them.

"Did you rent the place?"

The woman answered: "No, he would not let us have it."

"Why?"

"Because we have a dog. Say, our Lolly is the cutest, best behaving dog you ever saw; but the landlords are awfully stuck-up nowadays."

"The dog is faithful to us and we will be faithful to the dog," remarked the man, and the couple passed on.

Mr. Gilbert felt little disposed to make the inquiry, but he was bound to give an account of his errand; and so with a determination born of his wife's compelling influence, he rang the bell.

An elderly man opened the door. He was but half shaved. "I will not apologize for my awkward appearance," he said in a tone of tried temper. "I had six callers this morning, about one to every two strokes of the razor. . . . No, you did not disturb me. I just had a couple leave. They wanted to bring here an elephant of a St. Bernard dog. . . . And we advertised explicitly enough that the rent is for a couple only. . . . They are not rented yet. . . . Eighteen dollars. . . . Yes, yes, we could get twenty-five if we were disposed to abuse anybody. . . . But we do want a quiet couple like ourselves. Well, you may look over the flat. . . . Yes, I dare say they are all right, but don't you want your wife to look over the rooms?"

"We do not want to take a chance on any one getting ahead of us. I am sure my wife will be pleased. She is a good, sensible woman."

"I am glad to hear that. If you think of her highly, she thinks of you well, and holding a thought is having the thing. . . . All right, sit down a minute; I will bring you a receipt."

Mr. Gilbert hurried home with his trophy—the rent receipt—in his hands. He handed the paper to his wife, saying: "We have the rent. I didn't have to tell anything about our baby, the man took

it for granted that we are only the two of us, but—" On seeing the child he almost smothered it with kisses. Suddenly, he withdrew and his face turned as cloudy as the sky before a storm. "What are we going to do?" he asked in tones of despair, "we won't give up our baby, they might not let us in and now I have paid out the money too."

Mrs. Gilbert petted her husband tenderly. "Cheer up, my boy," she said, "I'll see this matter through. . . . Oh, you weren't the first? . . . You are as smart as any man. . . . Did he say that? . . . Well, you just watch my diplomatic activities!"

That afternoon they made their triumphal entry into Glendale Avenue. The baby was placed in a clothes basket and so smuggled into the upstairs flat without attracting the notice of the landlady downstairs. . . .

In fact, Mrs. Gilbert was determined to keep the baby so quiet that the people below should not know about the child at all.

Though her plan was made without baby's consent, he played heroically the required part, keeping as still as ever a baby could.

Of course, Mrs. Gilbert knew that once her baby began to yell and cry, he would exercise his larynx as lustily as if there were no landlords on the earth. She only wanted a little time.

The very next morning Mrs. Gilbert made friends with the landlady, who proved to be a thorough believer in the cheerful attitude of mind. In fact, Mrs. Travis did not believe that there was anything wrong on earth, or any trouble save "mortal error of mind," a sort of vermiform-appendix figment of

the imagination. She was delighted to find in her new neighbor a very pleasant and most agreeable person and a pupil of great aptitude.

Mrs. Gilbert was very much interested in all the landlady had to say. She took the new philosophy as a great find. Yes, she was invited by Mrs. Travis to her church, "small but very cheerful." Mrs. Gilbert, of course, would have promised going almost anywhere to gain the end she had in view. She thanked Mrs. Travis most heartily, flattered her with expressions of gratitude, told her a secret or two, and not only that but she confided to the landlady the deepest emotions of her soul, and the innermost longings of her heart.

"You have a very kind disposition," said Mrs. Travis, and thought no more about it.

On the evening of their second day in the new home, Mrs. Gilbert turned to her husband, saying, "Please go downstairs and tell Mr. Travis and also Mrs. Travis to come up for a minute."

The invited ones, curious to know what might be the matter, followed Mr. Gilbert upstairs.

"Look, Mrs. Travis," exclaimed the anxious mother, "this is the baby we chose for adoption!" She held up the blinking little fellow, fully convinced that his winsomeness would make even a heart of stone leap in admiration. "We always held the thought for a baby and now here we have it. Isn't it wonderful?"

The landlady should have been duly charmed, offered herself as godmother and arranged a goodly feast; all of which the mother counted on as a possibility. But Mrs. Travis only bit her lips and said:

"I hope it will fit in a quiet place." While going down the stairs she whispered to her husband: "Why, it's their own baby; anybody can see that. They came in under false pretenses. They are liars. We ought to put them out!"

The man who had turned away more than a hundred applicants for the rooms during the first half of the previous day, answered: "Softer, my sweetheart, softer. What can be more virtuous than a white lie—in war times?"

"Yes, but they will deprive us of peace and quiet in our own home."

"Suppose we proceed——"

"Yes, proceed against them, get the sheriff——"

"Not that way. Suppose we test our faith; I mean, suppose we consider ourselves—at least for a time—merely fellow tenants. Can't we summon enough will-power for that?"

The couple were seated in their front room. Mrs. Travis thought a while, then she went over to her husband, and stroking his steel gray hair, she said: "Let's will!"

Baby Gilbert acted as if knowing that the critical moment had passed. He gave free vent to his pent-up energies and exercised his vocal chords to make up for lost time. But the juvenile lung-power could not break the mature, though newly made-up, will-power of the couple downstairs. Love, Wit, Charity and Faith worked together for his benefit.

PART TEN

FROM SUNRISE TO SUNDOWN

A Series of Songs, Fusing Sense and Sentiment

FROM SUNRISE TO SUNDOWN

THE ROAMER *

Wandering stars roam onward, pity!
Long I roamed from town to city.
Wish I were in steady camping.
Pity Fate's mysterious dower
Leaves, to such as I, no power
But the urge for further tramping.
Whither? Whither? Whither?
Far echoes answer low:
Whither? Whither? Whither?
O Fate, where must I go?
Whither? Whither? Whither?
Alas, there is no one to soothe my heart forecasting
Where may be found the couch of blessed, peaceful
resting.

Hark, the whistle! Trains are starting,
Once again I am departing:
Somehow, somehow, somewhere from hence.
Pictures pass in quick succession
Leaving memory impression
But no mark for future guidance.

* This series of songs is being set to music and is to be published in folio by the composer, James Kedves. Numbers marked with an asterisk, having been issued as sheet music already, may be ordered through the Co-operative Publishing Company, Inc.

Why so? Why so? Why so?
Far-sounding echoes call:
Why so? Why so? Why so?
O Fate, thou dost appall.
Why so? Why so? Why so?
Alas, there is no one to soothe my heart forecasting,
How can be found the couch of blessed, peaceful
resting.

UNISON

1

At the home of Mrs. Hearty
There is quite a jolly party;
Sparkling glasses, sparkling spirit,
Each with something crimson in it.
Sentiments flow gay and witty
Ending in approvals ditty:
 So may it be, so shall it be,
 We all agree, quite merrily.
 We all construe it being due,
 So may this wish of ours come true.

2

"Here is to the graceful maiden
Who with gestures charm laden,
Shining looks and sayings witty
Captured my heart! Would this ditty
Should have something in it written
So that she were with me 'smitten'."
 So may it be (etc.).

3

"Here is to my dear ol' lady
And the rest: our youngest baby
And our grown-up sons and daughters—
May each navigate the waters
Of life, having worthy aims and
Full success in their attainment."
So may it be (etc.).

4

"Here is to our blessed country;
Blessed by nature with its bounty;
Blessed by every inhalation
For the welfare of the nation.
Growing alway, fading never
May our country bloom forever."
So may it be (etc.).

5

What do you say, Mrs. Hearty?
"Oh, I wish this uni-party
Grew in numbers and importance,
Ever nursing sweet accordance,
So each being and each nation
Live in love with all creation."
So may it be (etc.).

LOVE'S LONGING *

1

High above throughout the vaulted heavens, there
Hosts of splendid stars are shining, but a pair,
Glory shedding stars illuminate the skies
Of my mind: your lovely, charming eyes.
Unto you, oh, bright-souled sweetheart, float my
 pleas:
Life without you holds for me no joy nor peace;
Life without you leaves my heart to wilt and fray,
All forsaken, lonely pine away.
Hear its beat, hear it plead:
Come, my longing love to meet
Oh, come where grows Love's sweet red rose
And its full-scented blessing blows.

2

In the seashore's solitude at early dawn
Sprays are cooling, but my heart still burneth on;
From it glowing thoughts are surging forth to find
Only you your image in my mind.
Lo, the ocean waves forever sing a tune
Of eternal love between the Earth and Moon—
Ocean waves grow tall, then break, and watching, I
Feel my heart's impassioned waves run high
Hear its beat, hear it plead: come, my longing love
 to meet;
Oh, come where grows Love's sweet red rose;
Where its full-scented blessing blows.

EVERY DUTY IN DUE ORDER *

1

Every duty in due order—
First the center works and then the border
Must be well attended.
When, at Springtide feelings vernal
Fill the heart, it, by the skies eternal,
Must needs feel enchanted.

2

Tongues are busy wagging, galling
With a wild urge hither, thither calling,
On divers occasions;
But, my heartstrings answer only
To the sweet touch of the One and Only
Dear-faced inspiration.

FACTORY ROMANCE

1

Budding time is everywhere when Winter wanes;
Not alone the wooded shores and country lanes
Feel the coursing sap of life. When it is Spring,
Trees in city streets are also showing forth
All the lustrous green that earth and air is worth;
Here, too, on the boughs enamored robins sing;
Nor remain the walls of yonder factory bare,
Brick and stone put on their ivy dress and there,
Just in back a window box filled as can be
With fine flowers, tarries my sweet busy bee.

2

Hurry to the zenith of your course, O Sun!
Anxiously I wait for noon to see the One
Keeper of my Heart—O Rose, did you succeed?
Crimson rose, my messenger of yester eve,
Have you gained that which I sent you to achieve?
Said you all that faithful loving hearts can plead?—
Noon at last! Good simple folks in midday flow,
Busy fashion, stream from out the factory. Lo,
My rose is worn!—Red rose, on pink peekaboo,
Cast upon the whole wide world a rosy hue.

8

Since that fateful answer at the factory gate
Labor's task and duties' burden lost their weight.
Aye, the very stars shine brighter than they gleamed,
Birds upon the treetop sing a sweeter note
Than the greatest music masters ever wrote;
All the world is fairer than before. What seemed
Secrets open as by magic; in the mind
Thousand questions are allayed or answer find.
Obscure flowers spread their bloom in colors bright,
Love is strength and love is joy and love is light.

HOME FOUNDING

1

Twice I journeyed round the planet
Well, of tramping I was granted
Quite enough! I found all over
Skies are blue and green the clover,

Nor does it very much matter
How the paths run or the weather—
In a house with well-filled pantry
One can always act gallantly.

Fogs of adventure-dreams clear away
Here opportunity calls to stay.

2

Say, you patch of might-be-farm,
I need you, you need my arm,
Plowing, spading, hoeing no less
Than recurrent weeding process
All, including noonday sandwich,
Speak a universal language.
On a place the Loved One pleaseth,
All of doubt and strangeness ceaseth.
Sounds of the will-o'-wisp die away,
Now opportunity calls to stay.

3

Where the field is open, Labor
Makes an ally of each neighbor.
Where one's work brings fruit in season
There one's country is! Where reason
May abide by its own finding,
Hope is on the job of guiding
Lonely souls to sweet relation
Intertwined through all the nation.
Luring old fantasies fade away,
For opportunity calls to stay.

SOMETIMES I FEAR

1

Fellows live across the sky-way
Oft I fear one will invent a
Telescope with ultra powers,
Through it see you 'midst your flowers.

2

Charmed, the inventive hero,
He will build a cannon-airo;
Shooting through the listless ether,
He with speed will travel hither.

3

Then, before your door alighting,
Through a mystical igniting
Of some spark, prevail! Oh, ban it—
And conduct you off this planet.

4

Still I faint not, force magnetic
That in your sphere keeps me static
Will propel me in your traces
Throughout interstellar spaces.

BUILD A NEST

1

A message comes floating from out the
 Far-distant past, all through the throng
 Of ages; a fatherly warning
 Most insistent and stern and strong:
 Remember, the head must stand hostage
 For any and all of the song
 The heart in its innermost chanteth.
 And pray ye in whatever tongue
 Expect not the blessing from on high
 Unless ye faithfully labor along!

CHORUS

So reward sustaining soil
 Our intentions as we toil;
 And, in place that non-use litters,
 Soon a pleasant homestead glitters—
 Furrows filled with graceful, winning
 Greenery greet in thanksgiving
 Each beholder. Let's be going,
 Song in heart a-planting, sowing.
 Should some of the seeds not come up true to
 name,
 Surely we will love each other just the same.

2

From out a great medley of voices
 One soundeth forth, not of command
 But kind as a bosom friend's pleading
 And soft as a dear mother's hand:

Whatever the state that you hail from
Remember the good that it lent—
Whatever the rumblings around ye
Hope on for the very best and
Wherever the soil sustains ye
With loving and loyal care nurture the land.

CHORUS

Grapevine-covered little arbor
What of joy can it not harbor?
Tiny house of smallest measure
Offers room for lots of pleasure
Loads of love and tons of kissing—
What on Earth can here be missing?
Here we may have, damp or sunny
Weather, hives of beeless honey—
Yes or no, some fairy comes for us to name
Surely, we will love each other just the same.

PERHAPS YOU KNOW NOT

1

Perhaps you know not of this, sweetheart, dear:
Once, in my sadness, people thought me queer;
I raved not, then they thought that I was mere
Soft clay; not minding still, they thought me dead
And laid me out upon the dreary bier.

2

Perhaps I was beyond life, yet its prize
Was nearing—you with love's wand in your eyes,
The wand which blessingly electrifies
Shed sparks as gorgeous as the lily's bloom.
And did I wake? Oh, yes, in paradise.

8

Or this or that for which the pious pray—
 Than seeing by love's flame and with a lay
 Attuned by love to greet or March or May,
 Vibrating by the touch of love, there can
 Be no more joy-filled resurrection day.

CRADLE SONG *

1

Sleep, darling sleep, in restful peace, the golden
 Sunrays of day now elsewhere are beholden;
 Here slumber streaming shines the silvery Moon.
 Sleep, darling sleep, let pleasing dreams unfolden
 While nightly stillness lisps its lilting tune.

2

In dreamland groves 'midst fancy and illusion
 Real flowers also mature in profusion;
 And whoso loveth what is good and true
 May breathe their essence through the day's volution,
 May own the finest rose that dreamland grew.

3

Most dreamland paths with roses are abounding
 Yet try to pluck one and there comes, dismounting,
 A fairy guard who questions: "Is it fair?"
 For only such may leave the dream surrounding
 And waft its fragrance sweet in daylit air.

4

Sleep, darling sleep, in peaceful rest a deeming
 Each moment's time a flower field of dreaming;
 Where scent of kindness and love's perfume
 Pervades the soul so that tomorrow's beaming
 Sunrays will see the finest sweetest bloom.

GOSSIP TOWN

1

Gossip Town is all aflutter
Fearing that my soul will suffer
Just because I did not marry
So to suit Tom, Dick and Harry
But escaped their grins and chiding—
Went for a while into hiding.

2

Gossip Town is all astutter
Fearing that your soul will suffer
Just because you did not query
For a settlement—to marry
One whose love unfathomable
For you, to feel, you were able.

3

Gossip Town is all asputter
Saying that our souls will suffer—
Let them putter, mutter, stutter,
Ours the honey and the butter!
Never yet cared doves acooing
For the midnight owl's hoo-hooing.

TROUBLED WORLD *

1

Troubled world! Was ever trouble
Quite so bleak and blighting?
Overnight a dozen nations
Whirled into fighting.
Earth is overcast with sorrow,
Fields with pain and aching;
And the skies are underspread with
Sighs of hearts abreaking.
Friendly airs swept into hiding
Leave the meadows seared, bare and unscented.
Still, O Love, my soul clings to you
And will cling until that life has ended.

2

Life at end, friends, cast my ashes
Far, into deep waters.
No more room for weeping willows,
Mounds, tombstones and psalters—
No more room! If there would be space
For life; Sunshine, greeting
This Earth, would set joy exultant
Instead trouble seething.
Pleasing, friendly airs in hiding
Leave the hillsides seared, bare and unscented.
Still, O Love, my soul clings to you
And will cling until that life has ended.

FAREWELL

1

Never yet, never yet, never yet, never yet
Favored Life anyone, but also Sorrow met.
However gracefully years were faced, faith and deed
Ever so valiant, in the end sorrowful
Parting leaves nothing but head to bow, heart to
 bleed.

2

When the blue-vaulted sky gathered more than it
 may
Hold of the Misty Damp cosmic flood-gates give
 way;
Overcharged clouds will burst, heavy fraught skies
 may break
But the bereaved heart, sorrowful, desolate,
Must keep abeating on feeding on its own ache.
Fare thee well, parting friend, fare thee fair; after
 all,
Thin is the parting line, thin and exceeding small.
Love, it cannot forget and so the canopy
Of heaven, where kind deeds of life sustainingly glow,
Will ever be lit up in your dear memory.

SHINE, MORNING STAR

1

Shine, morning star, crown jewel of the night,
 Your splendor sets my wavering heart aright.
 In wonderment I searched the Milky Way,
 But moonlike Venus heraldeth the day—
 My Love, a fair day's work, a good night's rest
 Grant unto me ye stars and count me blest.

2

Shine, evening star, the reel of day is spent;
 Whatever scenes upon life's screen have meant,
 O Jupiter, you stud the heaven's lore
 Enchantingly resplendent as of yore—
 Some friends, a fair day's work, a good night's rest
 Grant unto me, ye stars, and count me blest.

HYMN OF LABOR *

1

The sighing stage of labor's upward longing
 Has run its course and cannot bear prolonging;
 By bolder means of its own engineering
 The toiling multitude commands a hearing.
 It will be heard respectfully and heeded
 For toilers' brain has grown, yet brawn is needed,
 And none so high but may be found appealing
 To labor's wakened force for fellow-feeling.
 Oh, Labor, yours the work of world redemption
 From misery. No tongue can count by mention

All saviors who Calvary ascended
To blot out slavery. Their spirits blended
Into a sun which keeps our heaven lighted
In promise that what is wrong will be righted.
Let hand and head and heart in league be striving
For one grand hope, its great day will be rising.

2

The task of labor must have been imparted
To make the human soul creative hearted,
To know the worth of effort and the glory
In parts of work and in its finished story;
To have a code of fairness sans mutation
Judging thereby each land and generation;
For not a monument the landscape guildeth
But most commemorates its very builders.

Oh, Labor, by your wand the Earth blooms sweeter,
No fruit so distant but you bring it hither,
Your note is present in the poet's singing,
Your music rings from out the hammers swinging,
From out the savants' book your splendor shineth,
Fine art smiles forth from clay your faith en-
shrineth—

If hand and head and heart in league be gaining,
We come abreast our best and highest aiming.

3

What is the tyrant's quest? It is the taking
In ease what labor sweats for in the making.
What is the tyrant's fear? The sudden losing
What workers were at ages in producing;
But whoso chooseth labor for reliance
Need never seek to rule, nor meet defiance.

Raised by its sunlight, souls become the major
And really grand nobility of nature.

This is our solace, when in sorrow's raiment:
Naught is beyond the working world's attainment;
Naught stands amiss, placed between man and
neighbor,

But can be set right by sufficient labor.
Oh, hand and head and heart of toilers, speed on
In league, to make this Earth a wished-for Eden
And, crowning all your efforts at creation,
Create a happy state for your own station.

FALL-TIME HOURS

1

Blow, Fall winds, blow! the foliage withering chill
Mars not the orchards' plum with purple sealed.
The glory that the Summer's Sun revealed
Can never be unlighted; blow as will,
My gathered fruit defies wind, makes it nil,
For one endeared in Springtide's vibrant yield,
Tried, brave and true throughout devotion's field,
With every day is growing dearer still.
Time flies, but ever leaves behind its gain
Enhancing value of years that remain.
Blest are who know the boon of growing old—
Your steps, less firm, aim better; on your face
The wrinkles vanish in the glow of grace;
Your hair turns silver, but your heart beats gold.

2

Behold the garden real and vision's fair
Land! Multitude of plants grew in the wake
Of our efforts with the spade and rake—

What of the hopes we always nurtured? There,
Throughout the Gardens of the Future, rare
Fine blossoms grow so common as to make
The fairies rush to it from dell and lake
When seeking for the most delightful air.
If there are grander hopes, let them be graced
By souls that more of right and truth have traced
In the Eternal Book; but you and I
Can meet the reaper fearless, faith begirt;
And, with the vision of a happy Earth
Before the waning spirit, smiling die.

NEIGHBORLINESS *

Neighbor Clara, down one floor,
Please to shut your kitchen door.
Your Domestic Science daughter
Eleanor
Makes a fellow's palate water
Aft and for,
Neighbor Clara, down one floor!

Neighbor Dennis, up one flight,
Am not sorry for your plight;
As you preach renunciation,
Serves you right—
Feed your nose that sort of ration
For delight,
Neighbor Dennis, up one flight!

THREE LEAVES

1

Fall winds sweep the hilly woodland yonder,
Three leaves blew upon my hat; I wonder,
In the light of Fall-time's mellow gleaming,
What may be their nature given meaning—
One is strangely tender, thin of fiber,
Soft in center, edges curly;
It is like the deeds of early
Youth, hard to decipher.
Looking at the second leaf, I ponder:
Large and smooth and strong and wiry,
Must have been a furious, fiery
Gust that it fell under.
Withered, sapless, dry, the third leaf trembles,
As a heart crushed by death's pallor;
Naught to live by, naught to live for,
Naught that may some life resemble.

2

Near my couch a little desk is nestling,
In its drawer three notebooks are resting.
As the spirit moves or moods may soften
I reach for these notebooks once so often.
One is of the past a glowing story
Of forth bubbling, boldly mounted,
Youthful faith the never daunted,
Earth's redeeming glory.
In the second notebook are recorded
Bitter lessons, pleasant measures,
All the pains and all the pleasures
Latter times afforded.

But the third book—that I will not open;
It is future's veiled dictation,
Maybe lonely meditation,
Mind-enshrouded and heart-broken.

THE SOUL AT PEACE

1

Curly Peter often wondered
Why this world so tardy
Would not change its ways according
To a certain party—
Nothing would pass with him muster,
Even grapes were inefficient;
Too few berries in a cluster,
Too long time to ripen rightly,
So he argued and corrected;
Finally he was elected
For the chiefest Most Eminent
Council's limitless empowered
Manager Almighty.

2

Curly Peter started on his
Work of world reforming—
Then he found that many cross-heads
Had a say each morning.
Try he did to stave off crises,
Oh, he talked himself to tatters
In explaining his devices,
After as before election,
In orations, never ending,
He held forth, his ways defending,

Yet he could not settle matters
 So as would please everybody,
 All without exception.

8

Insurrection raised its specter,
 Mutinies without end.
 So it came that Curly Peter
 Asked to be disburdened
 Of his office. Still, Old Nature
 Went along to show with fervor
 What it means a grape to nurture,
 Counting rays and minutes keenly—
 Whosoever meets the charges
 In a gallant mood enlarges
 His own soul and may endeavor,
 Hope and strive and work and build, all
 Joyous and serenely.

REMEMBRANCE

1

When springtime shone with youthful radiant glamor
 We built a goodly vessel, strong-keeled, sterling;
 In it we sailed, through many years' endeavor,
 With single purpose, love each day affirming.
 The path lies yet before us, broad and gay,
 And full of hope we scan it through our lens;
 Still, sometime I must reach a harbor whence
 There is no turning back. Against that day,
 O sweetheart mine, of many quick-flown years,
 I pray you do not shed too many tears . . .

If moods grow heavy, dark and sorrow blended,
And that which is would wilt for what had been—
Look at the trees we had together planted,
Or view the stars we knew while love enchanted
And heart to heart we watched the heaven's sheen.
On leaves, in stars, you'll find the reading
Of this my heart-felt wish and pleading:
The memory of me shall not weigh, but lighten.
If it arise, may
Remembrance of me serve your days to brighten.

2

Frail threads of life! If Fates decree some morning
That one entwined with my own must be broken,
I shall eschew the bitter bread of mourning
By turning to the past. I shall reopen
A store-house filled in happy by-gone days,
And conjure up old blessings, one by one;
Your favored books, your art, your garden-fun;
Your loving care expressed in thousand ways—
And then your very image will appear
Amidst the flowers you have held so dear;
Your pleasing word will ring in sweet agreement,
Your kindly hand fell weights from off me roll;
And as you daily help in my achievement,
So will your likeness assuage my bereavement,
So will the thought of you sustain my soul!
In turn I ask from heart's deep chamber
This fervent wish of mine remember:
The memory of me shall not weigh, but lighten,
If it arise, may
Remembrance of me serve your days to brighten.



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